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P O P E,

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THE
C A B I N E T
OF
POETRY,

CONTAINING

THE BEST ENTIRE PIECES TO BE FOUND IN

THE WORKS
OF
THE BRITISH POETS.

“ If the grain were separated from the chaff which fills the
“ works of our National Poets, what is truly valuable
“ would be to what is useless in the proportion of a mole.
“ hill to a mountain.”—BURKE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS,
BRIDGE-STREET, BLACKFRIARS.

1808.

T. Gillet, Crown-court.

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POETS

CONTAINED IN THIS THIRD VOLUME.

PRIOR.

POPE.

TICKELL.

SOMERVILLE.

PATTISON.

HAMMOND.

SAVAGE.

HILL.

BROOME.

SWIFT.

FALCONER.

WATTS.

BLAIR.

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P R I O R.

WHETHER Matthew Prior was a native of Dorset or of Middlesex, the son of a joiner or a vintner, is unknown, and it would be of little consequence to ascertain what himself has left doubtful. The conscious humility of birth probably suggested this epigrammatic epitaph :

Heralds and courtiers, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior;
A son of Adam and of Eve,
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher ?

He was born in 1664, and having lost his father when very young, the care of his education devolved on an uncle, who placed him for some time at Westminster School, under the celebrated Dr. Busby, but not intending him for a learned profession, took him at an early period to his own house, the Rummer Tavern, near Charing Cross, where he accidentally became acquainted with the Earl of Dorset, who sent him to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1682.

Prior was first brought into notice by "The City Mouse and Country Mouse," written in ridicule of Dryden's "Hind and Panther." In 1691, he attended the congress at the Hague, as secretary to the embassy; and in this situation ingratiated himself so much with King William, that he made him a gentleman of his bed-chamber. At the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, he was likewise secretary of embassy; and next year was sent in the same capacity to the court of France. In 1701, he represented East Grinstead in parliament; and about this time is supposed to have quitted the Whigs, his first connections, and to have become a Tory, terms so ridiculous, that we cannot refrain from smiling as we pen them.

By Queen Anne he was employed in several important negotiations, and his public talents were as univers-

sally acknowledged as the readiness of his wit, and his abilities as a poet. The downfall of the Tories, however, in 1714, brought ruin on Prior, who was imprisoned upwards of two years; and at the age of fifty-three was turned adrift on the world, with little besides his fellowship, which he had wisely retained, even in his highest exaltation, observing, "that every thing else was precarious."

Having finished his "Solomon," he was encouraged to collect his poems, and publish them by subscription. This expedient, aided by the liberality of his friends, produced a handsome sum, and contributed to the comfort of his latter days. He died at Wimpole, a seat of the Earl of Oxford, near Cambridge, in 1721, in the 57th year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Of the private character and familiar habits of Prior, little has been handed down to us. He is said to have been elegant and polite.

Prior has tried every species of poetical composition, "from the grotesque to the solemn, and has not so failed in any as to incur derision or disgrace." This is the opinion of Johnson, and I willingly subscribe to its justice. Prior himself thus accounts for the unarranged manner and matter of his poems.

"The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very distant times, and on very different occasions, and take them as they happen to come. Public panegyrics, amorous odes, serious reflections, or idle tales, the product of his leisure hours, who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident."

He was however a far better poet by accident in all the diversities of his style, than many others by profession.

Most of his pieces have either wit, humour, or sentiment; and many are eminently beautiful.

TO CLOE WEEPING.

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Chloe, see
 The world in sympathy with thee.
 The cheerful birds no longer sing ;
 Each drops his head and hangs his wing.
 The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
 And shed their sorrows in a shower.
 The brooks beyond their limits flow ;
 And louder murmurs speak their woe.
 The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares !
 They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
 Fantastic nymph ! that grief should move
 Thy heart obdurate against love.
 Strange tears ! whose power can soften all,
 But that dear breast on which they fall.

 LOVE DISARMED.

BENEATH a myrtle's verdant shade
 As Cloe half asleep was laid,
 Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast,
 And in that heaven desir'd to rest :
 Over her paps his wings he spread ;
 Between he found a downy bed,
 And nestled in his little head.
 Still lay the god ; the nymph surpriz'd,
 Yet mistress of herself, devis'd
 How she the vagrant might enthrall,
 And captive him, who captives all,
 Her bodice half-way she unlac'd ;
 About his arms she sily cast
 The silken bond, and held him fast.
 The god awak'd ; and thrice in vain
 He strove to break the cruel chain ;
 And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
 Incumber'd in the silken string.

Fluttering, the god, and weeping, said,
 Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
 Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
 And on thy bosom lost his way;
 Who stray'd, alas! but knew too well,
 He never there must hope to dwell:
 Set an unhappy prisoner free,
 Who ne'er intended harm to thee.

To me pertains not, she replies,
 To know or care where Cupid flies;
 What are his haunts, or which his way;
 Where he would dwell, or whither stray:
 Yet will I never set thee free;
 For harm was meant, and harm to me.

Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
 I'll give thee up my bow and dart;
 Untangle but this cruel chain,
 And freely let me fly again.

Agreed: secure my virgin heart:
 Instant give up thy bow and dart:
 The chain I'll in return untie;
 And freely thou again shalt fly.
 Thus she the captive did deliver;
 The captive thus gave up his quiver.
 The god disarm'd, e'er since that day,
 Passes his life in harmless play;
 Flies round, or sits upon her breast,
 A little, fluttering, idle guest.

E'er since that day, the beauteous maid
 Governs the world in Cupid's stead;
 Directs his arrow as she wills;
 Gives grief, or pleasure; spares, or kills.

CLOE HUNTING.

BRIND her neck her comely tresses tied,
 Her ivory quiver graceful by her side,
 A hunting Cloe went: she lost her way,
 And through the woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.

Apollo, passing by, beheld the maid:
 And, sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he said:
 The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.
 Loud Cupid laugh'd, to see the god's mistake;
 And laughing cried, learn better, great divine,
 To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
 Rightly advis'd far hence thy sister seek,
 Or on Meander's bank, or Latmus' peak,
 But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know:
 She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow:
 Fair Thames she haunts, and every neighbouring grove,
 Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love.
 Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
 At the rough boar, or chase the flying deer:
 I and my Cloe take a nobler aim:
 At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game.

A LOVER'S ANGER.

As Cloe came into the room: Other day,
 I peevish began; where so long could you stay?
 In your life time you never regarded your hair:
 You promis'd at two; and (pry look, child) 'tis four
 A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels;
 'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals.
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord bless me! said she; let a body but speak!
 Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fallen into my neck:
 It has hurt me, and vex't me to such a degree—
 See here! for you never believe me; pray see,
 On the left side my breast, what a mark it has made!
 So saying, her bosom she careless display'd:
 That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd,
 And forgot every word I design'd to have said.

THE GARLAND.

I.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
 The violet sweet and lily fair,
 The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
 To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

II.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
 Upon her brow the various wreath;
 The flowers less blooming than her face,
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.

III.

The flowers she wore along the day:
 And every nymph and shepherd said,
 That in her hair they look'd more gay
 Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.

Undrest at evening, when she found
 Their odours lost, their colours past;
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground
 Her garland and her eye she cast.

V.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
 As any muse's tongue could speak,
 When from its lid a pearly tear
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

VI.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
 My love, my life, said I, explain
 This change of humour: pr'ythee tell:
 That falling tear—what does it mean?

VII.

She sigh'd; she smil'd; and to the flowers
 Pointing, the lovely moralist said;
 See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
 See yonder, what a change is made

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE. 7

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of Beauty, are but one :
At morn both flourish bright and gay ;
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung ;
The amorous youth around her bow'd :
At night her fatal knell was rung ;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

X.

Such as she is, who died to-day ;
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow :
Go, Damon, bid thy muse display
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

A TALE.

FROM public noise and factious strife,
From all the busy ills of life,
Take me, my Celia, to thy breast ;
And lull my wearied soul to rest.
For ever in his humble cell,
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell ;
None enter else, but Love—and he
Shall bar the door and keep the key.
To painted roofs and shining spires
(Uneasy seats of high desires)
Let the unthinking many crowd,
That dare be covetous and proud :
In golden bondage let them wait,
And barter happiness for state.
But oh! my Celia, when thy swain
Desires to see a court again,
May heaven around this destin'd head
The choicest of its curses shed !

To sum up all the rage of fate
 In the two things I dread and hate,
 May'st thou be false, and I be great!
 Thus on his Celia's panting breast,
 Fond Celadon his soul exprest ;
 While with delight the lovely maid
 Receiv'd the vows she thus repaid :

Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
 Blest miracle of love and truth ;
 All that could e'er be counted mine,
 My love and life long since are thine ;
 A real joy I never knew,
 'Till I believ'd thy passion true :
 A real grief I ne'er can find,
 Till thou prov'st perjur'd, or unkind.
 Contempt, and poverty, and care,
 All we abhor, and all we fear,
 Blest with thy presence, I can bear.
 Through waters and through flames I'll go,
 Sufferer and solace of thy woe :
 Trace me some yet unheard-of way,
 That I thy ardour may repay ;
 And make my constant passion known
 By more than woman yet has done.

Had I a wish that did not bear
 The stamp and image of my dear ;
 I'd pierce my heart through every vein,
 And die, to let it out again.
 No : Venus shall my witness be
 (if Venus ever lov'd like me),
 That for one hour I would not quit
 My shepherd's arms, and this retreat,
 To be the Persian monarch's bride,
 Partner of all his power and pride :
 Or rule in regal state above,
 Mother of gods, and wife of Jove.

“ O happy these of human race !”
 But soon, alas ! our pleasures pass.
 He thank'd her on his bended knee ;
 Then drank a quart of milk and tea ;
 And, leaving her ador'd embrace,
 Hasten'd to court, to beg a place.

While she, his absence to bemoan,
 The very moment he was gone,
 Call'd Tyrsis from beneath the bed,
 Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

While men have these ambitious fancies ;
 And wanton wenches read romances ;
 Our sex will—What ? Out with it. Lye ;
 And theirs in equal strains reply.
 The moral of the tale I sing
 (A posy for a wedding ring)
 In this short verse will be confin'd :
 Love is a jest, and vows are wind.

 AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

MISS Danae, when fair and young,
 (As Horace had divinely sung)
 Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
 By doors of steel and walls of brass.
 The reason of the thing is clear,
 Would Jove the naked truth aver.
 Cupid was with him of the party ;
 And show'd himself sincere and hearty ;
 For, give that whipster but his errand,
 He takes my lord chief justice' warrant ;
 Dauntless as death away he walks ;
 Breaks the doors open, snaps the locks ;
 Searches the parlour, chamber, study ;
 Nor stops till he has culprit's body.

Since this has been authentic truth,
 By age deliver'd down to youth ;
 Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us,
 Why so mysterious, why so jealous ?
 Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar,
 Make us less curious, her less fair ?

The spy, which does this treasure keep,
 Does she ne'er say her prayers, nor sleep ?
 Does she to no excess incline ?
 Does she fly music, mirth, and wine ?
 Or have not gold and flattery power
 To purchase one unguarded hour ?

Your care does further yet extend :
 That spy is guarded by your friend.—
 But has this friend nor eye nor heart ?
 May he not feel the cruel dart,
 Which, soon or late, all mortals feel ?
 May he not, with too tender zeal,
 Give the fair prisoner cause to see,
 How much he wishes she were free ?
 May he not craftily infer
 The rules of friendship too severe,
 Which chain him to a hated trust ;
 Which make him wretched, to be just ?
 And may not she, this darling she,

Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,
 Easy with him, ill us'd by thee,

Allow this logic to be good ?
 Sir, will your questions never end ?
 I trust to neither spy nor friend.
 In short, I keep her from the sight
 Of every human face.—She'll write.
 From pen and paper she's debarr'd.—
 Has she a bodkin and a card ?
 She'll prick her mind.—She will, you say :
 But how shall she that mind convey ?
 I keep her in one room : I lock it :
 The key (look here) is in this pocket.
 The key-hole, is that left ? Most certain.
 She'll thrust her letter through—Sir Martin.

Dear angry friend, what must be done ?
 Is there no way ?—There is but one.
 Send her abroad : and let her see,
 That all this mingled mass, which she,
 Being forbidden, longs to know,
 Is a dull farce, an empty show,
 Powder, and pocket-glass, and bean ;

A staple of romance and lies,
 False tears and real perjuries ;
 Where sighs and looks are bought and sold,
 And love is made but to be told :
 Where the fat bawd and lavish heir
 The spoils of ruin'd beauty share ;
 And youth, seduc'd from friends and fame,
 Must give up age to want and shame.
 Let her behold the frantic scene,
 The women wretched, false the men ;
 And when, these certain ills to shun,
 She would to thy embraces run,
 Receive her with extended arms,
 Seem more delighted with her charms ;
 Wait on her to the park and play,
 Put on good humour ; make her gay ;
 Be to her virtues very kind ;
 Be to her faults a little blind ;
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd ;
 And clap your padlock—on her mind.

 THE CAMELEON.

As the Cameleon, who is known
 To have no colours of his own ;
 But borrows from his neighbour's hue
 His white or black, his green or blue ;
 And struts as much in ready light,
 Which credit gives him upon sight,
 As if the rainbow were in tail
 Settled on him and his heirs male ;
 So the young 'squire, when first he comes
 From country school to Will's or Tom's,
 And equally, in truth, is fit
 To be a statesman or a wit ;
 Without one notion of his own,
 He saunters wildly up and down,
 Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
 Takes notice of a staring lad,

Admits him in among the gang ;
 They jest, reply, dispute, harangue :
 He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
 Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.

Thus, merely as his fortune chances,
 His merit or his vice advances.

If haply he the sect pursues,
 That read and comment upon news ;
 He takes up their mysterious face ;
 He drinks his coffee without lace ;
 'This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
 What they have said the week before ;
 His wisdom sets all Europe right,
 And teaches Marlborough when to fight.

Or if it be his fate to meet
 With folks who have more wealth than wit ;
 He loves cheap port, and double bub ;
 And settles in the Hum-drum club ;
 He learns how stocks will fall or rise ;
 Holds poverty the greatest vice ;
 Thinks wit the bane of conversation ;
 And says that learning spoils a nation.

But if at first he minds his hits,
 And drinks champaign among the wits ;
 Five deep he toasts the towering lasses ;
 Repeats your verses wrote on glasses ;
 Is in the chair ; prescribes the law ;
 And lies with those he never saw.

HENRY AND EMMA.

A POEM,

Upon the model of the Nut-Brown Maid

TO CLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
 (Though low my voice, though artless be my hand)
 I take the sprightly reed, and sing and play ;
 Careless of what the censuring world may say :

Bright Cloe, object of my constant vow,
 Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious brow ?
 Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
 And with one heavenly smile o'erpay his pains ?
 No longer shall the nut-brown maid be old ;
 Though since her youth three hundred years have roll'd
 At thy desire she shall again be rais'd ;
 And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.

No longer man of woman shall complain,
 That he may love, and not be lov'd again :
 That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
 Who change the constant lover for the new.
 Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
 Of female passion feign'd or faith decay'd :
 Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
 Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.
 And, while my notes to future times proclaim
 Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame ;
 O fairest of the sex ! be thou my muse :
 Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse,
 Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
 And grant me, love, the just reward of verse !

As beauty's potent queen, with every grace
 That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face ;
 And as her son has to my bosom dealt
 That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt
 O let the story with thy life agree :
 Let men once more the bright example see ;
 What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
 Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
 Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove.
 But oh ! with pity long-entreated crown
 My pains and hopes ; and when thou say'st that one
 Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh ! think on me alone.

Where beauteous Isis and her husband Tame,
 With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
 In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd ;
 Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.

When dreadful Edward with successful care
 Led his free Britons to the Gallic war ;

This lord had headed his appointed bands,
 In firm allegiance to his king's commands;
 And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)
 Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd
 With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
 And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court,
 In honourable ease and rural sport,
 The remnant of his days he safely past;
 Nor found they lagg'd too slow, and flew too fast.
 He made his wish with his estate comply,
 Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
 His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.

They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
 Who gave the virgin birth, had borne the name:
 The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd;
 For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
 Yet as, when little, round his knees she play'd,
 He call'd her oft' in sport his nut-brown maid,
 The friends and tenants took the fondling word,
 (As still they please who imitate their lord);
 Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun;
 The mutual terms around the lands were known;
 And Emma and the nut-brown maid were one.

As with her stature, still her charms increas'd;
 Through all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
 Oh! what perfections must that virgin share,
 Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair!
 From distant shires repair the noble youth,
 And find report for once had lessen'd truth.
 By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd
 They came, they saw, they marvell'd and they lov'd.
 By public praises, and by secret sighs,
 Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.
 In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove
 By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
 In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
 And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
 In vain they combated. in vain they writ:
 Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.

Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair-one's heart,
Spite of the attempts of force, and soft effects of art.
Great Venus must prefer the happy one :
In Henry's cause her favour must be shown :
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justified their flame ;
More secret ways the careful Henry takes ;
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes :
In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
Oft' he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears :
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey ;
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake ;
And shows the path her steed may safest take ;
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound ;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd :
And blows her praises in no common sound.

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks :
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise, and stoop at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down ;
With humble reverence he accosts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,
His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes ;
And by his look and sorrow is exprest,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves :
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighbouring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his song :
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.

But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
 His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
 With dutiful respect and studious fear ;
 Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic gipsy now, the house he haunts,
 And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
 With the fond maids in palmistry he deals :
 They tell the secret first, which he reveals ;
 Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd ;
 What groom shall get, and squire maintain the child.
 But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,
 A softer look unbends his opening brow ;
 With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
 And in soft accents forms the kind reply ;
 That she shall prove as fortunate as fair ;
 And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft' had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
 Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes :
 Oft' had found means alone to see the dame ;
 And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame,
 And oft' the pangs of absence to remove
 By letters, soft interpreters of love :
 Till time and industry (the mighty two
 That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
 Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
 Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear ;
 That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
 And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion bless'd,
 And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd ;
 The amorous youth frequents the silent groves ;
 And much he meditates, for much he loves.
 He loves, 'tis true ; and is belov'd again :
 Great are his joys : but will they long remain ?
 Emma with smiles receives his present flame ;
 But, smiling, will she ever be the same ?
 Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds ;
 And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.
 Another love may gain her easy youth :
 Time changes thought ; and flattery conquers truth.

O impotent estate of human life !
 Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife ;

Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire ;
 And most we question, what we most desire !
 Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow
 Our cup of love unmix'd ; forbear to throw
 Bitter ingredients in ; nor pall the draught
 With nauseous grief : for our ill-judging thought
 Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste ;
 Or deems it not sincere ; or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies opprest,
 (Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
 By one great trial he resolves to prove
 The faith of woman, and the force of love.
 If scanning Emma's virtues he may find
 That beauteous frame enclose a steady mind,
 He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure :
 And live a slave to Hymen's happy power.
 But if the fair-one, as he fears, is frail ;
 If, pois'd aright in reason's equal scale,
 Light fly her merit, and her faults prevail ;
 His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
 The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
 Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle in a verdant glade
 A spreading beech extends her friendly shade :
 Here oft' the nymph his breathing vows had heard ;
 Here oft' her silence had her heart declar'd.
 As active spring awak'd her infant buds,
 And genial life inform'd the verdant woods ;
 Henry in knots involving Emma's name,
 Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
 Upon this tree : and, as the tender mark
 Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
 Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
 That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
 As potent nature shed her kindly showers,
 And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers,
 Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
 Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair ;
 Which as with gay delight the lover found,
 Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
 Glorious through all the plains he oft' had gone,
 And to each swain the mystic honour shown ;
 The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes :
 To the known tree the lovely maid unites :
 Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
 That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace ;
 That he must something to her ear commend,
 On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,
 The remnant of the day alone she griev'd :
 For different this from every former note,
 Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote ;
 Which told her all his future hopes were laid
 On the dear bosom of his nut-brown maid ;
 Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her power ;
 And bid her oft' adieu, yet added more.
 Now night advanc'd. The house in sleep were laid ;
 The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid ;
 And, last, that sprite, which does incessant haunt
 The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt.
 To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
 With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay ;
 For love, fantastic power, that is afraid
 To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
 Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
 And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways.
 Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
 Where Cupid goes, though he, poor guide ! is blind.

The maiden first arriving, sent her eye
 To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh :
 With fear and with desire, with joy and pain,
 She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
 But oh ! his steps proclaim no lover's haste :
 On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast ;
 His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs ;
 And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas ! we credit what we love :
 His painted grief does real sorrow move
 In the afflicted fair ; adown her cheek
 Trickling the genuine tears their current break.
 Attentive stood the mournful nymph : the man
 Broke silence first : the tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

SINCERE, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
 Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
 Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
 With the first tumults of a real love?
 Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
 By turns averse, and joyful to obey?
 Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd;
 As reason yielded, and as love prevail'd?
 And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
 His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
 And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart?
 If so, with pity view my wretched state;
 At least deplore, and then forget my fate:
 To some more happy knight reserve thy charms;
 By fortune favour'd, and successful arms:
 And only, as the sun's revolving ray
 Brings back each year this melancholy day,
 Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
 To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
 For me, alas! out-cast of human race,
 Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;
 For lo! these hands in murder are imbrued;
 These trembling feet by justice are pursued:
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
 A shameful death attends my longer stay;
 And I this night must fly from thee and love,
 Condemn'd in lonely woods, a banish'd man, to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon;
 And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
 What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
 And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
 If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
 Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
 The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
 The god of love himself inhabits there,
 With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
 His complement of stores, and total war.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;
 And let my deed at least my faith approve.
 Alas! no youth shall my endearments share,
 Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
 No future story shall with truth upbraid
 The cold indifference of the nut-brown maid;
 Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run;
 While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
 View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'st to go,
 Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
 For I attest fair Venus and her son,
 That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obstruct thy venturous way;
 And take good heed, what men will think and say:
 That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took;
 Her father's house and civil life forsook;
 That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
 She to the woodland with an exile ran.
 Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
 And virgin honour, once, is always stain'd:
 'Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun:
 Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
 No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
 Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
 Then fly the sad effect of desperate love:
 And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
 By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old:
 Let every tongue its various censures choose;
 Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse:
 Fair truth at last her radiant beams will raise:
 And malice vanquish'd heightens virtue's praise.
 Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
 O! let my presence make thy travels light;
 And potent Venus shall exalt my name
 Above the rumours of censorious fame;
 Nor from that busy demon's restless power
 Will ever Emma other grace implore,
 Than that this truth should to the world be known,
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow ?
 With active force repel the sturdy foe ?
 When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
 And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly ;
 Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,
 Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day ?
 Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
 Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale ;
 With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
 Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd :
 Then to thy friend, by foes o'er-charg'd deny
 Thy little useless aid, and coward fly :
 Then will thou curse the chance that made thee love
 A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
 To send the arrow from the twanging yew ;
 And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
 Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
 Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
 Excite the female breast with martial flame ?
 And shall not love's diviner power inspire
 More hardy virtue, and more generous fire ?
 Near thee, mistrust nor, constant I'll abide,
 And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
 Though my inferior strength may not allow
 That I should bear or draw the warrior bow ;
 With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
 And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
 Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
 Should'st thou (but heaven avert it!) should'st thou bleed ;
 To stop the wounds, my finest lawn I'd tear,
 Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair ;
 Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown
 That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
 A rivet's heat, or hunger's pressing pain ?
 Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
 From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid ;

Can they bear angry Jove ? can they resist
 The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east ?
 When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
 We tread with weary steps the longsome plain ;
 When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
 Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood ;
 And find among the cliffs no other house,
 But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs ;
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
 Around the dreary waste : and weeping try
 (Though then, alas ! that trial be too late)
 To find thy father's hospitable gate,
 And seats, where ease and plenty brooding sate ?
 Those seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn ;
 That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return :
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
 And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove ?

EMMA.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
 From its decline determin'd to recede ;
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee
 On the smooth surface of a summer's sea ;
 While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
 And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails ;
 But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
 When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar ?
 No, Henry, no : one sacred oath has tied
 Our loves ; one destiny our life shall guide ;
 Nor wild, nor deep, our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
 To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey ;
 The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
 And cheerful sit, to wait my lord's return :
 And, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer
 (For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err),
 I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
 And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food.
 With humble duty, and officious haste,
 I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast ;
 The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
 And draw thy water from the freshest spring

And, when at night with weary toil opprest,
 Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest ;
 Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
 Weary the gods to keep thee in their care ;
 And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
 If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
 My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend,
 On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend :
 By all these sacred names be Henry known
 To Emma's heart ; and grateful let him own
 That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone !

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
 Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare :
 Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
 Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
 No longer shall thy comely tresses break
 In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck ;
 Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
 In graceful braids with various ribbon bound :
 No longer shall the bodice aptly lac'd,
 From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
 That air and harmony of shape express,
 Fine by degrees, and beautifully less :
 Nor shall thy lower garments artful plait,
 From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
 Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
 And double every charm they seek to hide.
 Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair
 Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
 Shall stand uncouth : a horseman's coat shall hide
 Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side :
 The short trunk-hose shall shew thy foot and knee
 Licentious, and to common eye-sight free :
 And, with a bolder stride and looser air,
 Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.
 Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
 Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find :
 'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there,
 Or guardian gods made innocence their care.
 Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view :
 For such must be my friends, a hideous crew

By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
 Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill :
 Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
 The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back :
 By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
 Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread .
 With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
 Assist with violence, and divide their prey :
 With such she must return at setting light,
 Though not partaker, witness of their night.
 Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds
 And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
 Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
 The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply ;
 Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
 Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
 That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
 And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
 What thou would'st follow, what thou must forsake :
 By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse heaven,
 No middle object to thy choice is given,
 Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love ;
 Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove .

EMMA.

O grief of heart ! that our unhappy fates
 Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates :
 Mix thee amongst the bad : or make thee run
 Too near the pains which virtue bids thee shun,
 Yet with her plenty, still let Emma go ;
 With him, abhor the vice, but share the woe :
 And still my little heart can never err
 Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within ;
 And from the sterner's mind proceeds the sin :
 By her own choice, true virtue is approv'd ;
 Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd .
 Who has no joy, no danger, gains no praise,
 In a staid state, amidst the wild alarms,
 Triumphant constancy has fix'd her seat :
 In vain the tyrens sing, the tempests beat :
 Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I drest :
 Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.
 In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,
 Or negligently plac'd for thee alone :
 For thee again they shall be laid aside ;
 The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
 For thee : my clothes, my sex, exchang'd for thee,
 I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee ;
 O line extreme of human infamy !
 Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll tear
 (If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair,
 Black soot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace
 This little red and white of Emma's face.
 These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
 Lest by my look or colour be express'd
 The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd.
 Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
 Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes ;
 Lost to the world, let me to him be known :
 My fate I can absolve, if he shall own
 That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind ?
 Name, habit, parents, woman left behind,
 Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go
 Wild to the woods with me : said Emma so ?
 Or did I dream what Emma never said ?
 O guilty error ! and O wretched maid !
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
 With him, who next should tempt her easy fame ;
 And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
 Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex ?
 Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex :
 No longer loose desire for constant love
 Mistake ; but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames and swords,
 That Emma thus must die by Henry's words ?
 Yet what could swords or poison, racks, or flame,
 But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame !
 More fatal Henry's words ; they murder Emma's fame.

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
 Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung :
 Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
 Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
 Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid ;
 And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
 Still blam'd the coldness of the nut-brown maid ?

Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite
 Produce my actions to severest light,
 And tax my open day, or secret night.
 Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
 The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part ?
 Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
 Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell !
 And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
 One fault, but that which I must ever own,
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone ?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone :
 Each man is man ; and all our sex is one.
 False are our words, and fickle is our mind :
 Nor in love's ritual can we ever find
 Vows made to last, or promises to bind.
 By nature prompted, and for empire made,
 Alike by strength or cunning we invade :
 When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,
 We lift the battle-axe, and draw the bow :
 When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,
 Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear ;
 Our falsehood and our arms have equal use ;
 As they our conquest or delight produce.
 The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
 The only boon departing love can give.
 To be less wretched, be no longer true ;
 What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou pursue ?
 Forget the present flame, indulge a new ;
 Single the loveliest of the amorous youth ;
 Ask for his vow ; but hope not for his truth.
 *The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
 Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive ;
 Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.

Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right ;
 Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight ;
 Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why should'st thou weep ? let nature judge our case :
 I saw thee young and fair ; pursued the chase
 Of youth and beauty : I another saw
 Fairer and younger : yielding to the law
 Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
 More youth, more beauty : blest vicissitude !
 My active heart still keeps its pristine flame ;
 The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms ;
 With present power compels me to her arms.
 And much I fear, from my subjected mind
 (If beauty's force to constant love can bind),
 That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
 Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd ;
 And weeping follow me, as thou didst now,
 With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of my wishes err
 So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.
 Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows :
 Cupid averse rejects divided vows :
 Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
 An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love ;
 And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led ?
 Is each man perjurd, and each nymph betray'd ?
 Of the superior sex art thou the worst ?
 Am I of nine the most completely curst ?
 Yet let me go with thee : and going prove,
 From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
 This happy object of our different care,
 Her let me follow ; her let me attend
 A servant (she may scorn the name of friend).
 What she demands, incessant I'll prepare :
 I'll weave her garlands ; and I'll plait her hair :
 My busy diligence shall deck her board
 (For there at least I may approach my lord) ;

And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease;
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's mistress shews him Emma dead;
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect;
With virgin honours let my hearse be deckt,
And decent emblem; and at least persuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart!
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
To her, whom love abandon'd to despair;
To her, who dying, on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known,
That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove; and conscious Venus hear;
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear;
No time, no change, no future flame shall move
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At least excuse a trial too severe:
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man condemn'd in woods to rove,
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth!
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl: him terrible in war

Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword,
 And trembling fled before the British lord.
 Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows ;
 For she amidst his spacious meadows flows ;
 Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands ;
 And sees his numerous herds imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought
 To greatness next to empire : shalt be brought
 With solemn pomp to my paternal seat ;
 Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
 Music and song shall wake the marriage-day :
 And, whilst the priests accuse the bride's delay,
 Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn ;
 And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn.
 Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
 And age unheeded by delight come on :
 While yet superior love shall mock his power :
 And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
 Which only can our well-tied knot unfold ;
 What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast
 (That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)
 Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
 Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
 Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

EMMA.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose !
 Period and end of anxious Emma's woes !
 Sire of her joy, and source of her delight ;
 O ! wing'd with pleasure, take thy happy flight,
 And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
 Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of love,
 Henry, my Henry, will he never rove ?
 Will he be ever kind, and just, and good ?
 And is there yet no mistress in the wood ?
 None, none there is ; the thought was rash and vain ;
 A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.
 Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
 And anxious jealousy's corroding smart ;
 Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
 But soft belief, young joy, and pleasing care,

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
 And fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
 If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
 And sheds her treasure with unwear'd hands ;
 Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
 And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace :
 If she reclaims the temporary boon,
 And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone ;
 Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
 And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.
 Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
 From any turn of her fantastic wheel :
 Friendship's great laws, and love's superior powers,
 Must mark the colour of my future hours.
 From the events which thy commands create
 I must my blessings or my sorrows date ;
 And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
 (Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
 I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
 Exalted high as virtue can require ;
 With power invested, and with pleasure cheer'd ;
 Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd ;
 Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
 Which human vows at smoking shrines implore ;
 Grateful and humble grant me to employ
 My life subservient only to thy joy ;
 And at my death to bless thy kindness shown
 To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

While thus the constant pair alternate said,
 Joyful above them and around them play'd
 Angels and sportive loves, a numerous crowd ;
 Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd :
 They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
 To choose propitious shafts, a precious store ;
 That, when their god should take his future darts,
 To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
 His happy skill might proper arms employ,
 All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy :
 And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
 'The lovers' constancy, should share their fate.

The queen of beauty stopt her bridled doves ;
Approv'd the little labour of the loves ;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear ;
And to the triumph call'd the god of war :
Soon as she calls, the god is always near.

Now, Mars, she said, let fame exalt her voice :
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice :
But, when she sings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
In concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield ;
And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-wing'd power shall take her trump again,
'To sing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign ;
'To recollect unweary'd Marlborough's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils ;
'The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand :
Let her at least perform what I desire ;
With second breath the vocal brass inspire ;
And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And when thy tumults and thy fights are past ;
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast ;
Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry, prove :
And Emma-like, let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear ;
And constant beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smil'd, and bow'd : the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky ;
And thou, she smiling said, great God of days
And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise ;
As on the British earth my favourite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
'Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.
From every annual course let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside ; and, in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
And everlasting marks of honour paid
To the true lover, and the nut-brown maid.

AN EPITAPH.

“ Stet quicumque volet potens
 “ Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.” SENEC.

INTERR'D beneath this marble stone
 Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
 While rolling threescore years and one
 Did round this globe their courses run ;
 If human things went ill or well,
 If changing empires rose or fell,
 The morning past, the evening came,
 And found this couple still the same.
 'They walk'd, and eat, good folks: what then ?
 Why then they walk'd and eat again :
 'They soundly slept the night away ;
 'They did just nothing all the day :
 And, having buried children four,
 Would not take pains to try for more.
 Nor sister either had nor brother ;
 'They seem'd just tally'd for each other.
 Their moral and economy
 Most perfectly they made agree :
 Each virtue kept its proper bound,
 Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
 Nor fame nor censure they regarded ;
 They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
 He car'd not what the footman did ;
 Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid :
 So every servant took his course ;
 And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
 Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,
 And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
 'Their beer was strong ; their wine was port ,
 'Their meal was large, their grace was short.
 'They gave the poor the remnant meat,
 Just when it grew not fit to eat.
 They paid the church and parish rate,
 And took, but read not, the receipt ;

For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know;
So never made themselves a foe.

No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themselves a friend.

Nor cherish'd they relations poor;
That might decrease their present store:

Nor barn nor house did they repair;
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.

Each Christmas they accounts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.

Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.

When bells were rung and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid:

Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.

Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise;
They would not learn, nor could advise;

Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of— as it were:

Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried:
And so they liv'd, and so they died.

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE
FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babbling earth;

Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
 To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire ;
 Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
 When Moses gave them miracles and law :
 Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
 Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
 Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer ;
 That scorn of life would be but wild despair ;
 A tymbal's sound were better than my voice ;
 My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind,
 Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
 Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
 Not soon provok'd she easily forgives ;
 And much she suffers, as she much believes.
 Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives ;
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives ;
 Lays the rough paths of pceevish nature even,
 And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
 Its proper bound and due restriction knows ;
 'To one fix't purpose dedicates its power,
 And, finishing its act, exists no more.
 Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
 Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease ;
 But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
 Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
 In happy triumph shall for ever live,
 And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As, through the artist's intervening glass,
 Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
 A little we discover, but allow
 That more remains unseen, than art can show :
 So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve
 (Its feeble eye intent on things above),
 High as we may, we lift our reason up,
 By faith directed, and confirm'd by hope :
 Yet we are able only to survey
 Dawning of beams, and promises of day.
 Heaven's fuller affluence mocks our dazzled sight ;
 Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd;
 The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
 In all his robes, with all his glory on,
 Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant faith and holy hope shall die,
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy:
 Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
 Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
 Thy office and thy nature still the same,
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
 Shalt still survive—
 Shall stand before the host of heaven confest,
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

A TALE.

ONCE on a time, in sun-shine weather,
 Falsehood and Truth walk'd out together,
 The neighbouring woods and lawns to view,
 As opposites will sometimes do,
 Through many a blooming mead they past,
 And at a brook arriv'd at last.
 The purling stream, the margin green
 With flowers bedeck'd, a vernal scene,
 Invited each itinerant maid
 To rest awhile beneath the shade.
 Under a spreading beech they sat,
 And pass'd the time with female chat;
 Whilst each her character maintain'd;
 One spoke her thoughts, the other feign'd.
 At length, quoth Falsehood, sister Truth,
 (For so she call'd her from her youth),
 What if, to shun yon' sultry beam,
 We bathe in this delightful stream;
 The bottom smooth, the water clear,
 And there's no prying shepherd near!—

With all my heart, the nymph reply'd,
 And threw her snowy robes aside,
 Stript herself naked to the skin,
 And with a spring leapt headlong in.
 Falsehood more leisurely undrest,
 And, laying by her taudry vest,
 'Trick'd herself out in Truth's array,
 And cross the meadows tript away.

From this curst hour, the fraudulent dame
 Of sacred Truth usups the name,
 And, with a vile, perfidious mind,
 Roams far and near, to cheat mankind;
 False sighs suborns, and artful tears,
 And starts with vain pretended fears;
 In visits still appears most wise,
 And rolls at church her saint-like eyes;
 'Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
 While rising stoek her conscience pricks;
 When being, poor thing, extremely gravell'd,
 She secrets ep'd, and all unravell'd.
 But on she will, and secrets tell
 Of John and Joan, and Ned and Nell,
 Reviling every one she knows,
 As farcy leads, beneath the rose.
 Her tongue so voluble and kind,
 It always runs before her mind;
 As times do serve, she sily pleads,
 And copious tears still show her needs.
 With promises as thick as weeds—
 Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wondrous civil,
 'To-day a saint, to-morrow devil.

Poor Truth she stript, as has been said,
 And naked left the lovely maid,
 Who, scorning from her cause to wince,
 Has gone stark-naked ever since!
 And ever naked will appear,
 Belov'd by all who truth revere.

POPE.

THE life of Pope, who has been called the great poet of reason, and prince of rhyme, has been written with a degree of copiousness and accuracy which has seldom fallen to the lot of less distinguished writers.

Alexander Pope was born in London, May 22, 1688. His parents were of the catholic persuasion, and both respectably connected; but the religion they professed, and to which their son adhered through life, prevented them from improving their fortune, and they retired to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, about the Revolution, turning their whole property into money, and living on the principal, which it is said was 20,000*l*.

From his infancy, Pope was remarkable for delicacy of taste and constitution. According to his own account, "he lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came." In fact, he was born a poet; and though he derived little assistance from the masters under whom he was placed, such was his desire for learning, and his aptitude for acquiring it, that he gained by his own industry that which can never be taught, where talents and inclination are wanting.

Pope, as if it were intuition, saw the road that would conduct him to fame: he studied correctness and harmony of numbers, in which all our poets had been deficient; and he carried his art to a pitch which has never yet been rivalled.

His pastorals first introduced him to notice, and while still very young, he produced his *Essay on Criticism*, which raised his character very high. This was succeeded by the *Rape of the Lock*, one of the most beautiful original poems in our language.

It is impossible, however, in this place, to enumerate the various effects of his muse. Suffice it to say, that he succeeded in all; and having become the object of universal admiration, and being patronized by some of the first names in rank and literature, he wisely deter-

mined to render his talents subservient to his interest, and published proposals for a translation of the works of Homer. How well he executed this arduous task, it is needless for us to speak. By the undertaking, he cleared about 10,000*l.* when he purchased his celebrated villa at Twickenham, and retired to the enjoyment of what few poets can boast, ease and independence. Still, however, he continued to write, probably, as he says himself, "to help him through that long disease, his life." His health had always been precarious, and his person was not only weak, but deformed. These misfortunes, combining with too much sensibility, naturally prompted that satirical vein, which he sometimes indulged to the amusement of his friends, and the terror of his foes; yet seldom, it must be confessed, without repeated provocation. His "Dunciad" may be adduced as a proof of this; for it was not written till envy, malice, and all uncharitableness had applied to him every opprobrious epithet that unprincipled scriblers and defamers could devise. Ape, ass, owl, dunce, knave, fool, frog, and coward, were among the names bestow'd on Pope, before he used his *exterminating weapon of retaliation*: as indeed they have been on Dryden, prior to his writing "Mac Fleunce." But the celebrated couplet in the Essay on Criticism is applicable to both:

" Envy will merit like its SHADE pursue,
" But like the shadow proves the SUBSTANCE true."

We might add, in the words of WYCHERLEY to our author:

" Live and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate,
" Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait."

Pope died May 30, 1744, at the age of 56, and was buried at Twickenham, where a monument has been erected to his memory. He was sincerely beloved by his friends.

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

In imitation of Virgil's Pollio.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song :
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
 Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun !
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies :
 Th' Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail,
 Returning justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious babe, be born !
 See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
 Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !
 A God ! a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies ;
 Sink down, ye mountains ; and ye vallies rise ;

With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks : ye rapid floods, give way !
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
Hear him, ye deaf ; and all ye blind, behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-balls pour the day :
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air ;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more :
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful Son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their rice shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees flocks spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New feds of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifed rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green rind trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once peopled with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.

The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead :
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabeian springs,
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day !
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts ; the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains ;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

WINDSOR FOREST.

“ Non injussa cano : Te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,
 “ Te Nemus omne canet : Nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
 “ Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.”

VIRG.

THY forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
 At once the monarch's and the muse's seats,
 Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
 Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
 Granville commands; your aid, O muses bring!
 What muse for Granville can refuse to sing?
 The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
 Live in description, and look green in song;
 These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame,
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again;
 Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
 But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd;
 Where order in variety we see,
 And where, though all things differ, all agree.
 Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day;
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
 There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
 Here in full light the russet plains extend;
 There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dies,
 And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
 That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
 While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
 Nor proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Though gods assembled grace his towering height,

Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand ;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they :
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods :
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd ?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain ;
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign :
Both doom'd alike for sportive tyrants bled,
But, while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man :
Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd, from th' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes :
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er ;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar ;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd ;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind ;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,
Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.

Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see, the man who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave!
 Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
 At once the chacer, and at once the prey:
 Lo! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds where yellow harvests spread,
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
 Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vigorous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And on the new-shorn field the partridge feeds;
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
 But when the tainted gales the game betray,
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
 Secure the trust th' unfaithful field beset,
 Till hovering o'er them sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus, if small things we may with great compare,
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
 Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
 Near and more near, the closing lines invest,
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground!
 Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dies,
 His purpled crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare
 Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo:
 With slaught'ring guns th'unweary'd fowler roves,
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
 Oit, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clamorous lapwing feels the leaden death;
 Oft as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
 With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
 Our plentuous streams a various race supply,
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversific'd with crimson stains,
 And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus fiery car:
 The youth rush eager to the Sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rouze the fleet hart, and cheer the op'ning hound.
 Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
 And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
 Hills, vales, and floods, appear already cross'd,
 And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
 See the bold youth strain up the threaten'g steep,
 Rush through the thickets, down the vallies sweep,
 Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
 Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train;

Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen!
 Whose care, like her's, protects the Sylvan reign,
 The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here, too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,
 And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
 Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
 Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
 Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last).
 Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
 But by the crescent and the golden zone.
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty and the care;
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
 A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
 Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
 Pursu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
 When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
 As from the god she flew with furious pace,
 Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chace.
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
 " Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banish'd from thy train,
 " Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
 " My native shades!—there weep and murmur there!"

She said, and, melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps :
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The watery landskip of the pendant woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods ;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green ;
Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush unto the Thames.
Thou, too, great father of the British floods !
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ;
Where towering oaks their growing honour rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the skies the current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods :
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like thy bright beauties on thy banks below ;
Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His sovereign favours, and his country loves :
Happy next him, who to these shades retires :
Whom nature charms, and whom the muse inspires ;
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields ;
With chemic art exalts the mineral powers,
And draws the aromatic souls of flowers :

Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
 Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
 Or wandering thoughtful on the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good,
 T' observe a man, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end;
 Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
 Survey the region, and confess her home!
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
 Thus Atticus, and Trumbull thus retir'd.

Ye sacred nine! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens;
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where the muses sport on Cooper's Hill
 (On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow):
 I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
 I hear soft music die along the grove:
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By god-like poets venerable made:
 Here his first lays majestic Denham sung:
 There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
 O early lost! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led!
 His drooping swans on every note expire,
 And on his willows hung each muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
 Who now shall charm the shades, where Cowley strung
 His living harp, and lofty Denham sung
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
 Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville rings!
 'Tis your's, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the muses to their ancient seats;
 To paint anew the flowry Sylvan scenes,
 To crowd the forest with immortal greens,

Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies ;
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star.
 Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
 Surrey, the Granville of a former age :
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire :
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.

Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
 What king first breath'd upon her winding shore,
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains !
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down through every age ;
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressy's glorious field,
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield :
 Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still on thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
 Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
 And, fast behind him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps :
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The grave unites ; where ev'n the great find rest,
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' opprest !

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
 (Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone) ;
 Oh ! fact accurs'd ! what tears has Albion shed !
 Heaven's, what new wounds ! and how her old have bled !
 She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
 A dreadful series of intestine wars,
 Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
 At length great Anna said, " Let discord cease !"
 She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace !

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
 Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head.
 His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
 Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
 His swelling waters and alternate tides;
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
 And on their banks Augusta rose in gold;
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood!
 First the fam'd authors of this ancient name,
 The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame:
 The Kennet swift for silver eels renown'd;
 The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
 Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave;
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
 The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
 And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
 The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise;
 Then bow'd, and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail sacred peace! hail, long-expected days,
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
 Though Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
 From heaven itself the seven-fold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
 These now no more shall be the muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shire,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine:
 Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train:
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
 No more my sons shall die with British blood,
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain:

The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace ;
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone,
Behold! th' ascending villas on my side,
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend !
There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come ;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
And half the forests rush into thy floods ;
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day :
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole ;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales !
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold,
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide ;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire,
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire !
Oh, stretch thy reign, fair peace ! from shore to shore,
Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more ;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves ;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.

Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds shall barbarous discord dwell:
 Gigantic pride, pale terror, gloomy care,
 And mad ambition shall attend her there:
 There purple vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
 There hateful envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And persecution mourn her broken wheel:
 There faction roar, rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
 The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of opening fate to light:
 My humble muse in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,
 Where peace descending bids her olive spring,
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
 Enough for me, that to the listening swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye nine! descend, and sing;
 The breathing instruments inspire;
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre!
 In a sadly pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain;
 Let the loud trumpet sound,
 'Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound:
 While, in more lengthened notes and slow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow,
 Hark! the numbers soft and clear
 Gently steal upon the ear;

Now louder, and yet louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air trembling, the wild music floats;
 Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away,
 In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
 Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
 Melancholy lifts her head,
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 Listening envy drops her snakes;
 Intestine war no more our passions wage,
 And giddy factions bear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music every bosom warms!
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main.
 Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Enflam'd with glory's charms:
 Each chief his seven-fold shield display'd
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
 To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,

Love, strong as death, the poets led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds we heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary coasts !
 Dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans,
 Hoilow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts !
 But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;
 And see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire.
 See, shady forms advance !
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance !
 The furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes, uncurl'd, hang listening round their
 heads.

v.

By the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er the Elysian flowers ;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of asphodel,
 Or amaranthine bowers ;
 By the hero's armed shades,
 Glittering through the gloomy glades ;
 By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wandering in the myrtle grove,
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
 Oh, take the husband, or return the wife !
 He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the poet's prayer ;
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death, and o'er hell.

A conquest how hard and how glorious !
 Though fate had fast bound her
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders
 Rolling in mæanders
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan ;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost !
 Now with furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows :
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies :
 Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—
 Ah, see, see, he dies !
 Yet, ev'n in death Eurydice he sung ;
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue ;
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm :
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please :
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal powers incline their ear;
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
 And angels lean from heaven to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater power is given:
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Her's lift the soul to heaven.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Written when the Author was about twelve years old.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.
 Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.
 Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,
 Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
 Together mix't; sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation.
 Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

ODE.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark ! they whisper ; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

III.

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill ;
But of the two, less dangerous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss :
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

In poets as true genius is but rare,
 True taste as seldom is the critic's share ;
 Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.
 Let such teach others who themselves excel,
 And censure freely who have written well :
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true :
 But are not critics to their judgment too ?

Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind :
 Nature affords at least a glimmering light ;
 The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn right,
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
 Is by ill colouring but the more disgrac'd,
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd :
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn critics in their own defence :
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
 Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
 There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets past ;
 Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
 Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 The e half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our isle,
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile ;
 Or half-bush'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Whose generation's so equivocal :
 To praise them would a hundred tongues require,
 To reprove them wits, that might a hundred tire.
 But you, who seek to give and merit fame,
 For justly to a critic's noble name,
 To see yourself and your own reach to know,
 To see your own genius, taste, and learning, go ;
 Do not go on beyond your depth, but be discreet,
 And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit :
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains ;
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid power of understanding fails ;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt way.
 One science only will one genius fit :
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit :
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more :
 Each might his several province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow nature ; and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same :
 Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of art :
 Art from that fund each just supply provides,
 Works without shew, and without pomp presides.
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains ;
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
 Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use ;
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Though meant each others aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed ;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed :
 The winged courser, like a generous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are nature still, but nature methodis'd :
 Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
 By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules endites,
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights :

High on Parnassus' top her sons she shew'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod :
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just precepts thus from great example given,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from heaven.
 The generous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
 And taught the world with reason to admire.
 Then criticism the muse's handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more below'd :
 But following wits from that intention stray'd,
 Who could not win the mistress woo'd the maid ;
 Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'pothecaries taught the art
 By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they :
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would
 Know well each ancient's proper character : [steer,
 His fable, subject, scope in every page ;
 Religion, country, genius of his age :
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticise.
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night ;
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
 And trace the muses upward to their spring ;
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse ;
 And let your comment be the Mantuan muse.

When first young Maro, in his boundless mind,
 A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
 Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
 And but from nature's fountains scorn'd to draw :
 But when t' examine every part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.

Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design ;
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem ;
 To copy nature, is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.
 Music resembles poetry ; in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach.
 If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 Since rules were made but to promote their end,
 Some lucky license answer to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that license is a rule.
 Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
 May boldly deviate from the common track ;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
 Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.
 In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
 Great wits may sometimes gloriously offend, }
 And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.
 But though the ancients thus their rules invade
 As kings dispense with laws themselves have made ;
 Moderns, beware ! or, if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end :
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need ;
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The critic else proceeds without remorse.
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
 Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
 Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display
 His powers in equal ranks, and fair array,

But with th' occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, nay sometimes seem to fly.
 Those oft are stratagems which error seem,
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands ;
 Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive war, and all-involving age.
 See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring !
 Hear, in all tongues consenting pæans ring !
 In praise so just let every voice be join'd,
 And fill the general chorus of mankind.
 Hail bards, triumphant ! born in happier days ;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise !
 Whose honours with increase of wages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow ;
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found !
 O may some spark of your celestial fire,
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
 That, on weak wings, from far pursues your flights,
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes
 To teach vain wits a science little known,
 T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride !
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind :
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
 If once right reason drives that cloud away.
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself ; but, your defects to know,
 Make use of every friend—and every foe.
 A little learning is a dangerous thing !
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.

Fir'd at first sight with what the muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
 While, from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
 New distant scenes of endless science rise !
 So pleas'd at first the towering Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky ;
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way ;
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ :
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind ;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
 But, in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,
 That, shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep ;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts ;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome !
 No single parts unequally surprise,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes ;
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear ;
 The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless picce to see,
 Thinks what n'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In every work regard the writer's end,
 Since none can compass more than they intend ;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T' avoid great errors must the less commit :

Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
 Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the whole depend upon a part ;
 They talk of principles, but notions prize,
 And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.
 Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
 A certain bard encountering on the way,
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage ;
 Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
 Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
 Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advice :
 Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
 The manners, passions, unities, what not ?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a combat in the lists left out.
 " What ! leave the combat out ? " exclaims the knight.
 Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.
 " Not so, by heaven ! he answers in a rage,
 " Knights, 'squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
 So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
 " Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
 Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,
 Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,
 Form short ideas ; and offend in arts
 As most in manners, by a love to parts.
 Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
 And glittering thought, struck out at every line ;
 Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit ;
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
 The naked nature, and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover every part,
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.
 True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd ;
 Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind.
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit ;

For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still—the style is excellent:
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay;
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon:
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd;
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancient in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungosa in the play,
These sparks with aukward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets drest.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds, as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These, equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;

While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
 Where'er you find " the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line it " whispers through the trees :"
 If crystal streams " with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threaten'd, not in vain, with " sleep :"
 Then at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow ;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness give offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense :
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow :
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
 Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise !
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love ;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
 And the world's victor stood subdued by sound ;
 The power of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
 Avoid extremes ; and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
 At every trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shows great pride, or little sense ;

Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move ;
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve :
 As things seem large which we through mists descry,
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise ;
 The ancients only, or the moderns prize :
 Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
 Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
 And force that sun but on a part to shine,
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes ;
 Which from the first has shone on ages past,
 Enlightens the present, and shall warm the last ;
 Though each may feel increases and decays,
 And see now clearer and now darker days.
 Regard not then if wit be old or new,
 But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the town ;
 They reason and conclude by precedent,
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
 Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
 Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with quality ;
 A constant critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord,
 What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
 In some starv'd hackney-sonneteer, or me !
 But let a lord once own the happy lines,
 How the wit brightens ! how the style refines !
 Before his sacred name flies every fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought !

The vulgar thus through imitation err ;
 As oft the learn'd by being singular ;
 So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong :
 So schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
 But always think the last opinion right.
 A muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd ;
 While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
 Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so,
 Once school divines this zealous isle o'erspread ;
 Who knew most sentences was deepest read :
 Faith, gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted :
 Scotists and Thomists, now in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
 If faith itself has different dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in wit should take their turn ?
 Oft, leaving what is natural and fit.
 The current folly proves the ready wit ;
 And authors think their reputation safe,
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
 Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
 Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men.
 Parties in wit attend on those of state,
 And public faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, malice, folly against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux :
 But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past ;
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.
 Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
 New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise :
 Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue ;
 But, like a shadow, prove the substance true :
 For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays ;

But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first, true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years ;
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast ;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand ;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light ;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live ;
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away !

Unhappy wit like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings ;
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost :
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy ;
The most our trouble still when most admir'd,
And still the more we give, the more requir'd ;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please ;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun ;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe !
Of old, those met rewards, who could excel,
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well ;
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.

Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools :
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 For each ill author is as bad a friend.

To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
 Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise !
 Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
 Good-nature and good-sense must ever join ;
 To err, is human ; to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain ;
 Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
 No pardon vile obscenity should find,
 Though wit and art conspire to move your mind ;
 But dulness with obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as impotence in love.
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprang the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase :
 When love was all an easy monarch's care ;
 Seldom at council, never in a war :
 Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ :
 Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit :
 The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
 And not a mask went unimprov'd away :
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
 The following license of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ;
 Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation :
 Where heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
 Lest God himself should seem too absolute :
 Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
 And vice admir'd to find a flatterer there !
 Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
 These monsters, critics ! with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage !

Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice :
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what morals critics ought to show ;
For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join ;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine ;
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense ;
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence :
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so ;
But you, with pleasure, own your errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true ;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do ;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good breeding truth is disapprov'd ;
That only makes superior sense below'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence ;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence, ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take :
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull !
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain :

Your silence there is better than your spite,
 For who can rail so long as they can write ?
 Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
 What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull dropping of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence !

Such shameless bards we have : and yet 'tis true,
 There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.
 The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always listening to himself appears.
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales :
 With him, most authors steal their works, or buy,
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
 Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
 Nay show'd his faults—but when would poets mend ?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard.
 Nay, fly to altars ; there they'll talk you dead !
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes :
 But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
 And, never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide.

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know ?
 Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite ;
 Not duly prepossess'd, nor blindly right ;
 Though learn'd, well-bred ; and though well-bred, sincere ;
 Modestly bold, and humanely severe :
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe ?

Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd ;
 A knowledge both of books and human kind ;
 Generous converse ; a soul exempt from pride ;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side ?

Such once were critics ; such the happy few
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew :
 The mighty Stagyrte first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore ;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the Mæonian star.

Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
 Receiv'd his laws ; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
 Who conquer'd nature should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without method talks us into sense,
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
 The truest notions in the easiest way.
 He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
 Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with fire ;
 His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
 Our critics take a contrary extreme,
 They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm :
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
 By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
 And call new beauties forth from every line !

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
 The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
 The justest rules and clearest method join'd :
 Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
 But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
 Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus ! all the Nine inspire,
 And bless their critic with a poet's fire.
 An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ;
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws ;
 And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
 License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
 Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
 And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
 And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.
 With tyranny, then superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
 Much was believ'd, but little understood,
 And to be dull was construed to be good:
 A second deluge learning thus o'er-ran,
 And the Monks finish'd what the Goths began.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
 The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!
 Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
 And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each muse, in Leo's golden days,
 Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
 Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruin spread,
 Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.
 Then sculpture and her sister arts revive;
 Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
 With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
 A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
 Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
 The poet's bays and critics's ivy grow:
 Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
 As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon, by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd muses pass'd;
 Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
 But critic-learning flourish'd most in France:
 The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
 And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
 But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
 And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
 Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
 We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
 Yet some there were among the sounder few
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
 And here restor'd wit's fundamental laws.

Such was the muse, whose rules and practice tell,
 "Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."
 Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
 With manners generous as his noble blood ;
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And every author's merit but his own.
 Such late was Walsh—the muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend ;
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert ;
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
 This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
 This praise at least a grateful muse may give :
 The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
 Her guide now lost, no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries :
 Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.
 Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame ;
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame ;
 Averse alike to flatter or offend ;
 Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROIC POEM,

Written in the year 1711.

"Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos,
 "Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis."

MART.

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you ; yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour

enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct. This I was forced to, before I executed half my design, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or dæmons, are made to act in a poem: for the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies; let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrusian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but it is so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrusians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which, both in its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders. The gnomes or dæmons of earth, delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable: for they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence). The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

Madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
 What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
 I sing—this verse to Caryl, muse! is due:
 This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
 Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
 If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
 A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
 O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
 Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
 In tasks so bold, can little men engage?
 And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
 And open'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
 Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
 And sleepless lovers, just at twelve awake:
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
 And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.

Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
 Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:
 'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
 A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau,
 That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow,
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
 If e'er one vision touch thy infant thought,
 Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;

Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by angel-powers,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers;
 Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below;
 Some sacred truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
 What though no credit doubting wits may give?
 The fair and innocent shall still believe.
 Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly!
 The light militia of the lower sky:
 These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
 And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once enclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly vehicles to those of air.
 Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead.
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
 And love of ombre, after death survive,
 For when the fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first elements their souls retire:
 The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
 Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
 And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
 The graver pride sinks downward to a gnome,
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
 The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
 Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd:
 For, spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shape they please.
 What guards the purity of meeting maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,

Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desire,
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?
 'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
 Though honour is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life predestin'd to the gnome's embrace.
 These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
 Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
 While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train
 And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
 And in soft sounds, your Grace salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a beam.

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
 Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new:
 What tender maid but must a victim fall
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from every part,
 They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
 strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
 This erring mortals levity may call;
 Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
 But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
 Warn'd by the sylph, oh pious maid, beware!

This to disclose is all thy guardian can,
Beware of all, but most beware of man!

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue,
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head,

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
'To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
'Th' inferior priestess, at her altar side,
'Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Requits her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Scenes by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
The star first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silv'ed Thames.

Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
 But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those :
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide :
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Lock on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray ;
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey ;
 Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

'Th' adventurous baron the bright locks admir'd ;
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
 For when success a lover's toil attends,
 Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends,

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
 Propitious heav'n, and every power ador'd ;
 But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
 Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
 And all the trophies of his former loves.
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breaths three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.
 The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer ;
 The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And soften'd sounds along the waters die ;
 Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
 Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay,
 All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
 Th' impending wo sat heavy on his breast.
 He summons strait his denizens of air ;
 'The lucid squadrons round the sails repair ;
 Soft o'er the shroud ærial whispers breathe,
 'That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ;
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 'Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 'Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipp'd in the richest tinctures of the skies,
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While every beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head was Ariel plac'd ;
 His purple pinions opening to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand and thus begun :
 Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear ;
 Fays, faries, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear !
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd
 By laws eternal to th' ærial kind.
 Some in the fields of purest æther play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day ;
 Some guide the course of wondering orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky ;
 Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintery main,
 Or o'er the globe distil the kindly rain.
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide :

Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Nor a less pleasing, though less glorious care ;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Not let th' imprison'd essences exhale ;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers ;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;
Nay, oft in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

This day, black omens treat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care ;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight :
But what, or where, the fates have wrapp'd in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw ;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;
Forget her prayers, or mi-s a masquerade ;
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball ;
Or whether Heaven has deem'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair :
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care ;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
And, Momantilla, let the watch be thine ;
Do thou, Crispisa tend her favourite Lock ;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat :
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale.
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfus'd with pins ;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter wa-hes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye :
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain ;

Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flower :
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below !

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend :
Some orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair :
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home ;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ;
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine ;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom ;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.

Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred nine,
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card :
 First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
 Then each according to the rank they bore :
 For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers and a forky beard ;
 And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer power ;
 Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band ;
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand ;
 And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
 Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care :
 Let spades be trumps ! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
 Spadillo first, unconquerable Lord !
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
 The hoary majesty of spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
 The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
 Sad chance of war ! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade !

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield ;
 Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of spades.
 The club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride :

What boots the regal circle on his head.
 His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread ;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe ?

The Baron now his diamonds pours apace,
 Th' embroider'd king who shews but half his face,
 And his refulgent queen with powers combin'd,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye,
 The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
 In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins, oh shameful chance ! the queen of hearts.
 At this, the blood the virgin's face forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ;
 She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
 And now, as oft in some distemper'd state,
 On one nice trick depends the general fate,
 An ace of hearts steps forth : the king unseen
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen :
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky ;
 The wails, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate :
 Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo ! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round :
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide :
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong their rich repast.

Strait hover round the fair her airy band ;
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd ,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
 And see through all things with his half-shut eyes,
 Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
 Ah cease, rash youth ! desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate !
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair !

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill !
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case :
 So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
 He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers ends ;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steam she bends her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair ;
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear ;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought ;
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking in her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
 T' inclose the Lock ; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd ;
 Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the sylph in twain,
 But airy substance soon unites again ,
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever !

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
 Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last!
 Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
 In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
 The victor cry'd, the glorious prize is mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and six the British fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read,
 Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long, my honour, name, and praise, shall live!
 What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
 Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial powers of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs shoul feel
 The conquering force of unresisted steel?

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, re-entment, and despair,
 As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
 As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
 Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
 No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
 The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
 But differing far in figure and in face.
 Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
 With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
 Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
 There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
 Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
 Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
 On the rich quilt sinks with becoming wo,
 Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
 The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
 When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
 Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted shades,
 Or bright as visions of expiring maids.
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
 Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
 And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by spleen.
 Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
 One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
 A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
 Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
 Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
 And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the gnome through the fantastic band,
 A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand,
 Then thus address'd the power—Hail, wayward queen!
 Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen.

Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
 Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
 On various tempers act by various ways,
 Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
 And send the godly in a pet to pray.
 A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
 But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
 Like citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
 Or chang'd complexions at a losing game;
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or rump'd petticoats, or tumbled beds,
 Or caus'd suspicion where no soul was rude,
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
 Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease;
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
 That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The goddess with a discontented air,
 Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
 A wonderous bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
 A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes 'ejected, and her hair unbound.
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the furies issued at the vent.
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
 O wretched maid! she spread her hands and cry'd,
 While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! reply'd,
 Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence, to prepare?
 For this your locks in paper durance bound,
 For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?

For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?
 Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost!
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow?
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!

She said: then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs!
 Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?
 "Zounds! damn the lock! 'fore gad, you must be civil!
 "Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prythee, pox!
 "Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much, reply'd the peer again,
 Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
 But by this Lock, this Lock, I swear,
 Which never more shall join its parted hair;
 Which never more its honour shall renew,
 Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew,
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
 He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbrici, hateful gnome! forbears not so;
 He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow,

Then see ! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half languishing, half drown'd in tears ;
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
 Which, with a sigh, she rais'd ; and thus she said :
 For ever curst be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away !
 Happy ! ah, ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton-court these eyes had never seen !
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
 By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
 Oh, had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant northern land ;
 Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste bohea !
 There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
 What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam ?
 Oh, had I stay'd and said my prayers at home !
 'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell ;
 The tottering china shook without a wind,
 Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind !
 A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late !
 See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs !
 My hand shall rend, what ev'n thy rapine spares :
 These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck ;
 The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ;
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
 And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
 O, hadst thou, cruel ! been content to sieze
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these !

CANO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears ;
 But fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails ?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.

Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began.

Say, why are not beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white glov'd beaux?
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!

Oh! if to dance all night and dress all day,
Charm'd the small pox, or chac'd old age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing to use?
To patch, nay ogle, may become a saint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail,
Beauties in vain their pretty eye may roil;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begun th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Heaver makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;

Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
 Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
 Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
 Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
 The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,
 A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
 One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.
 "O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
 Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
 "Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
 Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
 Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
 Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
 She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
 But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the mens' wits against the lady's hair
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
 Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
 Stee with one finger and a thumb subdued:
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
 The gunnes direct, to every atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye overflows,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
 The same, his arm she pierc'd to deck,
 Her great-great-grandfather about his neck,

In three seal-rings, which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown :
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew ;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.

Boast not my fall, he cry'd, insulting foe !
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Ner think, to die dejects my lofty mind :
All that I dread is leaving you behind !
Rather than so, ah ! let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock, she cries ; and all around,
Restore the Lock ! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othelio in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost !
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain :
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heaven decrees ! with heaven who can contest ?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There heroes wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases :
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound ;
The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes :
So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus none confess'd in view,
A sadder star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heaven bespangling with disbevell'd light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
 And hail with music its propitious ray;
 This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
 This partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes;
 And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
 Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
 Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
 For, after all the murders of your eye,
 When after millions slain, yourself shall die;
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
 This lock, the muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name

ELEGY

To the memory of an unfortunate Lady.

WHAT beckoning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
 'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
 Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
 Is it in heaven a crime to love too well?
 To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
 To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
 Why had ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
 Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
 The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
 Thence to their images on earth it flows,
 And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
 Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage :
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;
 Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
 And close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these, perhaps, ere nature bade her die,
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
 As into air the purer spirits flow,
 And separate from their kindred dregs below ;
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
 Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood !
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
 Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates ;
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
 While the long funerals blacken all the way,
 Lo ! these were they whose souls the furies steel'd,
 And curst with hearts unknowing how to yield.
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn to glow
 For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone, oh, ever injur'd shade !
 Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid ?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier :
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd !
 What though no friends in sable weeds appear ;
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show ?

What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ?
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So, peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays ;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
 Life's idle business at our gasp be o'er,
 The muse forgot, and thou lov'd no more.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Argument.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century ; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned

those celebrated letters, out of which the following is partly extracted, which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns ;
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins ?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat ?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat ?
Yet, yet I love !—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name,

Dear, fatal name ! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd ;
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies :
O, write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out my tears !
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls ! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains :
Ye rugged rocks ! which holy knees have worn ;
Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn !
Shrines ! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep ;
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep !
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart ;
Nor prayers, nor fasts, its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name for ever sad ! for ever dear !
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe :
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !

There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the best of passions, love and fame.

Yet write, oh, write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine !
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away ;
And is my Abelard less kind than they ?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer ;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue ;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief ;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid ;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul and soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendship's name ;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd ; heaven listen'd while you sung ;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move ?
'Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love :
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saint I see,
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made !
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame ;
Before true passion all those views remove ;
Fame, wealth, and honour ! what are you to love ?

The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
 Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
 Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all :
 Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove ;
 No, make me mistress to the man I love.

If there be yet another name more free,
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee !
 Oh, happy state ! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature law :
 All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
 No craving void left aching in the breast :
 Ev'n thought meets thought, e'er from the lips it part,
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
 This sure is bliss, if bliss on earth there be,
 And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd ! what sudden horrors rise !
 A naked lover bound and bleeding lies !
 Where, where was Eloise ? her voice, her hand,
 Her poinard had oppos'd the dire command.
 Barbarian, stay ! that bloody stroke restrain ;
 The crime was common, common be the pain.
 I can no more ; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
 Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
 When victims at yon altar's foot we lay ?
 Caust thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell,
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale :
 Heaven scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
 And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
 Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you ;
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call ;
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
 Come ! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my wee ;
 Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
 Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,

Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd,
 Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest
 Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care!
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
 You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
 A paradise was open'd in the wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
 No silver saints, by dying misers given,
 Here bribe the rage of ill-requited heaven;
 But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
 In these lone walls, their days eternal bound,
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light,
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now, no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
 See how the force of others' prayers I try,
 O pious fraud of amorous charity!
 But why should I on others' prayers depend?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
 Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy love!
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
 The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid;
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,

Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
 And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
 And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
 Assist me, heaven! but whence arose that prayer?
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
 Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
 I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
 Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
 Now turn'd to heaven, I weep my past offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
 How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
 How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love?
 Unequal task! a passion to resign,
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine!
 E'er such a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate!
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget!

But let heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd:
 Not touch'd, but rapt; not weaken'd, but inspir'd!
 Oh, come! oh, teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you;
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot,
 'The world forgetting, by the world forgot !
 Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind !
 Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd,
 Labour and rest that equal periods keep ;
 Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep ;
 Desires compos'd, affections ever even ;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven
 Grace shines around her with serene beams,
 And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For her th' untading rose of Eden blooms,
 And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes ;
 For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring ;
 For her white virgins hymenæals sing :
 To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams, my erring soul employ,
 Far other raptures of unholy joy :
 When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
 Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
 Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
 All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
 O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night !
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight !
 Provoking demons all restraint remove,
 And stir within me every source of love.
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
 And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
 I wake :—no more I hear, no more I view,
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
 I call aloud ; it hears not what I say :
 I stretch my empty arms ; it glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing eyes ;
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise !
 Alas, no more ! methinks we wandering go
 Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
 Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies ;
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain ;
 Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose ;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
 Still as the seas e'er winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow ;
 Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
 And mild, as opening gleams of promis'd heaven.

Come, Abelard ! for what hast thou to dread ?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands check'd ; religion disapproves ;
 Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves.
 Ah, hopeless, lasting flame ! like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view !
 The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
 I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
 Thy image steals between my God and me :
 Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
 With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
 When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight :
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
 While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
 Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
 While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
 And dawning grace is opening on my soul :
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art !
 Oppose thyself to heaven ; dispute my heart ;
 Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
 Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
 Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears ;
 Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers ;
 Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode ;
 Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole ;
 Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll !

Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
 Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
 Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign ;
 Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine :
 Fair eyes, and tempting looks, which yet I view !
 Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu !
 O grace serene ! O virtue, heavenly fair !
 Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care !
 Fresh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky !
 And faith, our early immortality !
 Enter, each mild, each amicable guest ;
 Receive and wrap me in eternal rest !

See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
 Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
 In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
 And more than echoes talk along the walls.
 Here, as I watch'd the dying lamp around,
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
 " Come, sister, come ! " it said, or seem'd to say,
 " Thy place is here, sad sister, come away !
 " Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
 " Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid :
 " But all is calm in this eternal sleep ;
 " Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep :
 " Ev'n superstition loses every fear ;
 " For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come ! prepare your roseate bowers,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow :
 'Tis thou, Abelard, the last sad office pay,
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day ;
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul !
 Ah, no—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloisa see !
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly ;
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye !

Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er ;
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
 O, death, all eloquent ! you only prove
 What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
 That cause of all my guilt and all my joy,
 In trance ecstatic may the pangs be drown'd,
 Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,
 From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
 And saints embrace thee with a love like mine !

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame !
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more ;
 If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds ;
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 " O, may we never love as these have lov'd ! "

From the full choir, when loud hosannas rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene if some relenting eye
 Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
 And sure if fate some future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more ;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell !
 The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost ;
 He best can paint them, who shall feel them most.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Written in the year 1711.

IN that soft season, when descending showers
 Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers ;
 When opening buds salute the welcome day,
 And earth relenting feels the genial ray ;
 As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
 And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
 What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
 While purer slumbers spread their golden wings,
 A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
 And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies.
 The whole creation open to my eyes :
 In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
 Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow ;
 Here, naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen ;
 There, towery cities, and the forests green :
 Here, sailing ships delight the wandering eyes ;
 There, trees and intermingled temples rise :
 Now a clear sun the shining scene displays ;
 The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
 Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore :
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
 Whose towering summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
 High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way ;
 The wonderous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
 Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile time subdu'd ;
 Not wide was spread their fame in ages past ;
 And poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd ;
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.

Critics I saw, that other names deface,
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place :
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun ;
 For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by envy, than excess of praise.
 Yet part, no injuries of heaven could feel,
 Like crystal faithful to the graving steel :
 'The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
 Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
 From time's first birth, with time itself shall last ;
 These ever new, nor subject to decays,
 Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks, the beauteous work of frost,
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;
 Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
 And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play ;
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky.

As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
 'The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
 On this foundation Fame's high temple stands ;
 Stupendous pile ! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 Whate'er prond Rome or artful Greece beheld,
 Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.

Four faces had the dome, and every face
 Of various structure, but of equal grace !
 Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 Salute the different quarters of the sky.
 Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
 Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
 Who cities rais'd or tam'd a monstrous race,
 The walls in venerable order grace :
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And legislators seem to think in stone,

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.

In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield :
 There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil :
 Here Orpheus sings ; trees moving to the sound
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around :
 Amphion there the loud creating lyre
 Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire !
 Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall :
 There might you see the lengthening spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
 The growing towers like exhalations rise,
 And the huge columnus heave into the skies.

The eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
 There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
 And the great founder of the Persian name :
 There, in long robes, the royal Magi stand,
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand :
 The sage Chaldeans, rob'd in white appear'd,
 And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd.
 These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd shades
 To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades ;
 Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
 Of talismans and sigils knew the power,
 And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
 Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science to be good.

But on the south, a long majestic race
 Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car Sesestris struck my view,
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew :
 His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold ;
 His giant limbs are arm'd in chains of gold.
 Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of gothic structure was the northern side,
 O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.

There huge Colossus rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around,
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood.
Druids and bards, their once loud harps unstrung,
And youths that dy'd to be by poets sung.
These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face ;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which, o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and other multiplies :
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold :
Rais'd on a thousand pillars wreath'd around
With laurel-foilage, and with eagles crown'd :
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals :
As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage historians in white garments wait ;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of time was found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd I view'd
The youth that all things but himself subdu'd ;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Lybian god.
There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas shone ;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own ;
Unmov'd, superior still in every state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought :
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood ;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;

Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state ;
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great ;
 And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
 With boundless power unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much-suffering heroes next their honours claim,
 'Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
 Fair virtue's silent train ; supreme of these
 Here ever shines the godlike Socrates ;
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell :
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names :
 Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
 And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire ;
 Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
 Hold the chief honours, and the same command.
 High on the first, the mighty Homer shone ;
 Eternal adamant compos'd his throne,
 Father of verse ! in holy fillets drest,
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast ;
 Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
 'The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen ;
 Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall,
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
 Motion and life did every part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire ;
 A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd.
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;
 Finish'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
 With patient touches of unwearied art :
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph sat,
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate ;
 On Homer still he fix'd a reverend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.

In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead ;
 Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre,
 Æneas bending with his aged sire :
 Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne,
 Arms and the man in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight :
 Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring god.
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings,
 'The figur'd games of Greece the columns grace,
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
 The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run ;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone ;
 The champions in distorted postures threat ;
 And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire :
 Pleas'd with Alceæus' manly rage t' infuse
 The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.
 The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace ;
 A work outlasting monumental brass.
 Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
 The Julian star, and Great Augustus here.
 The doves that round the infant poet spread
 Myrtles and bays, hung hovering o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
 Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrite ;
 His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
 And various animals his sides surround ;
 His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
 Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
 The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne :
 Gathering his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
 In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
 Behind Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
 And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
 O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies :

Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
 So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height,
 Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
 With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
 The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,
 The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
 Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
 And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
 With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
 The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
 When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her statue of a cubit's height;
 But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
 Till to the roof her towering front she rais'd.
 With her, the temple every moment grew,
 And ampler vistas open'd to my view:
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
 Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
 A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand listening ears.
 Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful nine
 Her virgin handmaids, still attend the shrine:
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string.
 With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
 And last, eternal, through the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
 The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
 And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
 From different quarters fill the crowded hall:
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
 Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
 Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
 Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.

Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degree before the goddess bend ;
'The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were different, their request the same ;
For good and bad alike are fond of fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd ;
Unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.
First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the goddess thus prefer their prayer.
Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind ;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne :
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For fame is all we must expect below.

The goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise :
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
'That fills the circuit of the world around ;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud :
'The notes at first were rather sweet than loud :
By just degrees they every moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At every breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter, as they wider spread ;
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
Said Fame, but high above desert renown'd :
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Prefer'd the same request, and lowly bow'd ;

The constant tenor of whose well spent days
 No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
 But straight the direful trump of slander sounds ;
 Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
 The dire report through every region flies,
 In every ear incessant rumours rung,
 And gathering scandals grew on every tongue.
 From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :
 The poisonous vapour biots the purple skies,
 And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore :
 For thee, they cry'd, amidst alarms and strife,
 We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life ;
 For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
 And swam to empire through the purple flood.
 Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own ;
 What virtue seem'd was done for thee alone.
 Ambitious fools ! the queen reply'd, and frown'd,
 Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd ;
 There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
 Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !
 A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
 And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mein.
 Great idol of mankind ! we neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame !
 But, safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
 Would die unheard-of, as we liv'd unseen.
 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
 O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake.

And live there men, who slight immortal fame ?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name ?
 But, mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride,
 To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
 Rise ! Muses rise ! add all your tuneful breath ;
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.

She said! in air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
 So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
 Ev'n listening angels lean from heaven to hear:
 To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery drest:
 Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays:
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair:
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd every maid;
 Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell,
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
 The joy let others have, and we the name,
 And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
 And at each blast a lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest
 Around the shrine, and made the same request:
 What you, she cry'd, unlearn'd in arts to please,
 Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
 Who lose a length of undeserving days,
 Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
 To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
 The people's fable, and the scorn of all.
 Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
 Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
 Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
 And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
 Enlave their country, or usurp a throne;
 Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
 On sovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
 Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
 Of crooked counsels and dark politics;
 Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
 And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.

The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
 With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
 At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
 And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some power unknown
 Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne;
 Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
 Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
 With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
 With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound:
 Not less in number were the spacious doors,
 Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
 Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
 Pervious to winds, and open every way.
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
 As to the sea returning rivers roll,
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
 Hither as to their proper place, arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace, is here.
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
 The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
 Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance:
 Thus every voice and sound, when first they break,
 On neighbouring air a soft impression make;
 Another ambient circle then they move;
 That, in its turn impels the next above;
 Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
 Of loss and gain, of famine, and of store,
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
 Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
 The falls of favourites, projects of the great,

Of old mismanagements, taxations new :
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away ;
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day :
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few ;
And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands :
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience star'd in every face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too,
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gathering force the quickening flames advance ;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Through thousand veins, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below,
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force :
Some to remain, and some to perish soon ;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through the
There, at one passage, oft you might survey [sky.
A lie and truth contending for the way ;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent :
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and lie ;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear ;
 What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
 Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ?

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
 For who so fond as youthful bards of fame !
 But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
 How vain that second life in others breath,
 Th' estate which wits inherit after death !
 Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
 Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !
 The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
 Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor ;
 All luckless wits their enemies profest,
 And all successful, jealous friends at best.
 Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
 But if the purchase costs so dear a price
 As soothing folly, or exalting vice :
 Oh ! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
 And follow still where fortune leads the way ;
 Or if no basis bear my rising name,
 But the fall'n ruins of another's fame ;
 Then teach me heaven ! to scorn the guilty bays,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise ;
 Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown :
 Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none !

ESSAY ON MAN,

IN FOUR EPISTLES,

TO H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

EPISTLE I.

*Of the nature and state of man with respect to the uni-
 verse.*

AWAKE, my St. John ! leave all meaner things
 To low ambition, and the pride of kings.

Let us, since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us and to die,
 Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man ;
 A mighty maze ! but not without a plan :
 A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot ;
 Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield ;
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar ;
 Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise :
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can ;
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above, or man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know ?
 Of man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer ?
 Through worlds unnumber'd, though the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
 He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs,
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What vary'd being peoples every star,
 May tell why heaven has made us as we are.
 But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies,
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd through ? or can a part contain the whole ?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee ?

II. Presumptuous man ! the reason would'st thou find,
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ?
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less ?
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
 Taller or weaker than the weeds they shade ?
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove ?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest,
 That wisdom infinite must form the best,

Where all must fall, or not coherent be,
 And all that rises, rise in due degree ;
 Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man :
 And all the question, wrangle e'er so long,
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong ?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain :
 In God's, one single can its end produce ;
 Yet serves to second too some other use.
 So man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal ;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
 When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god :
 Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
 His actions, passions, being's, use and end ;
 Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd ; and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.
 Then say not man's imperfect, heaven in fault ;
 Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought :
 His knowledge measur'd to his state and place ;
 His time a moment, and a point his space.
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here, or there ?
 The blest to-day is as completely so,
 As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd. their present state :
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
 Or who could suffer being here below ?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleas'd to the last he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
 Oh, blindness to the future ! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven :

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
 Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher death ; and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
 Man never is, but always to be blest :
 The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
 His soul proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven ;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no christians thirst for gold.
 To be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou, and in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
 Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such ;
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much :
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust ;
 If man alone ingross not heaven's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there :
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
 In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies ;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel :

And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' eternal cause.

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine :
" For me kind nature wakes her genial power ;
" Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower ;
" Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;
" For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
" For me, health gushes from a thousand springs ;
" Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
" My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies,"

But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

" No," 'tis reply'd, " the first Almighty cause
" Acts not by partial, but by general laws ;
" Th' exceptions few ; some change since all began :
" And what created perfect ?"—Why then man ?

If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates ; and can man do less ?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sun-shine, as of man's desires ;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not heaven's design,
Why then a Borgias, or a Catiline ?
Who knows, but he whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms ;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind ?
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs,
Account for moral as for natural things :
Why charge we heaven in those, in these acquit ?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife ;
And passions are the elements of life.

The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than angel, would be more :
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he powers of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs proper powers assign'd ;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here, with degrees of swiftness, there, of force ;
All in exact proportion to their state ;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own :
Is heaven unkind to man, and man alone ?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all ?
The bliss of man, could pride that blessing find,
Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye ?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say, what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven ?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonise at every pore ?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain ?
If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill !
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies ?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends :
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass :
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam ;

Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
 How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
 'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier!
 For ever separate, yet for ever near!
 Remembrance and reflexion how allied;
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
 The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
 Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All natter quick, and bursting into birth,
 Above, how high progressive life may go!
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
 Vast chain of being! which from God began,
 Nature ethereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
 From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd;
 From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall.
 Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and suns rush lawless through the sky;
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;

Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
 And nature tremble to the throne of God.
 All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
 Vile worm!—O, madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
 What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind;
 Just as absurd as any part to claim
 To be another, in this general frame:
 Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
 The great directing mind of all ordains,

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
 That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our souls, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapacious seraph that adores and burns:
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor order, imperfection name:
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, heaven bestows on thee.
 Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
 Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
 All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good.
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, *whatever is, is right,*

EPISTLE II.

*Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to himself,
as an Individual.*

I. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great :
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest ;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast ;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err ;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much ;
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd ;
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd :
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Go, wondrous creature ! mount where science guides.
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun ;
Go, scar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God ;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool !

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind.
Describe, or fix one movement of his mind ?

Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
 Explain his own beginning or his end?
 Alas, what wonder! man's superior part
 Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
 But when his own great work is but begun,
 What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
 First strip off all her equipage of pride;
 Deduct what is but vanity, or dress,
 Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
 Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
 Expunge the whole, 'or lop th' excrescent parts
 Of all our vices have created arts;
 Then see how little the remaining sum,
 Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
 Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain;
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
 Each works its end, to move or govern all:
 And to their proper operation still,
 Ascribe all good, to their improper ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And, but for this, were active to no end:
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
 Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
 Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
 That, sees immediate good by present sense;
 Reason, the future and the consequence.
 Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
 A test more watchful this, but still a more strong.
 The action of the stronger to suspend,
 Reason still use, to reason still attend.

Attention, habit, and experience gains ;
 Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.
 Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
 More studious to divide than to unite ;
 And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
 With all the rash dexterity of wit.
 Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
 Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
 Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire ;
 But greedy that, its object would devour,
 'Tis taste the honey, and not wound the flower :
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call ;
 'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all :
 But since not every good we can divide,
 And reason bids us for our own provide ;
 Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
 List under reason, and deserve her care ;
 'Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
 Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let stoics boast
 Their virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost ;
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
 But strength of mind is exercise, not rest :
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul ;
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale ;
 Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
 He mounts the storm and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
 Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite :
 These, 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
 But what composes man, can man destroy ?
 Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
 Subject, compel them, follow her and God.
 Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train ;
 Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain ;
 These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind ;

The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands and eyes ;
And, when in act they cease, in prospect rise :
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;
On different senses, different objects strike ;
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame ;
And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death ;
The young disease, which must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength :
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came ;
Each vital humour, which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul :
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurse ;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse ;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power ;
As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some favourite still obey :
Ah ! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools ?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend ;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend !
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made ;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong :
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yet, nature's road must ever be preferr'd ;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard :

'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
 And treat this passion more as friend than foe ;
 A mightier power the strong direction sends,
 And several men impels to several ends :
 Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain coast.
 Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
 Or, oft more strong than all, the love of ease ;
 Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence ;
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
 All, all alike, find reason on their side.

Th' eternal art, educing good from ill,
 Grafts on this passion our best principle :
 'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd ;
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one interest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted learn to bear ;
 The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
 Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;
 Ev'n avarice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy ;
 Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ;
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;
 Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
 But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus nature gives us, let it check our pride,
 The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd ;
 Reason the bias turns from good to ill,
 And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
 The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine :
 The same ambition can destroy or save,
 And make a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
 What shall divide ? The God within the mind,

Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
 In man they join to some mysterious use ;
 Though each by turns the other's bound invade,
 As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
 And oft so mix, the difference is too nice,
 Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
 That vice or virtue there is none at all.
 If white and black blend, soften, and unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ;
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As to be hated needs but to be seen ;
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
 But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed :
 Ask where's the north ; at York ; 'tis on the Tweed ;
 In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the first degree,
 But thinks his neighbour further gone than he :
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own ;
 What happier nature shrinks at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree ;
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise ;
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill ;
 For, vice or virtue, self directs it still ;
 Each individual seeks a several goal ;
 But heaven's great view is one, and that the whole.
 That counter-works each folly and caprice ;
 That disappoints th' effect of every vice :
 That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd ;
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride ;
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief ;
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief :
 That virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
 Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise ;

And built on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all:
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here ;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign ;
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;
The starving chemist in his golden views,
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend :
See some fit passion every age supply ;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite ;
Scaris, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age :
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before ;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by pride :
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy ;

One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
 And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ;
 Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
 See! and confess, one comfort still must rise ;
 'Tis this, though man's a fool, yet *God is wise.*

EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society.

Here then we rest ; “ the universal cause
 “ Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.”
 In all the madness of superfluous health,
 The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
 Let this great truth be present night and day ;
 But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world ; behold the chain of love
 Combining all below, and all above.

See plastic nature working to this end,
 The single atoms each to other tend,
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
 See matter next, with various life endued,
 Press to one centre still, the general good.
 See dying vegetables life sustain,
 See life dissolving vegetate again :
 All forms that perish other forms supply,
 By turns we catch the vital breath, and die :
 Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
 Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;
 One all-extending, all-preserving soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least ;
 Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;
 All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone ;
 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food !
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton tawn,
 For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn :
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings !
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
 The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer :
 The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children all divide her care ;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
 While man exclaims, " see all things for my use !"
 " See man for mine !" replies a pamper'd goose :
 And just as short of reason he must fail,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak controul ;
 Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole :
 Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,
 And helps another creature's wants and woes.
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings ?
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings ?
 Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods :
 For some his interest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride,
 All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
 That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
 And, till he ends the being, makes it blest :
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favour'd man by touch thereof slain.
 The creature had his feast of life before ;
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er !
 To each unthinking being, heaven a friend,
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its end :
 To man it parts it ; but with such a view
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :

The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
 Great standing miracle ! that heaven assign'd
 Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
 Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best ;
 To bliss alike by that direction tend,
 And find the means proportion'd to their end.
 Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide,
 What pope or council can they need beside ?
 Reason, however able, cool at best,
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
 Stays till we call, and then not often near ;
 But honest instict comes a volunteer,
 Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit ;
 While still too wide or short is human wit ;
 Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
 Which heavier reason labours at in vain.
 This too serves always, reason never long :
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the acting and comparing powers
 One in their nature, which are now in ours !
 And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison, and to choose their food ?
 Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Band on the wave, or arch beneath the sand ?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line ?
 Who bid the stork, Columbu-like, explore
 Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before ?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day ?
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way ?

III. God, in the nature of each being, found:
 Its proper bliss, and sets it proper bounds :
 But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,
 On mutual wants built mutual happiness :
 So from the first, ETERNAL ORDER ran,
 And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
 Whate'er of life all-quickening æther keeps,
 Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,

Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
 Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
 Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace ;
 They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
 The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend ;
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the instinct, and there ends the care ;
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race.
 A longer care man's helpless kind demands ;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands :
 Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the interest, and the love :
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ;
 Each virtue in each passion takes its turn ;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These natural love maintain'd, habitual those :
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
 Memory and forecast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
 Still spread the interest, and preserve the kind.

IV. Nor think, in nature's state they blindly trod ;
 The state of nature was the reign of God :
 Self-love and social at her birth began,
 Union, the bond of all things, and of man.
 Pride then was not ; nor arts, that pride to aid ;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;
 The same his table, and the same his bed ;
 No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
 In the same temple, the resounding wood,
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God ;
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undress'd,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :

Heaven's attribute was universal care,
 And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.
 Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
 Who, foe to nature, hears the general groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.
 But just disease to luxury succeeds,
 And every death its own avenger breeds;
 The fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on man, a fiercer savage, man.

See him from nature rising slow to art!
 To copy instinct then was reason's part:
 Thus then to man the voice of nature spake—
 "Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
 "Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
 "Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
 "Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
 "Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
 "Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
 "Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 "Here to all forms of social union find,
 "And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind:
 "Here subterranean works and cities see;
 "There towns aerial on the waving tree.
 "Learn each small people's genius, policies,
 "The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
 "How those in common all their wealth bestow,
 "And anarchy without confusion know;
 "And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
 "Their separate cells and properties maintain.
 "Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
 "Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
 "In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
 "Entangle justice in her net of law,
 "And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
 "Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 "Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
 "Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:
 "And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
 "Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature spoke; observant man obey'd;
 Cities were built, societies were made:

Here rose one little state ; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd, through love or fear.
 Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend ?
 What war could ravish, commeree could bestow ;
 And he return'd a friend who came a foe.
 Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
 When love was liberty, and nature law.
 Thus states were form'd ; the name of king unknown,
 Till common interest plac'd the sway in one.
 'Twas virtue only, or in arts or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms,
 The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
 A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch sat,
 King, priest, and parent, of his growing state :
 On him, their second providence, they hung,
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
 He from the wondering furrow call'd the food,
 Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
 Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
 Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.
 Till drooping, sickening, dying, they began
 Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man :
 Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
 One great First Father, and that first ador'd.
 Or plain tradition that this All begun,
 Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son ;
 The worker from the work distinct was known,
 And simple reason never sought but one :
 Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
 Man, like his maker, saw that all was right ;
 To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
 And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
 Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then ;
 For nature knew no right divine in men,
 No ill could fear in God ; and understood
 A sovereign being, but a sovereign good.
 True faith, true policy, united ran ;
 That was but love of God, and this of man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
 Th' enormous faith of many made for one ;

That proud exception to all nature's laws,
 T' invert the world, and counter-work its cause?
 Force first made conquest, and that conquest law;
 Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
 Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made:
 She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
 When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
 ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
 To power unseen, and mightier far than they:
 She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
 Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
 Fear made her devils, and weak hopes her gods;
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
 And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
 Then first the Flamen tasted living food;
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
 With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love, through just and through unjust,
 To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:
 The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, government and laws.
 For, what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
 How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
 His safety must his liberty restrain:
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus, by self defence,
 Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
 And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,
 Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
 Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
 The faith and moral Nature gave before ;
 Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new ;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew.
 Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
 Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender strings,
 The less, or greater, set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too ;
 Till jarring interests of themselves create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
 From order, union, full consent of things :
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade ;
 More powerful each, as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest ;
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best :
 For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight ;
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right ;
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern, is clarity :
 All must be false that thwarts this one great end :
 And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.
 Man, like the generous vine, supported lives ;
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
 On their own axis as the planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the sun ;
 So two consistent motions act the soul ;
 And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and nature link'd the gen'ral flame,
 And bade self-love and social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Happiness.

O happiness ! our being's end and aim,
 Good, pleasure, ease, content ! whate'er thy name :

That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise :
 Plant of celestial seed; if dropp'd below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?
 Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?
 Where grows ? where grows it not ? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
 'Tis no where to be found, or every where :
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way, the learn'd are blind :
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind ;
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
 Those call it pleasure, and contentment these :
 Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain :
 Some, swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain ;
 Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
 To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
 Than this, that happiness is happiness ?

Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave ;
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ;
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell ;
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well ;
 And, mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, man, " the Universal Cause
 " Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws,"
 And makes what happiness we justly call,
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
 There's not a blessing individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind :
 No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd :
 Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend :

Abstract what others feel, what others think,
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink :
 Each has his share ; and who would more obtain,
 Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heaven's first law ; and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
 More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense,
 Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their happiness :
 But mutual wants this happiness increase ;
 All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance, is not the thing ;
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend :
 Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
 One common blessing, as one common soul.
 But fortune's gifts if each alike possest,
 And each were equal, must not all contest ?
 If then to all men happiness was meant,
 God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;
 But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear :
 Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
 But future views of better, or of worse.

O, sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
 By mountains pi'd on mountains, to the skies ?
 Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
 But Health consists with temperance alone ;
 And Peace, O virtue ! Peace is all thy own.
 The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain ;
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
 Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right ?

Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first ?
 Count all th' advantage prosperous vice attains,
 'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains :
 And grant the bad what happiness they would,
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
 Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe !
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
 But fools the good alone unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.
 See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just !
 See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust !
 See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife !
 Was this their virtue, or contempt of life ?
 Say, was it virtue, more though heaven ne'er gave,
 Lamented Digby ! sunk thee to the grave ?
 'Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire ?
 Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
 When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death ?
 Or why so long, in life if long can be,
 Lent heaven a parent to the poor and me ?

What makes all physical or moral ill ?
 There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
 God sends not ill ; if rightly understood,
 Or partial ill is universal good,
 Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
 Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
 We just as wisely might of heav'n complain,
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
 When his lew'd father gave the dire disease.
 Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause
 Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws ?

Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage expires,
 Forget to thunder, and recal her fires ?
 On air or sea new motions be imprest,
 Oh blameless Bethel ! to relieve thy breast ?
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by ?

Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

But still this world, so fitted for the knave,
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.
'The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin heaven's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell;
If Calvin feel heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part, will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
Whatever is, is right. This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;
And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

“But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed.”

What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
“No—shall the good want health, the good want power?”
Add health and power, and every earthly thing,
“Why bounded power? why private? why no king?”
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and six,

Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
 Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
 Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
 Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
 Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
 Judges and senators have been bought for gold;
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human kind,
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in men has some small difference made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
 That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
 But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great.
 Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,

Go! and pretend your family is young!
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies:
 "Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
 Or make an enemy of all mankind!
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise:
 All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles, in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown,
 The same, my lord, if Tully's, or your own.
 All that we feel of it begins and ends,
 In the small circle of our foes and friends;
 To all beside, as much an empty shade,
 An Eugene living, as a Caesar dead;
 Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave;
 When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ;
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies ?
 Tell, for you can, what is it to be wise ?
 'Tis but to know how little can be known !
 To see all other's faults, and feel our own :
 Condemned in business or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge :
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;
 Make fair deductions ; see to what they mount :
 How much of other each is sure to cost ;
 How much for other oft is wholly lost ;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these ;
 How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease :
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
 Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall ?
 To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ;
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife :
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame !
 If all, united, thy ambition call,
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of happiness complete !
 In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
 How happy ! those to ruin, these betray,
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed, as proud Venice rose ;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man.
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold :

Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.

O! wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame!

What greater bliss attends their close of life?

Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.

Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,

Compute the morn and evening to the day;

The whole amount of that enormous fame,

A tale that blends their glory with their shame!

Know then this truth, enough for man to know:
"Virtue alone is happiness below."

The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;

Where only merit constant pay receives,

Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;

The joy unequal'd, it its end it gain,

And if it lose, attended with no pain:

Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,

And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:

The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,

Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears.

Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,

For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;

Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;

Never dejected, while another's blest;

And where no wants, no wishes can remain,

Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss heaven could on all bestow!

Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,

The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,

But looks through nature, up to nature's God;

Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,

Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;

Sees, that no being any bliss can know,

But touches some above, and some below;

Learns from this union of the rising whole,

The first, last purpose of the human soul;

And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God, and love of man.

For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul,
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find,
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love, thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for thy boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part;
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense.
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Come, then, my friend! my genius, come along;
Oh, master of the poet, and the song!
And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer,
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;

Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 Oh ! while along the stream of time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame ;
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ?
 That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;
 For wit's false mirror held up nature's light ;
 Shew'd erring pride, *whatever is, is right* ;
 That reason, passion, answer one great aim ;
 That true self-love and social are the same ;
 That virtue only makes our bliss below ;
 And all our knowledge is, *ourselves to know*.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all ! in every age,
 In every clime ador'd,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou Great First Cause, least understood ;
 Who all my sense confin'd
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill ;
 And, binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will :

What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me more than hell to shun,
 That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round :

Let not this weak, unknowing hand,
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay :
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way !

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
O, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot :
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !
One chorus let all being raise !
All nature's incense rise !

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT :

BEING THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead:
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me;
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause.
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! which did you not prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song,
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma; either way I'm sped!
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.

I sit with sad civility ; I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head ;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel “ keep your piece nine years.”
 Nine years ! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
 Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
 Rhymes e'er he wakes, and prints before term ends,
 Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends :
 “ The piece, you think, is incorrect ! why take it ;
 “ I'm all submission ; what you'd have it, make it.”
 Three things another's modest wishes bound,
 My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.
 Pitholeon sends to me : “ you know his grace ;
 “ I want a patron ! ask him for a place.”
 Pitholeon libell'd me—“ but here's a letter
 “ Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
 “ Dare you refuse him ? Curll invites to dine,
 “ He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine.”
 Bless me ! a packet—“ 'Tis a stranger sues,
 “ A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse.”
 If I dislike it, “ furies, death, and rage !”
 If I approve, “ commend it to the stage.”
 There, thank my stars, my whole commission ends,
 The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
 Fir'd that the house reject him, “ 'Sdeath I'll print it.
 “ And shame the fools—your interest, sir, with Lintot.”
 Lintot, dull rogue ! will think your price too much :
 “ Not sir, if you revise it, and retouch.”
 All my demurs but double his attacks :
 At last he whispers, “ Do ; and we go snacks.”
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
 “ Sir, let me see your works and you no more.”
 'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
 Midas, a sacred person and a king,
 His very minister, who spy'd them first,
 Some say his queen, was forc'd to speak, or burst.
 And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
 When every coxcomb perks them in my face ?
A. Good friend, forbear ! you deal in dangerous things,
 U'd never name queens, ministers, or kings ;
 Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
 'Tis nothing—*P.* Nothing ? if they bite and kick ?

Out with it, Dunciad ! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an ass :
 The truth once told, and wherefore should we lie ?
 The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel ? take it for a rule,
 No creature snarts so little as a fool.
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus ! round thee break,
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack :
 Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
 Who shames a scribbler ? Break one cobweb through,
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew :
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again :
 Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines.
 Whom have I hurt ? has poet yet, or peer,
 Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer ?
 And has not Colly still his lord and whore ?
 His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moor ?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit ?
 Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit ?
 Still Sappho—*A.* Hold, for God's sake—you'll offend,
 No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend :
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall ;
 But foes like these—*P.* One flatterer's worse than all.
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
 It is the slaver kilis, and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent :
 Alas ! tis ten times worse when they repent.

One, dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes :
 One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud, “ Subscribe, subscribe ! ”

There are, who to my person pay their court :
 I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
 Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
 Such Ovid's nose, and, “ Sir ! you have an eye ! ”—
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
 All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me.

Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 "Just so immortal Maro held his head ;"
 And when I die, be sure you let me know
 Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write ? what sin to me unknown
 Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own ?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
 I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd :
 The muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife ;
 To help me through this long disease, my life ;
 To second Arbuthnot ! thy art and care,
 And teach, the being you preserv'd, to bear :

But why then publish ! Granville the polite,
 And knowing Walsh would tell me I could write ;
 Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
 And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays ;
 The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
 Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,
 And St. John's self, great Dryden's friends before,
 With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd !
 Happier their author, when by these belov'd !
 From these the world will judge of men and books,
 Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers . who could take offence
 While pure description held the place of sense ?
 Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
 Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill ;
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still.
 Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret ;
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
 If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
 I wag'd no war with bedlam or the mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad ;
 If wrong, I smil'd ; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
 Commas and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.

Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
 From flashing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds ;
 Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
 Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
 Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
 Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.
 Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry : I excus'd them too ;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ;
 But each man's secret standard is his mind,
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This, who can gratify ? for who can guess ?
 The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year ;
 He who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left :
 And he, who, now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning :
 And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad :
 All these, my modest satire bad translate,
 And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe !
 And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such ; but were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;

Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ;
 While wits and templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he !

What though my name stood rubric on the walls,
 Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals ?
 Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?
 I sought no homage from the race that write ;
 I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight ;
 Poems I heeded, now berhym'd so long,
 No more than thou, great George ! a birth-day song.
 I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;
 Nor, like a puppy, daggled through the town,
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;
 Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd and cry'd,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side :
 But, sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.
 Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
 Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill ;
 Fed with soft dedication all day long,
 Horace and he went hand and hand in song.
 His library, where busts of poets dead,
 And a true Pindar stood without a head,
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place :
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 And flatter'd every day, and some days eat ;
 Till, grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others, harder still, he paid in kind.
 Dryden alone, what wonder ! came not nigh,
 Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye :

But still the great have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill !
May every Bavius have his Bufo still !
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands !
Blest be the great ! for those they take away,
And those they left me ; for they left me Gay :
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn !

Oh, let me live my own, and die so too !
To live and die is all I have to do :
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please :
Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs ;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers ;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light ?
Heavens ! was I born for nothing but to write ?
Has life no joys for me ? or, to be grave,
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save ?
“ I found him close with Swift—indeed ! no doubt,
“ Cries prating Balbus, something will come out.”
“ 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
“ No, such a genius never can lie still ;”
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will or Bufo makes.
Poor, guiltless I ! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style ?

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a tear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear !
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,

Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
 Who writes a libel, or who copies out :
 That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame :
 Who can your merit selfishly approve,
 And show the sense of it without the love ;
 Who has the vanity to call you friend,
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend ;
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lie not, must at least betray :
 Who to the Dean and silver Bell can swear,
 And sees at Cannons what was never there ;
 Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
 Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie.
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—*A.* What ? that thing of silk,
 Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk ?
 Satire or sense, alas ! can Sporus feel ?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings ;
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys :
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks ;
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
 His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
 And he himself one vile antithesis.
 Amphibious thing ! that, acting either part,
 The trifling head ! or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.

Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
 Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
 Not proud, nor servile ; be one poet's praise.
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways :
 That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same ;
 That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
 But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song :
 'That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ;
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed ;
 The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
 'Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own ;
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
 The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape ;
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father dead ;
 The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—
 Welcome for thee, fair virtue ! all the past :
 For thee, fair virtue ! welcome ev'n the last !

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great ?

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state :
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail.
 Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail ;
 A hireling scribbler, or a hireling poet,
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the saure ;
 If on a pillory, or near a throne,
 He gains his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
 Sappho can tell you how this man was bit :
 This dreaded sat'rist Dennis will confess
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress :

So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
 Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhym'd for Moore.
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply ?
 Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.
 To please his mistress one aspers'd his life ;
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife :
 Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will ;
 Let the two Curlls of town and court, abuse
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
 Yet why ? that father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool :
 That harmless mother thought no wife a whore :
 Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore !
 Unspotted names, and memorable long !
 If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood, part shed in honour's cause,
 While yet in Britain honour had applause,
 Each parent sprung—*A.* What, fortune, pray ?—*P.* Their
 And better got, than Bestia's from the throne. [own,
 Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
 Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
 No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie,
 Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolmen's subtle art,
 No language, but the language of the heart.
 By nature honest, by experience wise ;
 Healthy by temperance, and by exercise ;
 His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan.
 O grant me thus to live, and thus to die !
 Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

O friend ! may each domestic bliss be thine !
 Be no unpleasing melancholy mine :
 Me, let the tender office long engage,
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep a while one parent from the sky !

On cares like these if length of days attend,
 May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
 Preserve him social, cheerful and serene,
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a queen !
A. Whether that blessings be deny'd or given,
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

EPISTLE

TO ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD AND EARL MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd poet sung,
 Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
 Oh, just beheld, and lost ! admir'd and mourn'd !
 With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd !
 Blest in each science, blest in every strain !
 Dear to the muse ! to Harley dear—in vain !

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
 Fond to forget the statesman in the friend ;
 For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,
 The sober follies of the wise and great ;
 Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
 And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit,

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
 A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear ;
 Recal those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
 Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
 Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,
 Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great ;
 Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
 Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
 Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine :
 A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
 Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
 The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
 The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made ;
 The muse attends thee to thy silent shade.

'Tis her's, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
 Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
 When interest calls off all her sneaking train,
 And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain ;
 She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
 When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
 Ev'n now, she shades thy evening-walk with bays,
 No hireling she, no prostitute to praise ;
 Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
 Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,
 Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
 Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

 EPITAPHS.

ON MRS. CORBET,

Who died of a cancer in her breast.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
 Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense :
 No conquests she, but o'er herself, desir'd,
 No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind ;
 So firm, yet soft ; so strong, yet so rein'd ;
 Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd ;
 The saint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

*On the Monument of the Hon. ROBERT DIGBY, and of his
 Sister MARY, erected by their father the LORD DIGBY,
 in the church of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, 1727.*

Go ! fair example of untainted youth,
 Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth ;
 Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
 Good without noise, without pretension great.
 Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear :

Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind :
 Go, live ! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
 Go, and exalt thy mortal to divine.

And thou, blest maid ! attendant on his doom,
 Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
 Steer'd the same course, to the same quiet shore,
 Not parted long, and now to part no more !
 Go then, where only bliss sincere is known !
 Go, where to love and to enjoy are one !

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
 And till we share your joys, forgive our grief :
 These little rites, a stone, a verse, receive ;
 'Tis all a father, all a friend can give !

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Easthamsted in Berks, 1730.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
 May truly say—here lies an honest man :
 A poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,
 Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great ;
 Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
 Content with science in the vale of peace,
 Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;
 From nature's temperate feast rose satisfy'd,
 'Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

ON MR. GAY.

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affection mild ;
 In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child :
 With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age :
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great :
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.

These are thy honours ! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust ;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.

ON EDMUND, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

Who died in the nineteenth year of his age, 1735.

IF modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And every opening virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state :
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here !
The living virtue now had shone approv'd,
The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame,
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham :
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart ;
And, chiefs or sages long to Britain given,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heaven.

MORAL ESSAYS.*

EPISTLE I.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of men.

YES ; you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind ;
Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some general maxims, or be right by chance.

* The Editor deeply regrets that the limits of this selection render it impossible to place in the Cabinet the whole of these requisite Essays.

The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less:
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less;
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant, 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd through our passions shown.
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand eyes.

Nor will life's stream for observations stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft in the passion's wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides and fancy sports in sleep,

Though past the recollection of the thought,
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close, they're hid from none;
So darkness strikes the sense no less than light,
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;
And every child hates Shylock, though his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when generous Manly raves,
All know, 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find:
Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole;
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull flat falsehood serves, for policy;
And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at business, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner——then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with venison to a saint without.

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all interests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in picquette,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a bett.

What made, say, Montagne, or more sage Charrou?
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?

A perjur'd prince a leaden saint revere,
 A goddess regent tremble at a star ?
 The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
 Faithless through piety, and dup'd through wit ?
 Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
 And just her wisest monarch made a fool ?

Know, God and nature only are the same :
 In man, the judgment shoots at flying game ;
 A bird of passage ! gone as soon as found,
 Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
 Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
 Infer the motive from the deed, and show,
 That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
 Behold if fortune or a mistress frowns,
 Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns :
 To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
 This quits an empire, that embroils a state :
 The same adust complexion has impell'd
 Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions show the man : we find
 Who does a kindness is not therefore kind :
 Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,
 Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east :
 Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
 Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great :
 Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
 He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave :
 Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
 His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.

But grant that actions best discover man ;
 Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.
 The few that glare, each character must mark,
 You balance not the many in the dark.
 What will you do with such as disagree ?
 Suppress them, or miscal them policy ?
 Must then at once, the character to save,
 The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave ?
 Alas ! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
 Perhaps was sick in love, or had not din'd.
 Ask why from Britain, Cæsar would retreat ?
 Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat.

Why risk the world's great empire for a punk ?
 Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
 But, sage historians ! 'tis your task to prove
 One action, conduct ; one, heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn :
 A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn ;
 A judge is just, a chancellor juster still ;
 A gownman, learn'd ; a bishop, what you will ;
 Wise, if a minister ; but, if a king,
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more every thing.
 Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
 Born where heaven's influence scarce can penetrate :
 In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
 They please as beauties, here as wonder strike.
 Though the same sun with all-diffusive rays
 Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
 We prize the stronger effort of his power,
 And justly set the gem above the flower.

'Tis education forms the common mind ;
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire ;
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ;
 Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;
 Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave :
 Is he a churchman ? then he's fond of power :
 A quaker ? sly : A presbyterian ? sour :
 A smart free-thinker ? all things in an hour.

Ask men's opinions : Scoto now shall tell
 How trade increases, and the world goes well ;
 Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
 And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
 What turns him now a stupid, silent dunce ?
 Some god, or spirit, he has lately found ;
 Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by nature ? Habit can efface,
 Interest o'ercome, or policy take place :
 By actions ? those uncertainty divides !
 By passions ? these dissimulation hides :
 Opinions ? they still take a wider range :
 Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the ruling passion: there alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores:
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His passion still, to covet general praise;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd:
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves:
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store;
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;

In this the lust, in that the avarice,
 Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.
 That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
 Had aim'd like him, by chastity, at praise.
 Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
 Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
 In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
 But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
 As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
 Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
 Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,
 Here honest nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
 And totter on in business to the last;
 As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,
 As sober Lanesborow dancing in the gout.

Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace
 Has made the father of a nameless race,
 Shov'd from the wall, perhaps, or rudely press'd
 By his own son, that passes by unblest'd:
 Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
 And envies every sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
 The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
 "Merely! cries Helluo, mercy on my soul!
 "Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."

The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,
 Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
 Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
 For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
 "Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,"
 Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke,
 "No, let a charming chintz, and Brussel's lace,
 "Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
 "One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
 "And—Betty, give this cheek a little red."

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
 An humble servant to all human kind,
 Just brought out this, when scarce a tongue could stir.
 "If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir!"

“ I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
 And sigh'd) “ my lands and tenements to Ned.”
 Your money, Sir ?—“ My money, Sir ! what, all ?
 “ Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul.”
 The manor, Sir ?—“ The manor ! hold, he cry'd.
 “ Not that,—I cannot part with that”—and dy'd.
 And you ! brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
 Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death :
 Such in those moments as in all the past,
 “ Oh, save my country, Heaven !” shall be your last.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

*Of the Characters of Women.**

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
 “ Most women have no characters at all.”
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
 How many pictures of one nymph we view,
 All how unlike each other, all how true !
 Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
 Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.
 Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
 And there, a naked Leda with a swan.
 Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
 In Magdalene's loose hair, and lifted eye,
 Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
 With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine ;
 Whether the charmer sinner it or saint it,
 If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

† It has been justly observed, there is nothing in Mr. Pope's works more highly finished than this epistle : yet its success was in no proportion to the pains he took in composing it. Something he chanced to drop in a short advertisement prefixed to it, on its first publication, may perhaps account for the small attention given to it. He said that no one character in it was drawn from the life. The public believed him on his word, and expressed little curiosity about a satire, in which there was nothing personal.

Come then, the colours, and the ground prepare;
 Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
 Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
 Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye, quick glancing o'er the park,
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
 As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
 With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask:
 So morning insects, that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
 To her Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
 Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
 But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
 All eyes may see from what the change arose,
 All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papilla, wedded to her amorous spark,
 Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
 A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees
 All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!"

Ladies, like variegated tulips, shew,
 'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
 Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
 Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
 'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
 Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
 Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,
 Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
 Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
 Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
 As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
 To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
 Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's prayer,
 And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
 Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim;
 And made a widow happy, for a whim.

Why then declare good nature is her scorn,
 When 'tis by that alone she can be borne ?
 Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name ?
 A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame :
 Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
 Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres ;
 Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns ;
 And atheism and religion take their turns ;
 A very heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad good christian at her heart.

See sin in state, majestically drunk,
 Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk ;
 Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
 A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
 What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
 Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought :
 Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
 She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
 What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain ?
 Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
 As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
 The nose of haut-gout, and the tip of taste,
 Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
 Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat :
 So Philomedè, lecturing all mankind
 On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
 Th' address, the delicacy—stoops at once,
 And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray ;
 To toast our wants and wishes is her way ;
 Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
 The mighty blessing, “ while we live, to live,”
 Then all for death, that opiate of the soul !
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind ?
 A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
 Wise wretch ! with pleasures too refin'd to please ;
 With too much spirit to be e'er at ease ;
 With too much quickness ever to be taught ;
 With too much thinking to have common thought :
 You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
 And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate,
 No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
 Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
 Because she's honest, and the best of friends.
 Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
 For ever in a passion, or a prayer;
 Or her, who laughs at hell, but like her grace,
 Cries, " Ah ! how charming, if there's no such place !"
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
 Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
 The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
 To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought,
 Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
 For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind ?
 Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind !
 Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth :
 Shines in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
 Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.
 No thought advances, but her eddy brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
 Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
 The wisest fool much time has ever made.
 From loveless youth to unrespected age,
 No passion gratify'd, except her rage,
 So much the fury still out-ran the wit,
 The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
 Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
 Her every turn with violence pursu'd,
 Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude :
 To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate :
 Superiors ? death ! and equals ? what a curse !
 But an inferior not dependant ? worse.
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live :
 But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
 And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
 Last night her lord was all that's good and great ;
 A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.

Strange ! by the means defeated of the ends,
 By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,
 By wealth of followers ! without one distress
 Sick of herself, through very selfishness !
 Atossa, curs'd with every granted prayer,
 Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
 To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
 Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.

Pictures, like these, dear madam, to design,
 Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line ;
 Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
 Some flying stroke alone can hit them right :
 For how should equal colours do the knack ?
 Chameleons who can paint in white and black ?

“ Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot.”—
 Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.

“ With every pleasing, every prudent part,
 “ Say, what can Chloe want ?”—She wants a heart.
 She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought ;
 But never, never, reach'd one generous thought.
 Virtue s'ie finds too painful an endeavour,
 Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
 As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.

She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
 Can mark the figures on an Indian chest ;
 And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
 Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.

Forbid it, Heaven, a favour or a debt
 She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.

Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear ;
 But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.

Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.

Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead ?
 She bids her footman put it in her head.

Chloe is prudent—would you too be wise ?
 Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may, I grant, be seen,
 Which Heaven has varnish'd out, and made a queen :
 The same for ever ! and describ'd by all
 With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.

Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
 And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
 'Tis well—but, artists! who can paint or write,
 To draw the naked is your true delight.
 That robe of quality so struts and swells,
 None see what parts of nature it conceals:
 Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
 We owe to models of an humble kind.
 If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
 'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
 From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
 To draw the man who loves his God, or king:
 Alas! I copy, or my draught would fail,
 From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

But grant, in public men sometimes are shown,
 A woman's seen in private life alone:
 Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
 Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
 Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
 There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
 Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
 That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.

In men, we various ruling passions find;
 In women, two almost divide the kind;
 Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,
 The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

That, nature gives; and where the lesson taught
 Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
 Experience this; by man's oppression curst,
 They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
 But every woman is at heart a rake:
 Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
 But every lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens:
 Power all their end, but beauty all the means:
 In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
 As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
 For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam:
 No thought of peace or happiness at home.
 But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
 As hard a science to the fair as great! —

Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
 Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
 Worn-out in public, weary every eye,
 Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
 Still out of reach, yet never out of view ;
 Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
 To covet flying, and regret when lost :
 At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
 It grows their age's prudence to pretend ;
 Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
 Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more :
 As hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
 So these their merry, miserable night ;
 Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
 And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the world its veterans rewards !

A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end ;
 Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
 A fop their passion, but their prize a sot ;
 Alive, ridiculous ; and dead, forgot !

Ah ! friend ! to dazzle let the vain design ;
 To raise the thought, and touch the heart be thine !
 That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
 Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing ;
 So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
 All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
 Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
 And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh ! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day :
 She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
 Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;
 She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
 Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
 Yet has her honour most, when she obeys ;
 Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
 Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille ;
 Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
 And mistress of herself, though China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man ;
Picks from each sex, to make the favourite blest.
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest :
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools :
Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride ;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new ;
Shakes all together, and produces—You.

Be this a woman's fame, with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd, I forget the year,
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple prayer ;
And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous God, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dress for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good humour, and a poet.

TICKELL.

Few memorials of Thomas Tickell have been transmitted to us by his cotemporaries, in proportion to the rank he held in society and in literature: He was the son of a clergyman, and born at Bridekirk, near Carlisle, in 1686. After receiving a grammatical education in his native county, he was entered of Queen's college, Oxford, where he took the degree of master of arts, and was afterwards elected fellow. There he distinguished himself by classical attainments and his poetical talents; and soon attracted the notice of Addison and Steele, whom he assisted in the *Spectator*, and other periodical works, in which they were engaged.

The poem entitled "The Prospect of Peace," gained very great applause, and its tendency, yet more than its intrinsic merit, will at all times insure it praise from the judicious. His object was to reclaim the nation from the pride of conquest to the pleasure of tranquillity.

Tickell having shewn himself by his writings a strenuous supporter of the Hanoverian succession, became patronized by the court; and when Addison went into Ireland as secretary to Lord Sunderland, he accompanied him thither, and was employed in public business; and when his friend became a minister of state, Tickell was appointed his under-secretary, in which situation he was continued by Mr. Craggs.

Indeed, to the patronage of Addison he seems to have owed his whole advancement in life; and the friendship which had been shewn him appears to have been gratefully returned by the affectionate regard he shewed to the memory of that luminary of English literature.

On the death of Mr. Craggs, Tickell became secretary to the lord justices of Ireland, in which lucrative situation he continued till his death, which happened in 1740, in the 54th year of his age.

Tickell married, and had several children. His eldest

son, the late Richard Tickell, Esq. seems to have possessed an abundant share of paternal talents.

Pleasing in his manners, of honor and integrity in his principles, the subject of this brief memoir owed as much to his conduct as to his acquirements. As a poet, he was distinguished rather for taste and elegance. His verses on the death of Addison are highly polished; and his ballad of Colin and Lucy is tender, natural, and deservedly popular. But we attempt not a general critique on his works.

Anderson (to whose arrangements and sentiments the editor of this selection gratefully acknowledges various obligations) has said with great truth that as a poet, Tickell is characterised by elegance of diction, correctness of judgment, tenderness of sentiment, opulence of allusion, and harmony of numbers. His versification exceeds that of Addison, and is inferior to few of the English poets, except Dryden and Pope.

The Elegy on Addison, says Dr. Johnson, could owe none of its beauties to the assistance which might be suspected to have strengthened or embellished his earlier compositions, but neither he nor Addison ever produced nobler lines than were contained in the third and fourth paragraphs, nor is a more sublime or more elegant funeral poem to be found in the whole compass of English literature.

Of his *Royal Progress*, it is just to say that it is neither high nor low; of his *Kensington Garden*, the versification is smooth and elegant, but the fiction unskilfully compounded of Grecian deities and Gothic fairies. Neither species of these exploded beings could have done much; and when they are brought together, they only confuse and encumber each other; yet it has eminent beauties.

To Tickell cannot be denied a high place among the minor poets; nor should it be forgotten that he was one of the contributors to the *Spectator*.

If by the term *minor* poet, the quantity of his poetry is meant, he is not improperly so called, but if the quality is thereby understood, it is a disparagement.

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK,

On the Death of Mr. Addison.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping muse hath stay'd,
 And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
 Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
 And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
 What mourner ever felt poetic fires !
 Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires :
 Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
 Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
 My soul's best part for ever to the grave !
 How silent did his old companions tread,
 By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
 Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
 Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings !
 What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire ;
 The pealing organ, and the pausing choir :
 The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate paid ;
 And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd !
 While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.

Oh, gone for ever ! takè this long adieu ;
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.
 To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
 A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine ;
 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
 May shame afflict this alienated heart ;
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
 My grief be doubled from thy image free,
 And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
 Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown,

Along the walls where speaking marbles show
 What worthies form the hallow'd mould below ;
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;
 In arms who triumph'd ; or in arts excell'd ;
 Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
 And saints who taught, and led, the way to heaven ;
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
 A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
 What new employments please th' unbody'd mind ;
 A winged virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
 From world to world unweary'd does he fly ?
 Or curious trace the long laborious maze
 Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze ;
 Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
 How Michael battl'd, and the dragon fell ;
 Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
 In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below ?
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
 A task well-suited to thy gentle mind ?
 Oh ! if sometimes thy spotless form descend ;
 To me thy aid, thou guardian genius lend !
 When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
 In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
 And turn from ill, a frail and feeble heart ;
 Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
 Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so the heavens decree,
 Must still be lov'd, and still deplor'd by me ;
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
 Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
 If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
 Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight ;
 If in the stage I seek to soothe my care ;
 I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there ;
 If pensive to the rural shades I rove ;
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove ;

'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
 Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song :
 There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
 A candid censor, and a friend severe :
 There taught us how to live ; and, oh ! too high
 The price for knowledge, taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
 Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears !
 How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air !
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
 Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze !
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore ;
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more ;
 No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other hills, however fortune frown'd,
 Some refuge in the muse's art I found ;
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
 Bereft of him who taught me how to sing ;
 And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
 Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.
 O ! must I then, now fresh my bosom bleeds,
 And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds,
 The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song.

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid,
 To thee, O Craggs ! th' expiring sage convey'd,
 Great, but ill omen'd, monument of fame,
 Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
 And close to his, how soon ! thy coffin lies.
 Blest pair ! whose union future bards shall tell
 In future tongues ; each other's boast ! farewell,
 Farewell ! whom, join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
 No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace ;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face :
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh, have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend ?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair :
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring ;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound :
And thus, in dying words, bespoke,
The virgins weeping round :

“ I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
“ Which says, I must not stay ;
“ I see a hand, you cannot see,
“ Which beckons me away.
“ By a false heart, and broken vows,
“ In early youth I die :
“ Was I to blame, because his bride
“ Was thrice as rich as I ?

" Ah, Colin ! give not her thy vows,
 " Vows due to me alone :
 " Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
 " Nor think him all thy own.
 " To-morrow, in the church to wed,
 " Impatient, both prepare !
 " But know, fond maid ; and know, false man,
 " That Lucy will be there !

" Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
 " This bridegroom blithe to meet,
 " He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 " I in my winding sheet."

She spoke, she dy'd, her corse was borne,
 The bridegroom blithe to meet,
 He in his wedding trim so gay,
 She in her winding sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts ?

How were these nuptials kept ?

The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
 And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell :

The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more !

The varying crimson fled,

When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
 She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,

Convey'd by trembling swains,

One mould with her, beneath one sod,
 For ever he remains.

Oft at his grave, the constant hind

And plighted maid are seen ;

With garlands gay, and true-love knots,

They deck the sacred green ;

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art.

This hallow'd spot forbear ;

Remember Colin's dreadful fate,

And fear to meet him there.

KENSINGTON GARDEN.

“ — Campos, ubi Troja fuit.” — VIRG.

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neighbouring lands,
 'Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabric stands,
 And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
 A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers,
 The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
 To gravel walks, and unpolluted air.
 Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
 They breathe in sun-shine, and see azure skies ;
 Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,
 Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
 Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
 And chints, the rival of the showery bow.

Here England's daughter, darling of the land,
 Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,
 Gleams through the shades. She, towering o'er the rest,
 Stands fairest of the fairer kind confess'd,
 Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunswick's cause deny'd,
 And charm a people to her father's side.

Long have these groves to royal guests been known,
 Nor Nassau first preferr'd them to a throne.
 Ere Norman banners wav'd in British air ;
 Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
 Pour'd in his Danes ; ere elder Julius came ;
 Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name ;
 A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,
 The scene of wars, and stain'd with lovers' blood.

You, who through gazing crowds, your captive throng,
 Throw pangs and passions as you move along,
 Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,
 Where all unlevell'd the gay garden lies :
 If generous anguish for another's pains
 E'er heav'd your hearts, or shiver'd through your veins,
 Look down attentive on the pleasing dale,
 And listen to my melancholy tale.

That hollow space, where now in living rows
 Line above line the yew's sad verdure grows.

Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,
 A common pit, a rude unfashion'd cave.
 The landskip now so sweet we well may praise :
 But far, far sweeter in its ancient days,
 Far sweeter was it, when its peopled ground
 With fairy domes and dazzling towers was crown'd.
 Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring,
 Rose the proud palace of the Elfin king ;
 For every hedge of vegetable green,
 In happier years a crowded street was seen ;
 Nor all those leaves that now the prospect grace,
 Could match the numbers of its pigmy race,
 What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,
 A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.

When Albion rul'd the land, whose lineage came
 From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
 Their midnight pranks the sprightly fairies play'd
 On every hill, and danc'd in every shade.
 But, foes to sunshine, most they took delight
 In dells and dales conceal'd from human sight :
 There hew'd their houses in the arching rock ;
 Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted oak ;
 Or heard, o'ershadow'd by some shelving hill,
 The distant murmurs of the falling rill.
 They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulg'd their mirth,
 And pity'd the huge wretched sons of earth.
 Ev'n now, 'tis said, the hinds o'erhear their strain,
 And strive to view their airy forms in vain :
 They to their cells at man's approach repair,
 Like the shy leveret, or the mother-hare,
 The whilst poor mortals startle at the sound
 Of unseen footsteps on the haunted ground.
 Amid this garden, then with woods o'ergrown,
 Stood the lov'd seat of royal Oberon.
 From every region to his palace-gate
 Came peers and princes of the fairy state,
 Who, rank'd in council round the sacred shade,
 Their monarch's will and great behests obey'd.
 From Thames' fair banks, by lofty towers adorn'd,
 With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd :
 Hence in proud robes, and colours bright and gay,
 Shone every knight and every lovely fay.

Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling stage display'd,
 Hath fam'd King Pepin, and his court survey'd,
 May guess, if old by modern things we trace,
 The pomp and splendour of the fairy race.

By magic fenc'd, by spells encompass'd round,
 No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground ;
 No mortal enter'd, those alone who came
 Stol'n from the couch of some terrestrial dame:
 For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
 And left some sickly changeling in their stead.

It chanc'd a youth of Albion's royal blood
 Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood.
 Milkah for wiles above her peers renown'd,
 Deep-skill'd in charms and many a mystic sound,
 As through the regal dome she sought for prey,
 Observ'd the infant Albion where he lay
 In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,
 And stole him from the sleeping mother's side.

Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind !
 Ah, wretched nymph, to future evils blind !
 The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay
 The theft, hard-hearted ! of that guilty day :
 Thou in thy turn shalt like the queen repine,
 And all her sorrows, doubled, shall be thine :
 He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy
 Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.

Two hundred moons in their pale course had seen
 The gay-rob'd fairies glimmer on the green,
 And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
 To nineteen years, as mortals measure time.
 Flush'd with resistless charms he fir'd to love
 Each nymph and little dryad of the grove ;
 For skilful Milkah spar'd not to employ
 Her utmost art to rear the princely boy ;
 Each supple limb she swath'd, and tender bone,
 And to the Elfin standard kept him down ;
 She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit,
 And fed him early with the daisy's root,
 Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,
 And form'd in beauteous miniature the man.
 Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,
 His lofty port his human birth confess'd ;

A foot in height, how stately did he show !
 How look superior on the crowd below !
 What knight like him could toss the rushy lance !
 Who move so graceful in the mazy dance !
 A shape so nice, or features half so fair,
 What elf could boast ! or such a flow of hair !
 Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign,
 And felt the charmer burn in every vein.
 She, heiress to this empire's potent lord,
 Prais'd like the stars, and next the moon ador'd.
 She, whom at distant thrones and princedom's view'd,
 To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel sued,
 In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,
 And pin'd in secret for a mortal boy.

He too was smitten, and discreetly strove
 By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love.
 For her he cull'd the fairest flowers that grew,
 Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew ;
 He chac'd the hornet in his midnight flight,
 And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night ;
 When on ripe fruits she cast a wishing eye,
 Did ever Albion think the tree too high !
 He shew'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,
 And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young ;
 To her th' inscription on their eggs he read,
 Admire, ye clerks, the youth whom Milkah bred.
 To her he shew'd each herb of virtuous juice,
 Their powers distinguish'd and describ'd their use :
 All vain their powers, alas ! to Kenna prove,
 And well sung Ovid, " There's no herb for love."

As when a ghost, enlarg'd from realms below,
 Seeks its old friend to tell some secret wo,
 The poor shade shivering stands, and must not break
 His painful silence, till the mortal speak :
 So far'd it with the little love-sick maid,
 Forbid to utter what her eyes betray'd.
 He saw her anguish, and reveal'd his flame,
 And spar'd the blushes of the tongue-ty'd dame.
 The day wou. ! fail me, should I reckon o'er
 The sighs they lavish'd, and the oaths they swore
 In words so melting, that compar'd with those
 The nicest courtship of terrestrial beaux

Would sound like compliments, from country clowns
To red-cheek'd sweethearts in their home-spun gowns.

All in a lawn of many a various hue
A bed of flowers, a fairy forest, grew;
'Twas here one noon, the gaudiest of the May,
The still, the secret, silent, hour of day,
Beneath a lofty tulip's ample shade
Sat the young lover and th' immortal maid.
They thought all faries slept, ah, luckless pair!
Hid, but in vain, in the sun's noon-tide glare!
When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breast,
Thus all the softness of his soul exprest:

“ All things are hush'd. The sun's meridian rays
“ Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze:
“ Nor moon nor star in heaven's blue arch is seen
“ With kindly rays to silver o'er the green,
“ Grateful to fairy eyes; they secret take
“ Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake.
“ This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
“ A world to me, a multitude in one.
“ Oh, sweet as dew-drops on these flowery lawns,
“ When the sky opens, and the evening dawns!
“ Straight as the pink, that towers so high in air,
“ Soft as the blow-bell! as the daisy fair!
“ Bless'd be the hour, when first I was convey'd
“ An infant captive to this blissful shade!
“ And blest the hand that did my form refine,
“ And shrunk my stature to a match with thine!
“ Glad I for thee renounce my royal birth,
“ And all the giant-daughters of the earth.
“ Thou, if thy breast with equal ardour burn,
“ Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.
“ So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
“ A race of unknown demi-gods shall rise.
“ O speak, my love! my vows with vows repay,
“ And sweetly swear my rising fears away.”

To whom, the shining azure of her eyes
More brighten'd thus, th' enamour'd maid replies:

“ By all the stars, and first the glorious moon,
“ I swear, and by the head of Oberon,
“ A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line
“ Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.

" Where'er my footsteps in the dance are seen,
 " May toadstools rise, and mildews blast the green,
 " May the keen east wind blight my favourite flowers,
 " And snakes and spotted adders haunt my bowers,
 " Confin'd whole ages in a hemlock shade
 " There rather pine I a neglected maid,
 " Or worse, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,
 " Parch in the sun a thousand summer days,
 " Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
 " In sacred wedlock plight his vows with mine."

She ended: and with lips of rosy hue
 Dipp'd five times over in ambrosial dew,
 Stifled his words. When from his covert rear'd,
 The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd.
 A sun-flower's trunk was near, whence, killing sight!
 The monarch issued, half an ell in height:
 Full on the pair a furious look he cast,
 Nor spoke; but gave his bugle-horn a blast
 That through the woodland echo'd far and wide,
 And drew a swarm of subjects to his side.
 A hundred chosen knights, in war renown'd,
 Drive Albion banish'd from the sacred ground;
 And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,
 Where the proud king, amidst his demi-gods,
 For Kenna's sudden bridal bids prepare,
 And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.

If fame in arms, with ancient birth combin'd,
 A faultless body, and a spotless mind,
 To love and praise can generous souls incline,
 That love Azuriel, and that praise was thine.
 Blood, only less than royal, fill'd thy veins,
 Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains.
 Where now the skies high Holland-House invades,
 And short-liv'd Warwick sadden'd all the shades,
 Thy dwelling stood: nor did in him afford
 A nobler owner, or a lovelier lord.
 For thee a hundred fields produc'd their store,
 And by thy name ten thousand vassals swore;
 So lov'd thy name, that, at their monarch's choice,
 All fairys shouted with a general voice.

Oriel alone a secret rage suppress,
 That from his bosom heav'd the golden vest.

Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
 Wide was his range, and populous his clan.
 When cleanly servants, if we trust old tales,
 Beside their wages had good fairy vails,
 Whole heaps of silver tokens, nightly paid,
 The careful wife, or the neat dairy-maid,
 Sunk not his stores. With smiles and powerful bribes
 He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes;
 And ere the night the face of heaven had chang'd,
 Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.

Meanwhile, driven back to earth, a lonely way
 The cheerless Albion wander'd half the day.
 A long, long journey, chok'd with brakes and thorns
 Ill-measur'd by ten thousand barley-corns.
 Tir'd out at length, a spreading stream he spy'd
 Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide:
 'Twas then a spreading stream, though now its fame
 Obscur'd, it bears the Greek's inglorious name,
 And creeps, as through contracted bounds it strays,
 A leap for boys in these degenerate days.

On the clear crystal's verdant bank he stood,
 And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
 And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breast,
 And thus in tears his kindred gods address.

“ If true, ye watery powers, my lineage came
 “ From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame;
 “ Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd
 “ Through all your grottoes waft my plaintive, sound,
 “ And urge the god, whose trident shakes the earth,
 “ To grace his offspring, and assert my birth.”

He said, a gentle Naiad heard his prayer,
 And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,
 Shoots to the sea, where low beneath the tides
 Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd deep resides,
 Rous'd at the news, the sea-stern sultan swore
 Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore;
 But first the nymph his harbinger he sends,
 And to her care the favourite boy commends.

As through the Thames her backward course she
 guides,

Driven by his current up the reflux tides,

Along his banks the pigmy legions spread,
 She spies, and haughty Oriel at their head.
 Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the host she fires,
 And counts the ocean's god among his sires:

“The ocean's god by whom shall be o'erthrown,

“Styx heard his oath, the tyrant Oberon.

“See here beneath a toadstool's deadly gloom

“Lies Albion: him the fates your leader doom.

“Hear and obey; 'tis Neptune's powerful call,
 By him Azuriel and his king shall fall.”

She said. They bow'd: and on their shields up-bore
 With shouts their new saluted emperor.

Ev'n Oriel smil'd: at least to smile he strove,
 And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.

See now the mourner of the lonely shade

By gods protected, and by hosts obey'd,

A slave, a chief, by fickle fortune's play,

In the short course of one revolving day.

What wonder if the youth, so strangely blest,

Felt his heart flutter in his little breast!

His thick embattled troops, with secret pride,

He views extended half an acre wide:

More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,

And struts a straw-breadth nearer to the skies.

O for thy muse, great Bard*, whose lofty strains

In battle join'd the pigmies and the cranes!

Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,

Each colour'd legion in my verse should shine.

But simple I, and innocent of art,

The tale, that sooth'd my infant years, impart,

The tale I heard whole winter-eves, untir'd,

And sing the battles, that my nurse inspir'd.

Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,

To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms.

Thick rows of spears at once, with sudden glare,

A grove of needles glitter in the air;

Loose in the winds small ribbon-streamers flow,

Dipt in all colours of the heavenly bow,

And the gay host, that now its march pursues,

Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues,

* Mr. Addison.

On Buda's plains thus formidably bright,
 Shone Asia's sons, a pleasing dreadful sight.
 In various robes their silken troops were seen,
 The blue, the red, and prophet's sacred green:
 When blooming Brunswick, near the Danube's flood,
 First stain'd his maiden sword in Turkish blood.

Unseen and silent march the slow brigades
 Through pathless wilds, and unfrequented shades.
 In hope already vanquish'd by surprise,
 In Albion's power the fairy empire lies;
 Already has he seiz'd on Kenna's charms,
 And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.

The march concludes: and now in prospect near,
 But fenc'd with arms, the hostile towers appear,
 For Oberon, or Druids falsely sing,
 Wore his prime visier in a magic ring,
 A subtle sprite, that opening plots foretold
 By sudden dimness on the beamy gold.
 Hence in a crescent form'd, his legions bright
 With beating bosoms waited for the fight;
 To charge their foes they march, a glittering band,
 And in their van doth bold Azuriel stand.

What rage that hour did Albion's soul possess,
 Let chiefs imagine, and let lovers guess!
 Forth issuing from his ranks, that strove in vain
 To check his course, athwart the dreadful plain
 He strides indignant: and with haughty cries
 To single fight the fairy prince defies.

Forbear! rash youth, th' unequal war to try;
 Nor, sprung from mortals, with immortals vie.
 No god stands ready to avert thy doom,
 Nor yet my grandsire of the waves is come.
 My words are vain—no words the wretch can move,
 By beauty dazzled, and bewitch'd by love:
 He longs, he burns, to win the glorious prize,
 And sees no danger, while he sees her eyes.

Now from each host the eager warriors start,
 And furious Albion flings his hasty dart.
 'Twas feather'd from the bee's transparent wing,
 And its shaft ended in a hornet's sting;
 But, tost in rage, it flew without a wound,
 High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierc'd the ground.

Not so Azuriel's : with unerring aim
 Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,
 Drove through the sevenfold shield, and silken vest,
 And lightly raz'd the lover's ivory breast.
 Rous'd at the smart, and rising to the blow,
 With his keen sword he cleaves his fairy foe,
 Sheer from the shoulder to the waist he cleaves,
 And of one arm the tottering trunk bereaves,

His useless steel brave Albion wields no more,
 But sternly smiles, and thinks the combat o'er :
 So had it been, had aught of mortal strain,
 Or less than fairy felt the deadly pain.

But empyreal forms howe'er in fight
 Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.

As some frail cup of China's purest mould,
 With azure varnish'd, and bedropt with gold,
 Though broke, if cur'd by some nice virgin's hands,
 In its old strength and pristine beauty stands ;

The tumults of the boiling bohea braves,
 And holds secure the coffee's sable waves :

So did Azuriel's arm, if fame say true,
 Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew ;
 And, whilst in wonder fix'd poor Albion stood,
 Plang'd the curs'd sabre in his heart's warm blood.

The golden broidery, tender Milkah wove,
 The breast, to Kenna sacred and to love,
 Lie rent and mangled : and the gaping wound
 Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.

The jetty lustre sickens in his eyes :

On his cold cheeks the bloomy freshness dies ;

' Oh Kenna, Kenna, thrice he try'd to say,

' Kenna, farewell !' and sigh'd his soul away.

His fall the Dryads with loud shrieks deplore,
 By sister Naiads echo'd from the shore,

Thence down to Neptune's secret realms convey'd,
 Through grotts and glooms, and many a coral shade.

The sea's great sire, with looks denouncing war,
 The trident shakes, and mounts the pearly car :

With one stern frown the wide-spread deep deforms,
 And works the madding ocean into storms.

O'er foaming mountains, and through bursting tides,
 Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,

Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
It shoots, and lands him on the destin'd shore.

Now fix'd on earth his towering stature stood,
Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood.
To Brumpton's grove one ample stride he took,
The vallies trembled, and the forests shook,
The next huge step reach'd the devoted shade,
Where chok'd in blood was wretched Albion laid;
Where now the vanquish'd, with the victors join'd,
Beneath the regal banners stood combin'd.

Th' embattell'd dwarfs with rage and scorn he past,
And on their town his eye vindictive cast.
In deep foundations his strong trident cleaves.
And high in air th' uprooted empire heaves;
On his broad engine the vast ruin hung,
Which on the foe with force divine he flung:
Aghast the legions, in th' approaching shade,
Th' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd,
That downward tumbling on the host below
Crush'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.
Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together lost,
And a whole empire falls to sooth sad Albion's ghost.

Such was the period, long restrain'd by fate,
And such the downfall of the fairy state.
This dale, a pleasing region, not unblest,
This dale possest they; and had still possest;
Had not their monarch, with a father's pride,
Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride,
Rash to dissolve the contract seal'd above,
The solemn vows and sacred bonds of love.
Now, where his elves so sprightly danc'd the round,
No violet breathes, nor daisy paints the ground,
His towers and people fill one common grave,
A shapeless ruin, and a barren cave.

Beneath huge hills of smoking piles he lay
Stunn'd and confounded a whole summer's day,
At length awak'd, for what can long restrain
Unbody'd spirits! but awak'd in pain:
And as he saw the desolated wood,
And the dark den where once his empire stood,
Grief chill'd his heart: to his half-open'd eyes
In every oak a Neptune seem'd to rise:

He fled: and left, with all his trembling peers,
The long possession of a thousand years.

Through bush, through brake, through groves and
gloomy dales,
Through dank and dry, o'er streams and flowery vales,
Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,
And stopt and started at each rustling wind.
Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands
Disperse and wander into different lands.
Part hid beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie,
In silent glooms, impervious to the sky;
Part on fair Avon's margin seek repose,
Whose stream o'er Britain's midmost region flows,
Where formidable Neptune never came,
And seas and oceans are but known by fame:
Some to dark woods and secret shade retreat:
And some on mountains choose their airy seat.
There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,
Or shepherd-boy, they featly foot the green,
While from their steps a circling verdure springs;
But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.

Meanwhile sad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,
Try'd every art, vain arts! to change his doom,
And vow'd, vain vows! to join him in the tomb,
What could she do? the fates alike deny
The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.

An herb there grows, the same old Homer* tells,
Ulysses bore to rival Circe's spells.
Its root is ebon-black, but sends to light
A stem that bends with flowrets milky white,
Moly the plant, which gods and fairies know,
But secret kept from mortal men below.
On his pale limbs its virtuous juice she shed,
And murmur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead,
When lo! the little shape, by magic power
Grew less and less, contracted to a flower;
A flower, that first in this sweet garden smil'd,
To virgins sacred, and the snow-drop styl'd.

The new-born plant with sweet regret she view'd,
Warm'd with her sighs, and with her tears bedew'd,

* Odys. Lib. x.

Its ripen'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,
 And with her lover whiten'd half the shade.
 Thus won from death each spring she sees him grow,
 And glories in the vegetable snow,
 Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's plains,
 Its parent's warmth and spotless name retains,
 First leader of the flowery race aspires,
 And foremost catches the sun's genial fires,
 'Mid frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,
 Mingles the seasons, and leads on the year.

Deserted now of all the pigmy race,
 Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.
 In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,
 It lay accurs'd, the mark of Neptune's rage,
 Till great Nassau recloth'd the desert shade,
 Thence sacred to Britannia's monarchs made.
 'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna came,
 Kenna, that gave the neighbouring town its name.
 Proud when she saw th'ennobled garden shine,
 With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line,
 She vow'd to grace the mansions once her own,
 And picture out in plants the fairy town.
 To far-fam'd wise her flight unseen she sped,
 And with gay prospects fill'd the craftsman's head,
 Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing scheme,
 And plann'd that landskip in a morning dream.

With the sweet view the sire of gardens fir'd,
 Attempts the labour by the nymph inspir'd,
 The walls and streets in rows of yew designs,
 And forms the town in all its ancient lines;
 The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
 And girds the palace with a verdant square;
 Nor knows, while round he views the rising scenes,
 He builds a city as he plants his greens.

With a sad pleasure the aërial maid
 This image of her ancient realms survey'd,
 How chang'd, how fall'n from its primæval state!
 Yet here each moon, the hour her lover dy'd,
 Each moon his solemn obsequies she pays,
 And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays;
 Pleas'd in these shades to head her fairy train,
 And grace the groves where Albion's kinsmen reign,

T O A L A D Y,

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

O H, form'd by nature, and refin'd by art !
 With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart !
 By thousands sought, Clotilda, canst thou free
 Thy crowd of captives, and descend to me ;
 Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,
 A hidden beauty, and a country wife.
 O listen, while thy summers are my theme !
 Ah, soothe thy partner in his waking dream !
 In some small hamlet on the lonely plain,
 Where Thames, through meadows, rolls his mazy train ;
 Or where high Windsor, thick with greens array'd,
 Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade,
 Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat ;
 Already round the visionary seat
 Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring,
 The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
 Where dost thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green ?
 Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen ?
 Where sons, contented with their native ground,
 Ne'er travell'd further than ten furlongs round ;
 And the tann'd peasant, and his ruddy bride,
 Were born together, and together died.
 Where early larks best tell the morning light,
 And only Philomel disturbs the night ;
 'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
 With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dyes ;
 All savage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
 The haunt of echoes shall my woods ascend ;
 And oh ! if heaven th' ambitious thought approve,
 A rill shall warble cross the gloomy grove,
 A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
 Gush down the steep, and glitter through the glade.
 What cheering scents those bordering banks exhale !
 How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale !

That thrush how shrill! his note so clear, so high,
He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the sky.
Here let me trace, beneath the purpled morn,
The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the sprightly horn:
Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,
Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the skies.
Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine;
Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours,
While from thy needle rise the silken flowers,
And thou, by turns, to ease my feeble sight,
Resume the volume, and deceive the night.
Oh! when I mark thy twinkling eyes opprest,
Soft whispering, let me warn my love to rest;
Then watch thee, charm'd, while sleep locks every sense,
And to sweet heaven commend thy innocence.

Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wise, hale, and honest, in the days of old;
Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,
And specious joys are bought with real woe.
See Flavia's pendants, large, well-spread, and right,
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night:
Mark how th' embroider'd colonel sneaks away,
To shun the withering dame that made him gay;
That knave to gain a title, lost his fame;
That rais'd his credit by a daughter's shame;
This coxcomb's ribband cost him half his land,
And oaks, unnumber'd, bought that fool a wand.
Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,
Acquires strange wants that nature never knew,
By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
And sleeps, perverse, the cheerful suns away;
From goblets high embost, his wine must glide,
Round his clos'd sight the gorgeous curtain slide;
Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp must rise,
And three untasted courses glut his eyes.
For this are nature's gentle calls withstood,
The voice of conscience, and the bonds of blood;
This wisdom thy reward for every pain,
And this gay glory all thy mighty gain.

Fair phantoms woo'd and scorn'd from age to age,
 Since bards began to laugh, or priests to rage.
 And yet, just curse on man's aspiring kind,
 Prone to ambition, to example blind,
 Our children's children shall our steps pursue,
 And the same errors be for ever new.

Mean while in hope a guiltless country swain,
 My reed with warblings cheers th' imagin'd plain.
 Hail humble shades, where truth and silence dwell !
 Thou noisy town, and faithless court, farewell !
 Farewell ambition, once my darling flame !
 The thirst of lucre, and the charm of fame !
 In life's by-road, that winds through paths unknown,
 My days, though number'd, shall be all my own.
 Here shall they end, O might they twice begin !
 And all be white the fates intend to spin.

O X F O R D :

A POEM.

Inscribed to Lord Lonsdale, 1707.

“ Unum opus est intactæ palladis urbem
 “ Carmine perpetuo celebrare”—

HOR. 1 Od. vii.

WHILST you, my lord, adorn that stately seat,
 Where shining beauty makes her soft retreat,
 Enjoying all those graces, uncontrol'd,
 Which noblest youths would die but to behold ;
 Whilst you inhabit Lowther's awful pile,
 A structure worthy of the founder's toil ;
 Amaz'd we see the former Lonsdale shine
 In each descendant of his noble line :
 But most transported and surpriz'd we view
 His ancient glories all reviv'd in you,
 Where charms and virtue join their equal grace,
 Your father's godlike soul, your mother's lovely face.

Me fortune and kind Heaven's indulgent care
 To famous Oxford and the muses bear,
 Where, of all ranks, the blooming youths combine
 To pay due homage to the mighty Nine,
 And snatch, with smiling joy, the laurel crown,
 Due to the learned honours of the gown,
 Here I, the meanest of the tuneful throng,
 Delude the time with an unhallow'd song,
 Which thus my thanks to much-lov'd Oxford pays,
 In no ungrateful, though unartful lays.

Where shall I first the beauteous scene disclose,
 And all the gay variety expose ?
 For wheresoe'er I turn my wondering eyes,
 Aspiring towers and verdant groves arise,
 Immortal greens the smiling plains array,
 And mazy rivers murmur all the way.

O ! might your eyes behold each sparkling dome,
 And freely o'er the beauteous prospect roam,
 Less ravish'd your own Lowther you'd survey,
 Though pomp and state the costly seat display,
 Where art so nicely has adorn'd the place,
 That nature's aid might seem an useless grace ;
 Yet nature's smiles such various charms impart,
 That vain and needless are the strokes of art.
 In equal state our rising structures shine,
 Fram'd by such rules, and form'd by such design,
 That here, at once surpris'd and pleas'd, we view
 Old Athens lost and conquer'd in the new ;
 More sweet our shades, more fit our bright abodes
 For warbling muses and inspiring gods.

Great Vanburgh's* self might own each artful draught
 Equal to models in his curious thought,
 Nor scorn a fabric by our plans to frame,
 Or in immortal labours sing their fame ;
 Both ways he saves them from destroying fate,
 If he but praise them, or but imitate.

See, where the sacred † Sheldon's haughty dome
 Rivals the stately pomp of ancient Rome,
 Whose form, so great and noble, seems design'd
 To express the grandeur of its founder's mind.

* Sir John Vanburgh.

† The Theatre.

Here, in **one** lofty building, we behold
 Whate'er the Latian pride could boast of old.
 True, no dire combats feed the savage eye,
 And strew the sand with sportive cruelty;
 But, more adorn'd with what the muse inspires,
 It far outshines their bloody theatres.
 Delightful scene ! when here, in equal verse,
 The youthful bards their godlike queen rehearse,
 To Churchill's wreaths Apollo's laurel join,
 And sing the plains of Hockstet and Judoign.

Next let the muse record our Bodley's seat*
 And aim at numbers, like the subject, great :
 All hail, thou fabric, sacred to the Nine,
 Thy fame immortal, and thy form divine !
 Who to thy praise attempts the dangerous flight,
 Should in thy various tongues be taught to write ;
 His verse, like thee, a lofty dress should wear,
 And breathe the genius which inhabits there ;
 Thy proper lays alone can make thee live,
 And pay that fame, which first thyself didst give.
 So fountains, which through secret channels flow,
 And pour above the floods they take below,
 Back to their father ocean urge their way,
 And to the sea, the streams it gave, repay.

No more we fear the military rage,
 Nurs'd up in some obscure barbarian age ;
 Nor dread the ruin of our arts divine,
 From thick-scul'd heroes of the Gothic line,
 Though pale the Romans saw those arms advance,
 And wept their learning lost in ignorance.
 Let brutal rage around its terrors spread,
 The living murder, and consume the dead,
 In impious fires let noblest writings burn,
 And with their authors share a common urn ;
 Only, ye fates, our lov'd Bodleian spare,
 Be IT, and Learning's self shall be your care ;
 Here every art and every grace shall join,
 Collected Phœbus here alone shall shine,
 Each other seat be dark, and this be all divine.

* The Bodleian Library.

Thus when the Greeks imperial Troy defac'd,
 And to the ground its fatal walls debas'd,
 In vain they burn the work of hands divine,
 And vow destruction to the Dardan line,
 Whilst good Æneas flies th' unequal wars,
 And, with his guardian gods, Iulus bears,
 Old Troy for ever stands in him alone,
 And all the Phrygian kings survive in one.

Here still presides each sage's reverend shade,
 In soft and easy grandeur solemn laid ;
 Their deathless works forbid their fame to die,
 Nor time itself their persons shall destroy,
 Preserv'd within the living gallery.*
 What greater gift could bounteous Heaven bestow,
 Than to be seen above, and read below ?
 With deep respect I bend my duteous head,
 To see the faithful likeness of the dead ;
 But O ! what muse can equal warmth impart ?
 The painter's skill transcends the poet's art.
 When round the pictur'd founders I descry,
 With goodness soft, and great with majesty,
 So much of life the artful colours give,
 Scarce more within their colleges they live ;
 My blood begins in wilder rounds to roll,
 And pleasing tumults combat in my soul ;
 An humble awe my downcast eyes betray,
 And only less than adoration pay :
 Such were the Roman fathers, when o'ercome,
 They saw the Gauls insult o'er conquer'd Rome ;
 Each captive seem'd the haughty victor's lord,
 And prostrate chiefs their awful slaves ador'd.

Such art as this adorns your Lowther's hall,
 Where feasting gods carouse upon the wall ;
 The nectar, which creating paint supplies,
 Intoxicates each pleas'd spectator's eyes ;
 Who view, amaz'd, the figures heavenly fair,
 And think they breathe the true Elysian air.
 With strokes so bold, great Verrio's hand has drawn
 The gods in dwelling brighter than their own.

* The Picture Gallery.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I behold
 What lively features grac'd each bard of old ;
 Such lips, I think, did guide his charming tongue,
 In such an air as this the poet sung ;
 Such eyes as these glow'd with the sacred fire,
 And hands like these employ'd the vocal lyre.
 Quite ravish'd, I pursue each image o'er,
 And scarce admire their deathless labours more.
 See where the gloomy Scaliger appears,
 Each shade is critic, and each feature sneers ;
 The artful Ben so smartly strikes the eye,
 I more than see a fancied comedy ;
 The muddy Scotus crowns the motley show,
 And metaphysics cloud his wrinkled brow.
 But distant awe invades my beating breast,
 To see great Ormond in the paint exprest ;
 With fear I view the figure from afar,
 Which burns with noble ardour for the war ;
 But near approaches free my doubting mind,
 To view such sweetness with such grandeur join'd.

Here studious heads the graver tablet shows,
 And there with martial warmth the picture glows ;
 The blooming youth here boasts a brighter hue,
 And painted virgins far outshine the true.

Hail, colours, which with nature bear a strife,
 And only want a voice to perfect life ;
 The wondering stranger makes a sudden stand,
 And pays low homage to the lovely band ;
 Within each frame a real fair believes,
 And vainly thinks the mimic canvass lives ;
 Till undeceiv'd, he quits th' enchanting show,
 Pleas'd with the art, though he laments it too.

So when his Juno bold Ixion woo'd,
 And aim'd at pleasures worthy of a god,
 A beauteous cloud was form'd by angry Jove,
 Fit to invite, though not indulge his love ;
 The mortal thought he saw his goddess shine,
 And all the lying graces look'd divine ;
 But when with heat he clasp'd her fancied charms,
 The empty vapour baulk'd his eager arms.

Loth to depart, I leave th' inviting scene,
 Yet scarce forbear to view it o'er again ;

But still new objects give a new delight,
And various prospects bless the wandering sight.

Aloft in state the airy towers arise,
And with new lustre deck the wondering skies ;
Lo ! to what height the schools ascending reach,
Built with that art which they alone can teach ;
The lofty dome expands her spacious gate,
Where all the decent graces jointly wait ;
In every shape the god of art resorts,
And crowds of sages fill th' extended courts.

With wonders fraught the bright museum see ;
Itself the greatest curiosity !

Where nature's choicest treasure, all combin'd,
Delight at once, and quite confound the mind ;
Ten thousand splendors strike the dazzled eye,
And form on earth another galaxy.

Here colleges in sweet confusion rise,
There temples seem to reach their native skies ;
Spires, towers, and groves, compose the various show,
And mingled prospects charm the doubting view ;
Who can deny their characters divine,
Without resplendent, and inspir'd within ?
But, since above my weak and artless lays,
Let their own poets sing their equal praise.

One labour more my grateful verse renews,
And rears aloft the low-descending muse ;
The building,* parent of my young essays,
Asks in return a tributary praise.

Pillars sublime bear up the learned weight,
And antique sages tread the pompous height ;
Whilst guardian muses shade the happy piles,
And all around diffuse propitious smiles.

Here Lancaster, adorn'd with every grace,
Stands chief in merit, as the chief in place :
To his lov'd name our earliest lays belong,
The theme at once, and patron of our song.
Long may he o'er his much lov'd queen's preside,
Our arts encourage, and our counsels guide ;
Till after-ages, fill'd with glad surprise,
Behold his image all majestic rise,

* Queen's College Library.

Where now in pomp a venerable band,
 Princes and queens, and holy fathers, stand.
 Good Eggesfield† claims homage from the eye.
 And the hard stone seems soft with piety ;
 The mighty monarchs still the same appear,
 And every marble frown provokes the war ;
 Whilst rugged rocks, mark'd with Philippa's face,
 Soften to charms, and glow with new-born grace.
 A sight less noble did the warriors yield,
 Transform'd to statues by the Gorgon shield ;
 Distorting fear the coward's form confest,
 And fury seem'd to heave the hero's breast ;
 The lifeless rocks each various thought betray'd,
 And all the soul was in the stone display'd.

Too high, my verse, has been thy daring flight,
 Thy softer numbers now the groves invite,
 Where silent shades provoke the speaking lyre,
 And cheerful objects happy songs inspire,
 At once bestow rewards, and thoughts infuse,
 Compose a garland, and supply a muse

Behold around, and see the living green
 In native colours paints a blooming scene ;
 'Th' eternal buds no deadly winter fear,
 But scorn the coldest season of the year ;
 Apollo sure will bless the happy place,
 Which his own Daphne condescends to grace ;
 For here the everlasting laurels grow,
 In every grotto, and on every brow.
 Prospects so gay demand a Congreve's strains,
 To call the gods and nymphs upon the plains ;
 Pan yields his empire o'er the sylvan throng,
 Pleas'd to submit to his superior song ;
 Great Denham's genius looks with rapture down,
 And Spencer's shade resigns the rural crown.

Fill'd with great thoughts, a thousand sages rove
 Through every field and solitary grove ;
 Whose souls, ascending an exalted height,
 Outsoar the drooping muse's vulgar flight,
 That longs to see her darling votaries laid
 Beneath the covert of some gentle shade,

* Robert Eggesfield, B. D. the founder, 1340.

Where purling streams and warbling birds conspire
To aid th' enchantments of the trembling lyre.

Bear me, some god, to Christ-church, royal seat,
And lay me softly in the green retreat,
Where Aldrich holds o'er wit the sovereign power,
And crowns the poets which he taught before.
To Aldrich Britain owes her tuneful Boyle,
The noblest trophy of the conquer'd isle ;
Who adds new warmth to our poetic fire,
And gives to England the Hibernian lyre.
Philips, by Phœbus and his Aldrich taught,
Sings with the heat wherewith his Churchill fought,
Unfetter'd, in great Milton's strain he writes,
Like Milton's angels whilst his hero fights ;
Pursues the bard, whilst he with honour can,
Equals the poet, and excels the man.

O'er all the plains, the streams, and woods around,
The pleasing lays of sweetest bards resound ;
A faithful echo every note returns,
And listening river-gods neglect their urns.
When Codrington * and Sæele their verse unrein,
And form an easy, unaffected strain,
A double wreath of laurel binds their brow,
As they are poets and are warriors too.
Trapp's lofty scenes in gentle numbers flow,
Like Dryden great, as soft as moving Rowe.
When youthful Harrison, with tuneful skill,
Makes Woodstock Park scarce yield to Cooper's Hill ;
Old Chaucer from th' Elysian fields looks down,
And sees at length a genius like his own ;
Charm'd with his lays, which reach the shades below,
Fair Rosamonda intermits her woe,
Forgets the anguish of an injur'd soul,
The fatal poignard, and evenom'd bowl.

Apollo smiles on Magd'len's peaceful bowers,
Perfumes the air, and paints the grot with flowers,
Where Yalden learn'd to gain the myrtle crown,
And every muse was fond of Addison.
Applauded man ! for weightier trusts design'd,
For once disdain not to unbend thy mind ;

* The great benefactor to All-souls College.

Thy mother Isis and her groves rehearse,
 A subject not unworthy of thy verse ;
 So Latian fields will cease to boast thy praise,
 And yield to Oxford, painted in thy lays :
 And when the age to come, from envy free,
 What thou to Virgil give'st shall give to thee,
 Isis, immortal by the poet's skill,
 " Shall, in the smooth description, murmur still ! " *
 New beauties shall adorn our sylvan scene,
 And in thy numbers grow for ever green.

Danby's fam'd gift † such verse as thine requires,
 Exalted raptures, and celestial fires ;
 Apollo here should plenteously impart,
 As well his singing, as his curing art ;
 Nature herself the healing garden loves,
 Which kindly her declining strength improves,
 Baffles the strokes of unrelenting death,
 Can break his arrows, and can blunt his teeth.
 How sweet the landskip ! where, in living trees,
 Here frowns a vegetable Hercules !
 There fam'd Achilles learns to live again,
 And looks yet angry in the mimic scene ;
 Here artful birds, which blooming arbours show,
 Seem to fly higher, whilst they upwards grow,
 From the same leaves both arms and warriors rise,
 And every bough a different charm supplies.

So when our world the great Creator made,
 And, unadorn'd, the sluggish chaos laid,
 Horror and Beauty own'd their sire the same,
 And Form itself from Parent Matter came,
 That lumpish mass alone was source of all,
 And Bards and Themes had one original.

In vain the groves demand my longer stay,
 The gentle Isis wafts the muse away ;
 With ease the river guides her wandering stream,
 And hastes to mingle with uxorious Thame,
 Attempting poets on her banks lie down,
 And quaff, inspir'd, the better Helicon,
 Harmonious strains adorn their various themes,
 Sweet as the banks, and flowing as the streams.

* Letter from Italy, by Mr. Addison.

† The Physic-garden at Oxford.

Bless'd we, whom bounteous fortune here has thrown,
 And made the various blessings all our own !
 Nor crowns, nor globes, the pageantry of state,
 Upon our humble, easy slumbers wait ;
 Nor aught that is ambition's lofty theme
 Disturbs our sleep, and gilds the gaudy dream.
 Touch'd by no ills which vex th' unhappy great,
 We only read the changes in the state,
 Triumphant Marlborough's arms at distance hear,
 And learn from fame the rough events of war ;
 With pointed rhymes the Gallic tyrant pierce,
 And make the cannon thunder in our verse.

See how the matchless youth their hours improve,
 And in the glorious way to knowledge move !
 Eager for fame, prevent the rising sun,
 And watch the midnight labours of the moon.
 Not tender years their bold attempts restrain,
 Who leave dull time, and hasten into man,
 Pure to the soul, and pleasing to the eyes,
 Like angels youthful, and like angels wise.

Some learn the mighty deeds of ages gone,
 And, by the lives of heroes, form their own ;
 Now view the Granique chok'd with heaps of slain,
 And warring worlds on the Pharsalian plain ;
 Now hear the trumpet's clangour from afar,
 And all the dreadful harmony of war ;
 Now trace those secret tricks that lost a state,
 And search the fine-spun arts that made it great,
 Correct those errors that its ruin bred,
 And bid some long-lost empire rear its ancient head.

Others, to whom persuasive arts belong,
 Words in their looks, and music on their tongue,
 Instructed by the wit of Greece and Rome,
 Learn richly to adorn their native home ;
 Whilst listening crowds confess the sweet surprise,
 With pleasure in their breasts, and wonder in their eyes.

Here curious minds the latent seeds disclose,
 And nature's darkest labyrinth expose ;
 Whilst greater souls the distant words descry,
 Pierce to the outstretch'd borders of the sky,
 Enlarge the searching mind, and broad expand the eye,

O you, whose rising years so great began,
 In whose bright youth I read the shining man.
 O Lonsdale, know what noblest minds approve,
 The thoughts they cherish, and the arts they love,
 Let these examples your young bosom fire,
 And bid your soul to boundless height aspire.
 Methinks I see you in our shades retir'd,
 Alike admiring, and by all admir'd :
 Your eloquence now charms my ravish'd ear,
 Which future senates shall transported hear,
 Now mournful verse inspires a pleasing woe,
 And now your cheeks with warlike fury glow,
 Whilst on the paper fancy'd fields appear,
 And prospects of imaginary war ;
 Your martial soul sees Hockstet's fatal plain,
 Or fights the fam'd Ramilia o'er again.

But I in vain these lofty names rehearse,
 Above the faint attempts of humble verse,
 Which Garth should in immortal strains design,
 Or Addison exalt with warmth divine ;
 A meaner song my tender voice requires,
 And fainter lays confess the fainter fires,
 By nature fitted for an humble theme,
 A painted prospect, or a murmuring stream,
 To tune a vulgar note in Echo's praise,
 Whilst Echo's self resounds the flattering lays ;
 Or, whilst I tell how Myra's charms surprise,
 Paint roses on her cheeks, and suns within her eyes.

O, did proportion'd height to me belong,
 Great Anna's name should grace th' ambitious song ;
 Illustrious dames should round their queen resort,
 And Lonsdale's mother crown the splendid court ;
 Her noble son should boast no vulgar place,
 But share the ancient honours of his race ;
 Whilst each fair daughter's face and conquering eyes
 To Venus only should submit the prize.
 O matchless beauties ! more than heavenly fair,
 Your looks resistless, and divine your air,
 Let your bright eyes their bounteous beams diffuse,
 And no fond bard shall ask an useless muse ;
 Their kindling rays excite a noble fire,
 Give beauty to the song, and music to the lyre.

This charming theme I ever could pursue,
 And think the inspiration ever new,
 Did not the god my wandering pen restrain ;
 And bring me to his Oxford back again.

Oxford, the goddess muse's native home,
 Inspir'd like Athens, and adorn'd like Rome !
 Hadst thou of old been Learning's fam'd retreat,
 And Pagan muses chose thy lovely seat,
 O, how unbounded had their fiction been !
 What fancy'd visions had adorn'd the scene !
 Upon each hill a Sylvan Pan had stood,
 And every thicket boasted of a god ;
 Satyrs had frisk'd in each poetic grove,
 And not a stream without its nymphs could move ;
 Each summit had the train of muses show'd,
 And Hippocrene in every fountain flow'd ;
 The tales, adorn'd with each poetic grace,
 Had look'd almost as charming as the place.

Ev'n now we hear the world with transports own
 Those fictions by more wond'rous truths outdone ;
 Here pure Eusebia keeps her holy seat,
 And Themis smiles from Heaven on this retreat ;
 Our chaster graces own refin'd desires,
 And all out muses burn with vestal fires ;
 Whilst guardian-angels our Apollo's stand,
 Scattering rich favours with a bounteous hand
 To bless the happy air, and sanctify the land.

O pleasing shades ! O ever-green retreats !
 Ye learned grottos ! and ye sacred seats !
 Never may you politer arts refuse,
 But entertain in peace the bashful muse !
 So may you be kind Heaven's distinguish'd care,
 And may your fame be lasting as 'tis fair !
 Let greater bards on fam'd Parnassus dream,
 Or taste, inspir'd, th' Heliconian stream ;
 Yet, whilst our Oxford is the blest abode
 Of every muse, and every tuneful god,
 Parnassus owns its honours far outdone,
 And Isis boasts more bards than Helicon.

A thousand blessings I to Oxford owe,
 But you, my lord, th' inspiring muse bestow ;

Grac'd with your name th' unpolish'd poem shines,
You guard its faults, and consecrate the lines,
O might you here meet my desiring eyes,
My drooping song to nobler heights would rise :
Or might I come to breathe your northern air,
Yet should I find an equal pleasure there ;
Your presence would the harsher climate soothe,
Hush every wind, and every mountain smooth ;
Would bid the groves in springing pomp arise,
And open charming vista's to the eyes ;
Would make my trifling verse be heard around,
And sportive echo play the empty sound :
With you I should a better Phœbus find,
And own in you alone the charms of Oxford join'd.

SOMERVILLE.

THE family of De Somerville, according to ancient tradition, were of Roman origin, and settled, at a very remote period, near Ebreux, in Normandy, giving their name to an adjoining village, which was built upon their demesne. Gaultier, the head of the family, afterwards Sir Walter in England, was one of the great chieftains who served under William, Duke of Normandy, in his expedition to England, and was rewarded after the Conquest with considerable grants of land in Staffordshire and Gloucestershire. Of the latter of those the village of Somerville Aston, the title to which is antecedent to any existing records, was demised, with certain other estates, to James, the twenty-fifth lord, great grandfather to the present,* by Somerville, the celebrated poet, the last of that branch of the family, which, from their establishment at the Conquest to their extinction, had not quitted England.

The peerage originated in Scotland, where, and in Ireland, the heads of this house have for many centuries had landed possessions.

William Somerville was born at Edstone, in Warwickshire, 1632. He was educated at Winchester, and afterwards elected to New college Oxford. How long he resided at the university is not known; but we understand from his writings, that he was early and stedfastly attached to the cause of freedom, and hence a friend to the Hanoverian succession. It was on subjects unconnected with politics, that he first displayed his talents; and this brought him acquainted with men of congenial sentiments, though it does not appear that he reaped any advantage from his patriotism or his talents.

Inheriting an estate of 1500*l.* a year, he lived chiefly

* This nobleman is distinguished for his attention to that great source of national wealth, the agriculture of this country, and also for another branch of its opulence, the breed of its cattle.

in the country, distinguishing himself as an elegant poet, an active magistrate, and a keen sportsman. He possessed, at the same time, a high spirit, and a love of hospitality, which impaired his fortune, and is said to have involved him in pecuniary difficulties. Shenstone was his friend and his neighbour, both men of genius and social disposition, and equally negligent of economy.

In the latter part of his life, Somerville produced "The Chase," a poem which a sportsman may read for information, and a scholar for delight. It is elegant and vigorous, and may justly be ranked with the best didactic poems in his own language.

Of his minor poems, some are distinguished for neatness, and some for vivacity. He has tried indeed almost every species of poetic composition, and cannot be said to have failed in any.

Somerville died July 19, 1740, in the 50th year of his age; and was buried at Wootten, near Henley in Arden. He was never married.

One of the recommendatory poems which precede "The Chase," so well describes and characterises the beauties of that performance, an extract from it shall close this notice of the author and his works.

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, ESQ.

Strange! that the British muse should leave so long,
 The Chase, the sport of Britain's kings, unsung;
 Distinguish'd land! by Heaven indulg'd to breed,
 The stout sagacious hound, and generous steed;
 In vain! while yet no bard adorn'd our isle,
 To celebrate the glorious sylvan toil.
 For this what darling son shall feel thy fire,
 God of th' unerring bow, and tuneful lyre?
 Our vows are heard.—Attend, ye vocal throng,
 Somerville meditates th' adventurous song,
 Bold to attempt, and happy to excel,
 His numerous verse the huntsman's art shall tell.
 From him, ye British youths, a vigorous race,
 Imbibe the various science of the chase;
 And while the well-plann'd system you admire,
 Know Brunswick only could the work inspire;
 A Georgic muse awaits Augustan days, [says,
 And Somervilles will sing, when Fredericks give the

THE CHASE.

BOOK I.

“Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema.”—VIRG. *Georg.* iii.

“Romanis solenne viris opus, utile famæ,

“Vitæque, et membris.”—HOR. 1 Ep. xviii.

THE chase I sing; hounds, and their various breed,
 And no less various use. O thou great prince!
 Whom Cambria's towering hills proclaim their lord,
 Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive song.
 While grateful citizens with pompous show,
 Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits
 Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave
 Thy way with flowers, and, as the royal youth
 Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain;
 While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
 Of their exotic minstrels, and shrill pipes,
 The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,
 And airs soft warbling; my hoarse-sounding horn
 Invites thee to the CHASE, the sport of kings;
 Image of war, without its guilt. The muse
 Aloft on wings shall soar, conduct with care
 Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,
 Or on the river bank receive thee safe,
 Light-bounding o'er the wave, from shore to shore.
 Be thou our great protector, gracious youth!

*And if, in future times, some envious prince,
 Careless of right and guileful, should invade
 Thy Britain's commerce, or should strive in vain
 To wrest the balance from thy equal hand;
 Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green array'd,
 A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils,
 Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,
 Or hew thy passage through th' embattled foe,
 And clear thy way to fame: inspir'd by thee
 The nobler chase of glory shall pursue
 Through fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of death!

* This animated and animating apostrophe of the Poet of
 The Chase, is in these times gloriously illustrated by the various
 volunteer FOREST regiments, collected from the woodland parts
 of this great country.

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
 By just degrees to reach perfection's height :
 So mimic art works leisurely, till time
 Improve the piece, or wise experience give
 The proper finishing. When Nimrod bold,
 That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
 And stain'd the woodland-green with purple dye,
 New, and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art ;
 No stated rule, his wanton will his guide.
 With clubs and stones, rude implements of war,
 He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude
 Untrain'd ; of twining osiers form'd, they pitch
 Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,
 And scour the plains below ; the trembling herd
 Start at th' unusual sound, and clamorous shout
 Unheard before ; surpris'd, alas ! to find
 Man now their foe, whom erst they deem'd their lord,
 But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
 Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the plain
 Wide-wasting, and grim slaughter red with blood :
 Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,
 Their rage licentious knows no bound ; at last,
 Incumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear
 Upon their shoulders broad the bleeding prey.
 Part on their altars smoke a sacrifice
 To that all-gracious Power, whose bounteous hand
 Supports his wide creation ; what remains
 On living coals they broil, inelegant
 Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts
 Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
 And strong necessity, thus first began
 The chase of beasts : though bloody was the deed,
 Yet without guilt. For the green herb alone
 Unequal to sustain man's labouring race,
 Now every moving thing that liv'd on earth
 Was granted him for food. So just is Heaven,
 To give us in proportion to our wants.

Or chance or industry in after-time
 Some few improvements made, but short as yet
 Of due perfection. In this isle remote,
 Our painted ancestors were slow to learn,
 To arms devote, of the politer arts,

Nor skill'd, nor studious ; till from Neustria's coasts
 Victorious William, to more decent rules
 Subdu'd our Saxon fathers, taught to speak
 The proper dialect, with horn and voice
 To cheer the busy hound, whose well-known cry
 His listening peers approve with joint acclaim.
 From him successive huntsmen learn'd to join
 In bloody social leagues, the multitude
 Dispers'd, to size, to sort their various tribes,
 To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.

Hail, happy Britain ! highly favour'd isle,
 And Heaven's peculiar care ! To thee 'tis given
 To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
 Begot by winds, or the celestial breed
 That bore the great Pelides through the press
 Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks ;
 Which proudly neighing, with the sun begins
 Cheerful his course ; and ere his beams decline,
 Has measur'd half thy surface unfatigu'd.

In thee alone, fair land of liberty !
 Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
 As yet unrival'd, while in other climes
 Their virtue fails, a weak degenerate race.
 In vain malignant steams and winter fogs
 Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts,
 The huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,
 Defies the noxious vapours, and confides
 In this delightful exercise, to raise
 His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy.

Ye vigorous youths, by smiling fortune blest
 With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,
 Heap'd copious by your wise forefathers' care,
 Hear and attend ! while I, the means reveal
 'T' enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too strong,
 Too costly for the poor : to rein the steed
 Swift-stretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack,
 Opening in consorts of harmonious joy,
 But breathing death. What though the gripe severe
 Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow disease
 Creeping through every vein, and nerve unstrung,
 Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,
 Fix'd as a mountain ash, that braves the bolts

Of angry Jove ; though blasted, yet unfallen ;
 Still can my soul in fancy's mirror view,
 Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous scene
 In all its splendours deck'd, o'er the full bowl
 Recount my triumph past, urge others on
 With hand and voice, and point the winding way
 Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,
 The poor disbanded veteran's sole delight.

First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,
 Upon some little eminence erect,
 And fronting to the ruddy dawn ; its courts
 On either hand wide opening to receive
 The sun's all-cheering beams, when mild he shines,
 And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack
 Hous'd from their dark alcoves, delight to stretch
 And bask in his invigorating ray :
 Warn'd by the streaming light and merry lark,
 Forth rush the jolly clan ; with tuneful throats
 They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
 Salute the new-born day. For not alone
 The vegetable world, but men and brutes
 Own his reviving influence, and joy
 At his approach. Fountain of light ! if chance
 Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
 In vain the muses aid ; untouch'd, unstrung,
 Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard
 Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd lay.

Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
 A vain expence, on charitable deeds
 Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch.
 Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the poor
 Punch'd with afflictive want : for use, not state,
 Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.
 O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps
 Bestrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones
 To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
 That nicer sense, on which the sportsman's hope,
 And all his future triumphs, must depend.
 Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
 Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or eve,
 From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,
 To wash thy court well-pay'd, nor spare thy pains,

For much to health will cleanliness avail.
 Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep
 And brush th' entangled covert, whose nice scent
 O'er greasy fallows and frequented roads
 Can pick the dubious way : Banish far off
 Each noisome stench, let not offensive smell
 Invade thy wide enclosure, but admit
 The nitrous air and purifying breeze.

Water and shade no less demand thy care :
 In a large square th' adjacent field enclose,
 There plant in equal-ranks the spreading elm,
 Or fragrant lime ; most happy thy design,
 If at the bottom of thy spacious court,
 A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,
 From its transparent bosom shall reflect
 Downward thy structure and inverted grove.
 Here, when the sun's too potent gleams annoy
 The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack,
 Restless, and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues,
 And drop their feeble tails, to cooler shades
 Lead forth the panting tribe ; soon shalt thou find
 The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive :
 Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,
 There lave their recking sides, with greedy joy
 Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that
 From shore to shore they swim, while clamour loud
 And wild uproar torments the troubled flood :
 Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch
 Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings
 Coursing around, pursuing and pursued,
 The merry multitude disporting play.

But here with watchful and observant eye,
 Attend their frolics, which too often end
 In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
 Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
 Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the stern debate,
 And quench their kindling rage ; for oft in sport
 Began, combat ensues, growing they snarl,
 Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
 Each other's throats, with teeth and claws in gore
 Besmeur'd they wound, they tear, till on the ground,
 Wanting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies :

Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd
 Loud-clamouring sieze the helpless worried wretch,
 And, thirsting for his blood, drag different ways
 His mangled carcase on th' ensanguin'd plain,
 O breasts of pity void! t' oppress the weak,
 To point your vengeance at the friendless head,
 And with one mutual cry insult the fall'n!
 Emblem, too just, of man's degenerate race.

Others apart, by native instinct led,
 Knowing instructor! 'mong the ranker grass
 Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
 Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
 Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine
 Of Providence, beneficent and kind
 To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes
 A ready remedy, and is himself
 Their great physician. Now grown stiff with age,
 And many a painful chase, the wise old hound,
 Regardless of the frolick pack, attends
 His master's side, or slumbers at his ease
 Beneath the bending shade; there many a ring
 Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubtful soil
 Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
 Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his speed,
 Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting prey:
 And in imperfect whimperings speaks his joy.

A different hound for every different chase
 Select with judgment; nor the timorous hare
 O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
 To the mean, murderous, coursing crew; intent
 On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes, just Heaven!
 And all their painful drudgeries repay
 With disappointment and severe remorse!
 But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope
 To all her subtle play: by nature led
 A thousand shifts she tries; t' unravel these
 Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail,
 Through all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
 Her doleful knell. See there, with count'nance blithe,
 And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
 Salutes thee cowering, his wide opening nose
 Upward he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes

Melt in soft blandishments, and humble joy ;
 His glossy skin, or yellow-pied, or blue,
 In lights or shades by nature's pencil drawn,
 Reflects the various tints : his ears and legs
 Fleckt here and there, in gay enamel'd pride,
 Rival the speckled pard ; his rush-grown tail
 O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch ;
 On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands ;
 His round cat foot, strait hams, and wide spread thighs,
 And his low-dropping chest, confess his speed,
 His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,
 Or far-extended plain ; in every part
 So well proportion'd, that the nicer skill
 Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.
 Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean
 Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size
 Gigantic ; he in the thick-woven covert
 Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
 Torn and embarrass'd bleeds ; but if too small,
 The pigmy brood in every furrow swims ;
 Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
 Behind inglorious, or eise shivering creep
 Benuanb'd and faint beneath the sheltering thorn.
 For hounds of middle size, active and strong,
 Will better answer all thy various ends,
 And crown thy pleasing labours with success.

As some brave captain, curious and exact
 By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks
 His gay battalion, as one man they move
 Step after step, their size the same, their arms
 Far-gleaming, dart the same united blaze :
 Reviewing generals his merit own ;
 How regular ! how just ! and all his cares
 Are well repaid, if mighty George approve.
 So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
 Thy generous soul, and the world's just applause.

But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
 Of different kinds ; discordant sounds shall grate
 Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
 Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.
 But if th' amphibious otter be thy chace,
 Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland reigns ;

Or if the harmonious thunder of the field
 Delight thy ravish'd ears; the deep flew'd hound
 Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure;
 Whose ears down-hanging from his thick round head
 Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clanging voice
 Awake the mountain echo in her cell,
 And shake the forests: the bold Talbot kind
 Of these the prime; as white as Alpine snows;
 And great their use of old. Upon the banks
 Of Tweed, slow winding through the vale, the seat
 Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
 The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
 To lasting leagues the mighty rivals aw'd,
 There dwelt a pilfering race; well train'd and skill'd
 In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
 Their only substance, feuds and war their sport:
 Not more expert in every fraudulent art
 Th' arch felon * was of old, who by the tail
 Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,
 In vain the shelter of the covering roof;
 In vain the sooty cloud, and ruddy flames
 That issued from his mouth: for soon he paid
 His forfeit life: a debt how justly due
 To wrong'd Alcides, and avenging heaven!
 Veil'd in the shades of night they ford the stream,
 Then prowling far and near, whatever they seize
 Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are safe.
 Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong-barr'd doors
 Secure the favourite horse. Soon as the morn
 Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
 The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
 A thousand thronging curses burst their way:
 He calls his stout allies, and in a line
 His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
 That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers:
 Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
 Flourish'd in air, low bending plies around
 His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
 Inquisite, nor leaves one turf untried,
 Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart

* Cacus, Virg. Æn. lib. viii.

Beats quick ; his snuffling nose, his active tail,
 Attest his joy ; then with deep opening mouth,
 That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
 Th' audacious felon ; foot by foot he marks
 His winding way, while all the listening crowd
 Applaud his reasonings. O'er the watery ford,
 Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
 O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts distain'd,
 Unerring he pursues ; till at the cot
 Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat
 The caitif vile, redeems the captive prey :
 So exquisitely delicate his sense !

Should some more curious sportsman here inquire
 Whence this sagacity, this wondrous power
 Of tracing step by step, or man or brute ?
 What guide invisible points out their way,
 O'er the dank marsh, bleak hill and sandy plain ?
 The courteous muse shall the dark cause reveal.
 The blood that from the heart incessant rolls
 In many a crimson tide, then here and there
 In smaller rills disparted as it flows
 Propell'd, the serous particles evade
 Through th' open pores, and with the ambient air
 Entangling mix. As fuming vapours rise,
 And hang upon a gently purling brook,
 There by th' incumbent atmosphere compress'd,
 The panting chase grows warmer as he flies,
 And through the network of the skin perspires ;
 Leaves a long streaming trail behind, which by
 The cooler air condens'd remains, unless
 By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarified
 By the meridian sun's intenser heat,
 To every shrub the warm effluvia cling,
 Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies.
 With nostrils open wide, o'er hill, o'er dale
 The vigorous hounds pursue, with every breath
 Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting
 Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
 And in triumphant melody confess
 The titillating joy. Thus on the air
 Depart the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks
 At eve forebode a blustering stormy day,

Or lowering clouds blacken the mountain's brow,
 When nipping frosts, and the keen biting blasts
 Of the dry parching east, menace the trees
 With tender blossoms teeming, kindly spare
 Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw
 Low-sinking at their ease; listless they shrink
 Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice
 Though oft invoc'd; or haply if thy call
 Rouse up the slumbering tribe, with heavy eyes
 Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their tails
 Inverted; high on their bent backs erect
 Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts
 Of ranker weeds, each stomach-healing plant
 Curious they crop; sick, spiritless, forlorn.
 These inauspicious days, on other cares
 Employ thy precious hours; th' improving friend
 With open arms embrace, and from his lips
 Glean science, season'd with good natur'd wit.
 But if th' inclement skies and angry Jove
 Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books
 Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page
 Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.
 Converse familiar with th' illustrious dead;
 With great examples of old Greece or Rome,
 Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind Heaven,
 That Britain yet enjoys dear liberty,
 That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap
 Though purchas'd with our blood. Well bred, polite,
 Credit thy calling. See! how mean, low low,
 The bookless sauntering youth, proud of the skat
 That dignifies his cap, his dourish'd belt,
 And rusty couples gingling by his side.
 Be thou of other mold; and know that such
 Transporting pleasures were by Heaven ordain'd
 Wisdom's relief, and virtue's great reward.

BOOK II.

Nor will it less delight th' attentive sage
 To observe that instinct, which unerring guides
 The brutal race, which mimics reason's lore,
 And oft transcends; Heaven-taught, the roe-buck swift

Loiters at ease before the driving pack,
 And mocks their vain pursuits, nor far he flies,
 But checks his ardour, till the steaming scent
 That freshens on the blade; provokes their rage.
 Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes
 Soon flag fatigu'd; strain'd to excess each nerve,
 Each slacken'd sinew fails; they pant, they foam;
 Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills
 Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd
 To puzzle in the distant vale below.

'Tis instinct that directs the jealous hare
 To choose her soft abode: With step revers'd
 She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the morn
 Peeps through the clouds, leaps to her close recess.

As wandering shepherds on th' Arabian plains
 No settled residence observe, but shift
 Their moving camp, now on some cooler hill
 With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze;
 And then, below, where trickling streams distil
 From some penurious source, their thirst allay,
 And feed their fainting flocks: so the wise hares
 Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye
 Should mark their haunts, and by dark treacherous wiles
 Plot their destruction; or, perchance, in hopes
 Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,
 Or matted blade, wary and close they sit.
 When spring shines forth, season of love and joy,
 In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,
 They cool their boiling blood. When summer suns
 Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide waving fields
 Of corn full grown, they lead their helpless young:
 But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains
 Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
 Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
 The dripping covert. Yet when winter's cold
 Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd
 In the long grass they skulk, or shrinking creep
 Among the wither'd leaves; thus changing still,
 As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
 But every season carefully observ'd,
 Th' inconstant winds, the fickle element,
 The wise experienc'd huntsman soon may find

His subtle, various game, nor waste in vain
 His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
 With disappointment vex'd, each springing lark
 Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
 Her fragrant bounties showers; the fields are shorn;
 Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
 The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
 And counts his large increase; his barns are stor'd
 And groaning staddles bend beneath their load.
 All now is free as air, and the gay pack
 In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd;
 No widows' tears o'erflow, no secret curse
 Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
 Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd:
 But courteous now he levels every fence,
 Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
 Charn'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
 Oh bear me, some kind power invisible!
 To that extended lawn where the gay court
 View the swift racers, stretching to the goal;
 Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,
 Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.
 Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
 And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
 Or to those spacious plains, where the strain'd eye
 In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
 Sardin's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
 And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs,
 Fair Cotswold, where the well-breath'd beagle climbs
 With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
 And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle dawn: mild blushing goddess, hail!
 Rejoic'd to see thy purple mantle spread
 O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,
 And orient pearls from every shrub depend.
 Farewel, Chorus: here deep sunk in down
 Slumber secure, with happy dreams amict'd,
 The grateful steers shall tempt thee to receive
 Thy early morn, or thy cool loes maas,
 The toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform
 Thy impertant work. No other joys invite,

The horn sonorous c'ells, the pack awak'd
 Their matin-chaunt nor brook my long delay,
 My courser hears their voice; see there, with ears
 And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
 Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
 And boils in every vein. As captive boys
 Cow'd by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
 Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
 If once dismiss'd, no limits can contain
 The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,
 But give a loose to all their frolic play:
 So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;
 A thousand wanton gaieties express
 Their inward ecstacy, their pleasing sport
 Once more indulg'd, and liberty restor'd.
 The rising sun, that o'er th' horison peeps,
 As many colours from their glossy skins
 Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
 When April showers descend. Delightful scene!
 Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
 And in each smiling countenance appears
 Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.

Huntsman, lead on! behind the clustering pack
 Submiss attend, hear with respect thy whip
 Loud clanging, and thy harsher voice obey:
 Spare not the straggling cur that wildly roves;
 But let thy brisk assistant on his back
 Impart thy just re-entment; let each lash
 Bite to the quick, till howling he return,
 And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant spot, where nature kind
 With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes;
 Where flowers autumnal spring, and the rank mead
 Affords the wandering hares a rich repast;
 Throw off thy ready pack. See where they spread,
 And range around, and dash the glittering dew.
 If some staunch hound, with his authentic voice,
 Arise the recent trail, the justing tribe
 Attend the call, then with one mutual cry,
 The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
 Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they tread
 The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along!

But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
 Their eager haste; then o'er the fallow'd ground
 How leisurely they work, and many a pause
 Th' harmonious concert breaks; till more assur'd
 With joy redoubled the low vallies ring.
 What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
 Ah! there she lies; how close! she pants, she doubts
 If now she lives; she trembles as she sits,
 With horror seiz'd. The wither'd grass that clings
 Around her head, of the same russet hue,
 Almost deceiv'd my sight, had not her eyes
 With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
 At distance draw thy pack, let all be hush'd,
 No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,
 Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
 Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
 Now gently put her off; see how direct
 To her known mew she flies! Here, huntsman, bring
 But without hurry, all thy jolly hounds,
 And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop,
 And seem to plough the ground! then all at once
 With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
 That glads their fluttering hearts. As winds let loose
 From the dark caverns of the blustering god,
 They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn.
 Hope gives them wings while she's spurr'd on by fear,
 The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods,
 In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,
 Stripp'd for the chase, give all your souls to joy!
 See how their coursers, than the mountain roe
 More fleet, the verdant carpet skim, thick clouds
 Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce print
 The grass unbruist'd; with emulation fir'd
 They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
 O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush
 The thorny-twining hedge: the riders bend
 O'er their arch'd necks; with steady hands, by turns
 Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.
 Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
 Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are gone,
 And with the panting winds lag far behind.
 Huntsman! her gait observe; if in wide rings

She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
 Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track,
 But if she fly, and with the favouring wind
 Urge her bold course; less intricate thy task:
 Push on thy pack. Like some poor exil'd wretch
 The frighted chase leaves her late dear abodes,
 O'er plains remote she stretches far away,
 Ah, never to return! For greedy death
 Hovering exults, secure to seize his prey.

Hark, from yon covert, where those towering oaks
 Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
 What glorious triumphs burst in every gale
 Upon our ravish'd ears! the hunters shout,
 The clanging horns swell their sweet-winding notes,
 The pack wide opening load the trembling air
 With various melody; from tree to tree
 The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
 And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
 Through all the regions near: afflictive birch
 No more the school-boy dreads, his prison broke,
 Scampering he flies, nor heeds his master's call;
 The weary traveller forgets his road,
 And climbs th' adjacent hill; the ploughman leaves
 Th' unfinish'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
 Are now the shepherd's joy! men, boys, and girls,
 Desert th' unpeopled vilage; and wild crowds
 Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seiz'd.
 Look, how she pants! and o'er yon opening glade
 Slips glancing by! while, at the further end,
 The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
 Maze within maze. The covert's utmost bound
 Silly she skirts; behind them cautious creeps
 And in that very track, so lately stain'd
 By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue
 The foe she flies. Let cavillers deny
 That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something more,
 'Tis heaven directs, and stratagem inspires
 Beyond the short extent of human thought.
 But hold—I see her from the covert break;
 Safer on yon little eminence she sits;
 Intent she listens with one ear erect,
 Pondering, and doubtful what new course to take,

And how t' escape the fierce blood-thirsty crew,
 That still urge on, and still in volleys loud
 Insult her woes, and mock her sore distress.
 As now in louder peals the loaded winds
 Bring on the gathering storm, her fears prevail,
 And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
 Away she flies; nor ships with wind and tide,
 And all their canvass wings, scud half so fast.
 Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,
 And each clean courser's speed. We scour along,
 In pleasing hurry and confusion tost;
 Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack
 Hang on the scent unwear'd, up they climb,
 And ardent we pursue; our labouring steeds
 We press, we gore; till once the summit gain'd,
 Painfully panting; there we breathe a while;
 Then, like a foaming torrent, pouring down
 Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
 Happy the man, who with unrival'd speed
 Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
 The struggling pack; how in the rapid course
 Alternate they preside, and jostling push
 To guide the dubious scent; how giddy youth
 Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd;
 How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
 Hangs in the rear, till some important point
 Rouse all his diligence, or till the chase
 Sinking he finds: then to the head he springs,
 With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
 Huntsman take heed; they stop in full career.
 Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze,
 Have haply foil'd the turf. See! that old hound,
 How busily he works, but dares not trust
 His doubtful scent; draw yet a wider ring.
 Hark! now again the chorus fills. As bells,
 Sally'd a while, at once their peal renew,
 And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
 See, how they toss, with animated rage
 Recovering all they lost. That eager haste
 Some doubting while foreshows. Ah! yet once more
 They're cir'd, hold back with speed—on either hand
 They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—'tis right,

Away they spring ; the rustling stubbles bend
 Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor chase
 Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.
 From brake to brake she flies, and visits all
 Her well known haunts, where once she rang'd secure,
 With love and plenty blest. See ! there she goes,
 She reels along, and by her gait betrays
 Her inward weakness. See, how black she looks !
 The sweat, that clogs th' obstructed pores, scarce leaves
 A languid scent. And now in open view
 See, see, she flies ! each eager hound exerts
 His utmost speed, and stretches every nerve.
 How quick she turns ! their gaping jaws eludes,
 And yet a moment lives ; till, round enclos'd
 By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
 She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.
 So when the furious Bacchanals assail'd
 Threïcian Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard !
 Loud was the cry ; hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,
 Return'd their clamorous rage : distress'd he flies,
 Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain ;
 For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,
 By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks
 To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey.

The huntsman now, a deep incision made,
 Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
 Her reeking entrails and yet quivering heart.
 These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite
 For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground, she lies
 A mangled corse ; in her dim glaring eyes
 Cold death exults, and stiffens every limb.
 Aw'd by the threatening whip, the furious hounds
 Around her bay ; or at their master's foot
 Each happy favourite courts his kind applause,
 With humble adulation cowering low.
 All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown, they wind
 Her solemn dirge, while the loud-opening pack
 The concert swell, and hills and dales return
 The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
 A prey, dastard animal, but vers'd
 In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.

But if thy proud, aspiring soul disdain

So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence, and grandeur of the chase ;
Hear what the muse from faithful records sings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,
Line within line, rise the pavilions proud,
Their silken streamers waving in the wind ?
Why neighs the warrior horse ? From tent to tent,
Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude ?
Why shines the polish'd helm, and pointed lance, '
This way and that far beaming o'er the plain ?
Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel ;
Nor the great Sophy, with his numerous host,
Lays waste the provinces ; nor glory fires
To rob and to destroy, beneath the name
And specious guise of war. A nobler cause
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries,
No violated leagues, with sharp remorse,
Shall sting the conscious victor : but mankind
Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on beasts
He draws his vengeful sword ! on beasts of prey
Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes !
Imperial Dehli, opening wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms,
And all the pomp of war. Before them sound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,
And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Timur's glorious race :
Sublime he sits, amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,
And rein th' Arabian steed, and watch his nod :
And potent rajahs, who themselves preside
O'er realms of wide extent ; but here submit
Their homage pay, alternate kings and slaves.
Next these, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair sustanas of his court : a troop
Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intrusive eye ; one look is death.
A cruel eastern law ! had kings a power
But equal to their wild tyrannic will,
To rob us of the sun's ail-cheering ray,

Were less severe. The vulgar close the march,
Slaves and artificers ; and Dehli mourns
Her empty and depopulated streets.
Now at the camp arriv'd with stern review,
Through groves of spears, from file to file he darts
His sharp experienc'd eye ; their order marks,
Each in his station rang'd, exact and firm,
Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.
Nor greater multitudes in arms appear'd
On these extended plains, when Ammon's son
With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
The vassal world the prize. Nor was that host
More numerous of old, which the great king*
Pour'd out on Greece from all the unpeopled East :
That bridg'd the Hellespont from shore to shore,
And drank the rivers dry. Mean while in troops
The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,
A wide circumference ; full many a league
In compass round ; woods, rivers, hills and plains,
Large provinces ; enough to gratify
Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
Man's erring will. Now sit in close divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host.
He from the throne high-eminent presides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chase,
From ancient records drawn. With reverence low,
And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreversible decrees, from which
To vary is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his station leads ; encamping round,
Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what these command,
Those execute with speed, and punctual care ;
In all the strictest disciple of war :
As if some watchful foe, with bold insult,
Hung lowering o'er their camp. The high resolve
That flies on wings through all th' encircling line,
Each motion steers, and animates the whole.
So by the sun's attractive power controll'd,
The planets in their spheres roll round his orb :

* Xerxes.

On all he shines, and rules the great machine.
Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting mists,
The signal given by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air th' imperial standard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glittering gems ;
And like a sheet of fire, through the dun gloom
Streaming meteorous. The soldiers shouts,
And all the brazen instruments of war,
With mutual clamour, and united din,
Fill the large concave. While from camp to camp
'They catch the varied sounds, floating in air,
Round all the wide circumference, tigers fell
Shrink at the noise, deep in his gloomy den
The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony ; fifes, cornets, drums,
'That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunter's range
Inquisitive ; strong dogs, that match in fight
The boldest brute, around their masters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd, they drive
From every covert, and from every den,
The lurking savages. Incessant shouts
Re-echo through the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops ; the forest seems
One mingling blaze : like flocks of sheep they fly,
Before the flaming brand : fierce lions, pards,
Bears, tigers, bears, and wolves ; a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirsty foes : growling along,
They stalk indignant ; but fierce vengeance still
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed spears
Present immediate death. Soon as the night
Wrapt in her sable veil forbids the chase,
They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires
At proper distances ascending rise,
And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light.
So round some island's shore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,

Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
 Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire,
 What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
 Disturb those peaceful shades ! where erst the bird
 That glads the night, had chear'd the listening groves
 With sweet complainings. Through the silent gloom
 Oft they the guards assail ; as oft repell'd
 They fly reluctant, with hot boiling rage
 Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.
 Thus day by day they still the chase renew,
 At night encamp ; till now in streighter bounds
 The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive
 The wall that hems them in on every side.
 And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean ;
 From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
 Against their fellow brutes. With teeth and claws
 The civil war begins : grappling they tear.
 Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves :
 Horrible discord ! till the crowd behind
 Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
 At once their wrath subsides ; tame as the lamb
 The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,
 Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the face of man,
 Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
 So subject is a tyrant in distress !

At last, within a narrow plain confin'd,
 A list'd field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
 An amphitheatre more glorious far
 Than ancient Rome could boast, they crowd in heaps,
 Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
 Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
 Advance ; great lords of high imperial blood,
 Early resolv'd t' assert their royal race,
 And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
 Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread
 Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds
 With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
 The lion's dreadful roar ; and down the rock
 Swift shooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
 Stretching along, the greedy tiger leave
 Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
 With javelins arm'd attend ; each watchful eye

Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
 He fears, and, to redeem his life, unmov'd
 Would lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe,
 From his high elevated throne, beholds
 His blooming race ; revolving in his mind
 What once he was, in his gay spring of life,
 When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy
 Melts in his eye, and flushes in his cheek.
 Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
 Of eager hosts, through all the circling line,
 And the wild howlings of the beasts within
 Rend wide the welkin, flights of arrows, wing'd
 With death, and javelins launch from every arm,
 Gall sore the brutal bands, with many a wound
 Gor'd through and through. Despair at last prevails,
 When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses all
 Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
 Their eyes dart fire ; and on the youthful band
 They rush implacable. They their broad shields
 Quick interpose ; on each devoted head
 Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
 Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
 The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore
 Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand
 The trusty slaves ; with pointed spears they pierce
 Through their tough hides ; or at their gaping mouths
 An easier passage find. The king of brutes
 In broken roaring breathes his last ; the bear
 Grumbles in death ; nor can his spotted skin,
 Though sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
 Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
 The battle bleeds, grim slaughter strides along,
 Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey.
 Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of every kind,
 A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
 And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain
 Alive, with vain assault contend to break
 Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
 Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath
 The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.
 Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd.
 And now perchance, had Heaven but pleas'd, the work

Of death had been complete ; and Aurengzebe
 By one dread frown extinguisht half their race.
 When lo ! the bright sultanas of his court
 Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display
 Those charms but rarely to the day reveal'd.

Lowly they bend, and humbly sue, to save
 The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny
 When suppliant beauty begs ? At his command,
 Opening to right and left, the well-train'd troops
 Leave a large void for their retreating foes.
 Away they fly, on wings of fear upborn,
 To seek on distant hills their late abodes.

Ye proud oppressors, whose vain hearts exult
 In wantonness of power, 'gainst the brute race,
 Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
 Wage uncontroul'd : here quench your thirst of blood ;
 But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind.

BOOK III.

In Albion's isle, when glorious Edgar reign'd,
 He, wisely provident, from her white cliffs
 Launch'd half her forests, and with numerous fleets
 Cover'd his wide domain : there proudly rode
 Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
 Of British monarchs. Each invader bold,
 Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gaz'd,
 And, disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.
 He scour'd the seas, and to remotest shores
 With swelling sails the trembling corsair fled,
 Rich commerce flourish'd ; and with busy oars
 Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at land
 His royal cares ; wise, potent, gracious prince !
 His subjects from their cruel foes he sav'd,
 And from rapacious savages their flocks :
 Cambria's proud kings, though with reluctance, paid
 Their tributary wolves ; head after head,
 In full account, till the woods yield no more,
 And all the ravenous race extinct is lost.
 In fertile pastures, more securely graz'd
 The social troops ; and soon their large increase
 With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.

But yet, alas! the wily fox remain'd
 A subtle, pilfering foe, prowling around
 In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy.
 In the full fold, the poor defenceless lamb,
 Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood
 Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,
 Her dearest treasure lost, through the dun night
 Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain:
 While in the adjacent bush, poor Philomel,
 Herself a parent once, till wanton churls
 Despoil'd her nest, joins in her loud laments,
 With sweeter notes, and more melodious wo.

For these nocturnal thieves, huntsmen prepare
 The sharpest vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
 To right th' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile
 To just disgrace! Ere yet the morning peep,
 Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
 With thy far echoing voice alarm thy pack,
 And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse,
 Thick with entangling grass, or prickly furze,
 With silence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
 In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range
 Dispers'd, how busily this way, and that,
 They cross, examining with curious nose
 Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
 Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
 More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth.
 As straggling armies, at the trumpet's voice,
 Press to their standard; hither all repair,
 And hurry through the woods; with hasty step
 Rustling, and full of hope; now driven on heaps
 They push, they strive; while from his kennel sneaks
 The conscious villain. See! he skulks along,
 Sleek at the shepaerd's cost, and plump with meals
 Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.
 Though high his brush he bear, though tipt with white
 It gaily shines; yet ere the sun declin'd
 Recal the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue
 Shall rue his fate revers'd; and at his heels
 Behold the just avenger, swift to seize
 His fetcht head, and thirsting for his blood.

Heaven! what melodious strains! how beat our hearts
 Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales

THE CHASE.

Breathe harmony ; and as the tempest drives
From wood to wood, through every dark recess
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.
The chorus swells ; less various, and less sweet,
The trilling notes, when in those very groves,
The feather'd choristers salute the spring,
And every bush in concert joins ; or when
The master's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the powers
Of music in one instrument combine,
An universal minstrelsy. And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert safe ;
He pants for purer air. Hark ! what loud shouts
Re-echo through the groves ! he breaks away.
Sshrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
Now give a loose to the clean generous steed ;
Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur ;
But, in the madness of delight, forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our course ; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the stream
In foaming eddies whirls ; in vain the ditch
Wide gaping threatens death. The craggy steep,
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain ;
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
By the swift motion flung, we mount aloft :
So ships in winter seas now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave, then toss'd on high
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.
What lengths we pass ! where will the wandering chase
Lead us bewilder'd ! smooth as swallows skim
The new-shorn mead, and far more swift we fly.
See my brave pack ; how to the head they press,
Jostling in close array, then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their opening mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing

Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
 From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
 The hunter crew, wide-straggling o'er the plain !
 The panting courser now with trembling nerves
 Begins to reel ; urg'd by the goring spur,
 Makes many a faint effort : he snorts, he foams,
 The big round drops run trickling down his sides,
 With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and view
 The strange confusion of the vale below,
 Where sour vexation reigns ; see yon poor jade,
 In vain th' impatient rider frets and swears,
 With galling spurs harrows his mangled sides ;
 He can no more : his stiff unpliant limbs
 Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he stands,
 For every cruel curse returns a groan,
 And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief
 Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,
 His minion, and his daily care, well cloth'd,
 Well fed with every nicer cate ; no cost,
 No labour spar'd ; who, when the flying chase
 Broke from the copse, without a rival led
 The numerous train : now a sad spectacle
 Of pride brought low, and humble insolence,
 Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourg'd along.
 While these, with loosen'd reins and dangling heels,
 Hang on their reeling palfireys, that scarce bear
 Their weights : another in the treacherous bog
 Lies floundering half ingulf'd. What biting thoughts
 Torment th' abandon'd crew ! Old age laments
 His vigour spent : the tall, plump, brawny youth
 Curses his cumbersome bulk ; and envies now
 The short pygmæan race, he whilom kenn'd
 With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
 Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
 Their pleasing toils. Here huntsman, from this height
 Observe yon birds of prey ; if well I judge,
 'Tis there the villain lurks : they hover round
 And claim him as their own. Was I not right ?
 See ! there he creeps along ; his brush he drags,
 And sweeps the mire impure ; from his wide jaws
 His tongue unmoisten'd hangs ; symptoms too sure
 Of sudden death. Ha ! yet he flies, nor yields

To black despair. But one loose more, and all
 His wiles are vain. Hark ! through you village now
 The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
 And leafless elms return the joyous sounds.
 Through every homestall, and through every yard,
 His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies ;
 Through every hole he sneaks, through every jakes
 Plunging he wades besmear'd and fondly hopes
 In a superior stench to lose his own :
 But, faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
 With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue.
 And now distress'd, no sheltering covert near,
 Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
 Distain'd, attest his guilt. There villain, there
 Expect thy fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
 The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud,
 Drag out their trembling prize ; and on his blood
 With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes
 Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead :
 And all th' assembled village shouts for joy.
 The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
 Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
 And grateful calls us to a short repast :
 In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
 Our native product. And his good old mate
 With choicest viands heaps the liberal board,
 To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.

Here must th' instructive muse, but with respect,
 Censure that numerous pack, that crowd of state,
 With which the vain profusion of the great
 Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse.
 Pompous incumbrance ! A magnificence
 Useless, vexatious ! For the wily fox,
 Safe in th' increasing number of his foes,
 Kens well the great advantage : slinks behind,
 And slyly creeps through the same beaten track,
 And haunts them step by step : then views, escap'd,
 With inward ecstasy, the panting throng
 In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
 So when proud eastern kings summon to arms
 Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes,
 They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world :

But when the day of battle calls them forth
 To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact
 Of chosen veterans ; they press blindly on,
 In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall
 A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood destroy :
 The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
 Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
 Fat with nocturnal spoils. At close of day,
 With silence drags his tail : then from the ground
 Pares thin the close-graz'd turf ; there with nice hand
 Covers the latent death, with curious springs
 Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the tread
 Of man or beast unwarily shall press
 The yielding surface. By th' indented steel
 With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
 And struggles, but in vain : yet oft 'tis known,
 When every art has fail'd, the captive fox
 Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
 Compounded for his life. But, if perchance
 In the deep pitfall plung'd, there's no escape ;
 But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in air,
 The jest of clowns, his reeking carcase hangs.

Of these are various kinds ; not even the king
 Of brutes evades this deep devouring grave :
 But, by the wily African betray'd,
 Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws
 Expires indignant. When the orient beam
 With blushes paints the dawn ; and all the race
 Carnivorous, with blood full-gorg'd retire
 Into their darksome cells, there satiate snore
 O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
 Of men and beasts ; the painful forrester
 Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops
 With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,
 Assail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks
 And thickets intricate, trembling he views
 His footsteps in the sand ; the dismal road
 And avenue to death. Hither he calls
 His watchful bands ; and low into the ground
 A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep.
 Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,

The butt of some fair tree ; upon whose top
 A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his dam.
 And next a wall they build, with stones and earth
 Encircling round, and hiding from all view
 The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
 Of night hang lowering o'er the mountain's brow ;
 And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,
 Rouse up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,
 Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide
 His ravenous paws, with recent gore distain'd.
 The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
 Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
 The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
 The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan
 The foodful teat ; himself, alas ! design'd
 Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
 Winds him from far ; and leaping o'er the mound
 To seize the trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
 Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies
 Astunn'd and impotent. Ah ! what avail
 Thine eye-balls flashing fire, thy length of tail,
 That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws besmear'd
 With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy mane
 The terror of the woods, thy stately port,
 And bulk enormous, since by stratagem
 Thy strength is foil'd ? Unequal is the strife,
 When sovereign reason combats brutal rage.

On distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coast,
 The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
 But of a different kind, and different use !
 With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
 And hurdles slight, they close ; o'er these is spread
 A floor of verdant turf, with all its flowers
 Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
 Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
 Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
 Of various kinds surcharg'd ; the downy peach,
 The clustering vine, and of bright golden rind,
 The fragrant orange. Soon as evening gray
 Advances slow, besprinkling all around
 With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,
 The stately elephant from the close shade

With step majestic strides, eager to taste
 The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
 Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
 To lave his panting sides ; joyous he scents
 The rich repast, unweeting of the death
 That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
 The brittle bough, and greedily devours
 The fruit delicious. Ah ! too dearly bought ;
 The price is life. For now the treacherous turf
 Trembling gives way ; and the unweildly beast,
 Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
 So when dilated vapours, struggling, heave
 Th' incumbent earth ; if chance the cavern'd ground
 Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
 Down sinks at once the ponderous dome, engulf'd
 With all its towers. Subtle, delusive man !
 How various are thy wiles ! artful to kill
 Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race !
 Fierce from his lair, springs forth the speckled pard,
 Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy ;
 The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
 Confides not : at convenient distance fix'd,
 A polish'd mirror stops in full career
 The furious brute : he there his image views ;
 Spots against spots with rage improving glow ;
 Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
 Grins as he grins, fierce menacing, and wide
 Distends his opening paws ; himself against
 Himself oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
 The huntsman, now secure, with fatal aim
 Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
 He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
 Thus man innumerable engines forms, t' assail
 The savage kind ; but most the docile horse,
 Swift, and confederate with man, annoys
 His brethren of the plains ; without whose aid
 The hunter's arts are vain, unskill'd to wage
 With the more active brutes an equal war.
 But borne by him, without the well-train'd pack,
 Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure.
 Him the fierce Arab mounts, and, with his troop
 Of bold compeers, ranges the deserts wild.

Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller
 Steers his untrodden course; yet oft on land
 Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand
 Immerst and lost. While these intrepid bands,
 Safe in their horses speed, out-fly the storm,
 And scouring round, make men and beasts their prey:
 The grisly boar is singled from his herd,
 As large as that in Erimanthian woods,
 A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
 In circles wide; and each in passing sends
 His feather'd death into his brawny sides.
 But perilous th' attempt. For if the steed
 Haply too near approach; or the loose earth
 His footing fail, the watchful angry beast
 Th' advantage spies; and at one sidelong glance
 Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
 And, plunging from his back the rider hurls
 Precipitant; then bleeding spurns the ground,
 And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
 Meanwhile the surly monster trots along,
 But with unequal speed; for still they wound,
 Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood
 Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
 His tortur'd sides, the crimson torrents roll
 From many a gaping font. And now at last
 Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.

But whither roves my devious muse, intent
 On antique tales? While yet the royal stag
 Unsung remains. Tread with respectful awe
 Windsor's green glades; where Denham, tuneful bard,
 Charm'd once the listening Dryads, with his song
 Sublimely sweet. O! grant me, sacred shade,
 To glean submit what thy full sickle leaves.

The morning sun, that gilds with tremoling rays
 Windsor's high towers, beholds the courtly train
 Mount for the chace, nor views in all his course
 A scene so gay: heroic, noble youths,
 In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs
 The fairest of this isle, where beauty dwells
 Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
 For our more favour'd shades: in proud parade
 These shine magnificent, and press around

The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
 They smile superior; of external show
 Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
 A lustre to their power, and grace their court
 With real splendors, far above the pomp
 Of eastern kings, in all their tinsel pride.
 Like troops of Amazons, the female band
 Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
 As those of old; unskill'd to wield the sword,
 Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.
 'The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,
 Lead on the splendid train. Anna more bright
 'Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
 With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
 Fires every heart. He must be more than man,
 Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
 Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
 With sweet engaging air, but equal power,
 Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
 Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids,
 Ever triumphant! whose victorious charms,
 Without the needless aid of high descent,
 Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great lords
 To bow and sue for grace. But who is he
 Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair
 As opening lilies; on whom every eye
 With joy and admiration dwells? See, see,
 He reigs his docile barb with manly grace.
 Is it Adonis for the chase array'd?
 Or Britain's second hope? Hail, blooming youth!
 May all your virtues with your years improve,
 Till in consummate worth, you shine the pride
 Of these our days, and to succeeding times
 A bright example. As his guard of mutes
 On the great sultan wait, with eyes deject,
 And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound is heard
 Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
 And awful silence reigns; thus stand the pack
 Mute and unmov'd, and cowering low to earth,
 While pass the glittering court, and royal pair:
 So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserved,
 Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.

But soon the winding horn, and huntsman's voice,
 Let loose the general chorus; far around
 Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.

Unharbour'd now the royal stag forsakes
 His wonted lair; he shakes his dappled sides,
 And tosses high his beamy head, the copse
 Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts
 He tries! not more the wily hare; in these
 Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd pack
 With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.
 The woods reply, the hunter's cheering shouts
 Float through the glades, and the wide forest rings.
 How merrily they chant! their nostrils deep
 Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,
 And such th' harmonious din, the soldier deems
 The battle kindling, and the statesman grave
 Forgets his weighty cares; each age, each sex,
 In the wild transport joins; luxuriant joy,
 And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult
 On every brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
 How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more
 Thyself! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
 In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
 Yield a short interval and ease from pain!

See the swift courser strains, his shining hoofs
 Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
 The dangerous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
 High-overgrown? or who the quivering bog
 Soft yielding to the step? All now is plain,
 Plain as the strand sea-lav'd, that stretches far
 Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing glades
 The forest opens to our wondering view:
 Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
 Lay waste the world; his then most glorious part
 To check their pride; and when the brazen voice
 Of war is hush'd, as erst victorious Rome,
 To employ his station'd legions in the works
 Of peace; to smooth the rugged waterless,
 To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the slope
 Depending load, and to make gay the face
 Of nature, with th' embellishments of art.

How melts my beating heart! as I behold

Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,
 Push on the generous steed, that strokes along
 O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
 No falters in th' extended vale below:
 Their garments loosely waving in the wind,
 And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks!
 While at their sides their pensive lovers wait,
 Direct their dubious course; now chill'd with fear
 Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
 O! grant, indulgent Heaven, no rising storm
 May darken with black wings this glorious scene!
 Should some malignant power thus damp our joys,
 Vain were the gloomy cave, such as of old
 Betray'd to lawless love the Tyrian queen.
 For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaste as fair,
 Spotless, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
 In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.

Now the brown stag, through woods, bogs, roads, and
 streams

Has measur'd half the forest; but alas!
 He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
 Though far he cast the lingering pack behind,
 His haggard fancy still with horror views
 The fell destroyer; still the fatal cry
 Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
 So the poor fury-haunted wretch, his hands
 In guiltless blood distain'd, still seems to hear
 The dying shrieks: and the pale threatening ghost
 Moves as he moves, and as he flies, pursues.
 See here his slot; up yon green hill he climbs,
 Pants on its brow a while, sadly looks back
 On his pursuers, covering all the plain;
 But wrung with anguish, bears not long the sight,
 Shoots down the steep, and sweats along the vale,
 There mingles with the herd, were once he reign'd
 Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing beam
 His rivals aw'd, and whose exalted power
 Was still rewarded with successful love.
 But the base herd have learn'd the ways of men,
 Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim
 Chase him from thence: needless their impious deed,
 The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,

Black, and imboſt; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
 Too well diſtinguiſh theſe, and never leave
 Their once devoted foe; familiar grows
 His ſcent, and ſtrong their appetite to kill.
 Again he flies, and with redoubled ſpeed
 Skims o'er the lawn; ſtill the tenacious crew
 Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
 And push him many a league. If haply then
 Too far eſcap'd, and the gay courtly train
 Behind are caſt, the huntsman's clanging whip
 Stops full their bold career; paſſive they ſtand,
 Unmov'd, an humble, an obſequious crowd,
 As if by ſtern Meduſa gaz'd to ſtones.
 So at their general's voice whole armies halt
 In full purſuit, and check their thirſt of blood,
 Soon at the king's command, like haſty ſtreams
 Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along
 With freſh recruited might. The ſtag, who hop'd
 His foes were loſt, now once more hears aſtunn'd,
 The dreadful din; he ſhivers every limb,
 He ſtarts, he bounds; each buſh preſents a foe.
 Preſſ'd by the fre-h relay, no pauſe allow'd,
 Breathleſs, and faint, he falters in his pace,
 And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that ſcarce
 Sustain their load: he pants, he ſobs appall'd;
 Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
 His cumbrous beams oppreſſ'd. But if perchance
 Some prying eye ſurpriſe him; ſoon he rears
 Erect his towering front, bounds o'er the lawn
 With ill-diſſembled vigour, to amuſe
 The knowing forreſter; who inly ſmiles
 At his weak ſhifts and unavailing frauds.
 So midnight tapers waſte their laſt remains,
 Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
 From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
 And bellow through the vales; the moving ſtorm
 Thickens amain, and loud triumphant ſhouts,
 And horns ſhrill-warbling in each glade, prelude
 To his approaching fate. And now in view
 With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amaz'd
 What ſtrength is left: to the laſt dregs of life
 Reduc'd, his ſpirits fail, on every ſide

Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least opening left
To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's last reserve.
Where shall he turn? or whither fly? Despair
Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
These groveling lie, those by his antlers gor'd
Defile th' ensanguin'd plain. Ah! see distress'd
He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear, his front presents
An host of foes. O! shun, ye noble train,
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his soul uprais'd,
To dare some great exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each side
Fly diverse; then as o'er the turf he strains,
He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
Urges his course with equal violence:
Then takes the soil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant; down the midstream he wafts
Along, till, like a ship distress'd, that runs
Into some winding creek, close to the verge
Of a small island, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds, there skulks immers'd.
His nose alone above the wave draws in
The vital air; all else beneath the flood
Conceal'd and lost, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But sparingly perspire: the huntsman strains
His labouring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain:
At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
And exquisite of sense, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud opening spends amain, and his wide throat
Swells every note with joy; then fearless dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream,

Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount
 The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd,
 Again he stands at bay, amid the groves
 Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
 Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack ;
 These swim the deep, and those crawl up with pain
 The slippery bank, while others on firm land
 Engage; the stag repels each bold assault,
 Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds returns.
 As when some wily corsair boards a ship
 Full-freighted, or from Africa's golden coasts,
 Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody crew
 Upon her deck he slings; these in the deep
 Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,
 And clinging climb aloft; while those on board
 Urge on the work of fate: the master bold,
 Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves
 To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
 His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.
 So fares it with the stag: so he resolves
 To plunge at once into the flood below,
 Himself, his foes, in one deep gulf immersed.
 Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
 In wild disorder once more views the light;
 Beneath a weight of woe he groans distress'd,
 The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks;
 He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
 His wretched plight, and tenderness innate
 Moves his great soul. Soon at his high command
 Rebuk'd, the disappointed, hungry pack,
 Retire submiss, and grumbling quit their prey.

Great prince! from thee what may thy subjects hope;
 So kind, and so beneficent to brutes?
 O mercy, heavenly born! sweet attribute!
 Thou great, thou best prerogative of power!
 Justice may guard the throne, but, join'd with thee,
 On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
 And braves the storm beneath; soon as thy smiles
 Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,
 And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

BOOK IV.

Whate'er of earth is form'd, to earth returns
 Dissolv'd: the various objects we behold,
 Plants, animals, this whole material mass,
 Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
 Of man alone, that particle divine,
 Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.
 Hence great the distance 'twixt the beasts that perish,
 And God's bright image, man's immortal race.
 The brute creation are his property,
 Subservient to his will, and for him made.
 As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
 Preserves; their sole and arbitrary king.
 Should he not kill, as erst the Samian sage
 Taught unadvis'd, and Indian brachmans now
 As vainly preach; the teeming ravenous brutes
 Might fill the scanty space of this terrene,
 Incumbering all the globe: should not his care
 Improve the growing stock, their kinds might fail,
 Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
 And through the deserts range, shivering, forlorn,
 Quite destitute of every solace dear,
 And every smiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntsman therefore will supply
 With annual large recruits, his broken pack,
 And propagate their kind. As from the root
 Fresh scions still spring forth and daily yield
 New blooming honours to the parent tree.
 Far shall his pack be fan'd, far sought his breed,
 And princes at their tables feast those hounds
 His hand presents, an acceptable boon.

Ere yet the sun through the bright Ram has urg'd
 His steepy course, or mother earth unbound
 Her frozen bosom to the western gale;
 When feather'd troops, their social leagues dissolv'd,
 Select their mates, and on the leafless elm.
 The noisy cock builds high her wicker nest,
 Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
 That curl their taper tails, and frisking court
 Their pyebald mates enamour'd; their red eyes

Flash fires impure ; nor rest, nor food they take,
 Goaded by furious love. In separate cells
 Confine them now, lest bloody civil wars
 Annoy the peaceful state. If left at large,
 The growling rivals in dread battle join.
 And rude encounter; on Scamander's streams
 Heroes of old with far less fury fought,
 For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.
 Mangled and torn, thy favourite hounds shall lie,
 Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel shall appear
 A field of blood: like some unhappy town
 In civil broils confus'd, while discord shakes
 Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
 Staining their impious hands in mutual death.
 And still the best belov'd, and bravest fall:
 Such are the dire effects of lawless love.

Huntsman! these ills by timely prudent care
 Prevent: for every longing dame select
 Some happy paramour; to him alone
 In leagues connubial join. Consider well
 His lineage; what his fathers did of old,
 Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,
 Or plunge into the deep, or tread the brake
 With thorn sharp-pointed, splash'd, and briars inwoven.
 Observe with care his shape, sort, colour, size.
 Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard
 His inward habits: the vain babler shun,
 Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.
 His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
 With false alarms, and loud impertinence.
 Nor less the shifting cur avoid, that breaks
 Illusive from the pack; to the next hedge
 Devious he strays, there every muse he tries:
 If haply then he cross the steaming scent,
 Away he flies vain-glorious; and exults
 As of the pack supreme, and in his speed
 And strength unrivall'd. Lo! cast far behind
 His vex'd associates pant, and labouring strain
 To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach
 Th' insulting boaster, his false courage fails,
 Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose,
 His master's hate, and scorn of all the field.

What can from such be hop'd, but a base brood
Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race?

When now the third revolving moon appears,
With sharpen'd horns, above th' horizon's brink;
Without Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes
Are amply crown'd; short pangs produce to light
The smoking litter, crawling, helpless, blind,
Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat
That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure view
The marks of their renown'd progenitors,
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these
Select with joy; but to the merciless flood
Expose the dwindling refuge, nor o'erload
Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide,
And to the foster-parent give the care.
Of thy superfluous brood; she'll cherish kind
The alien offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold
Her tenderness, and hospitable love.

If frolic now and playful they desert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf
With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimic chase,
Coursing around; unto thy choicest friends
Commit thy valued prize: the rustic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss
Caress, and dignify their little charge
With some great title, and resounding name
Of high import. But cautious here observe
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd younker, immature,
Along to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies sport; his nerves unstrung,
And strength unequal; the laborious chase
Shall stint his growth, and his rash forward youth
Contract such vicious habits, as thy care
And late correction never shall reclaim.

When to full strength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field; not all at once,
But as thy cooler prudence shall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees

To stricter discipline. With these consort
 The staunch and steady sages of thy pack,
 By long experience vers'd in all the wiles,
 And subtle doublings of the various chase.
 Easy the lesson of the youthful train,
 When instinct prompts, and when example guides.
 If the too forward younker at the head
 Press boldly on in wanton sportive mood,
 Correct his haste, and let him feel abash'd
 The ruling whip. But if he stoop behind
 In wary modest guise, to his own nose
 Confiding sure; give him full scope to work
 His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
 His patience, and his care; soon shalt thou view
 The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
 And all the listening pack attend his call.

Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins play,
 And bleating dams with jealous eyes observe
 Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
 He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste
 Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant plain;
 In the foul fact attach'd, to the strong ram
 Tie fast the rash offender. See! at first
 His horn'd companion, fearful and amaz'd,
 Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground;
 Then, with his load fatigu'd, shall turn a-head,
 And with his curl'd hard front incessant peal
 The panting wretch; till, breathless and astunn'd,
 Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou
 The twining whip, but ply his bleeding sides
 Lash after lash, and with thy threatening voice,
 Harsh echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
 His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling doves
 Escap'd the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air,
 Assail their dangerous foe, than he once more
 Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
 Thus youth is train'd; as curious artists bend
 The taper pliant twig, or potters form
 Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.

Nor is't enough to breed; but to preserve,
 Must be the huntsman's care. The staunch old hounds,
 Guides of thy pack, though but in number few,

Are yet of great account; shall oft untie
 The Gordian knot, when reason at a stand
 Puzzling is lost, and all thy art is vain.
 O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd roads,
 O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks distain'd
 Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious way.
 As party chiefs in senates who preside,
 With pleaded reason and with well-turn'd speech,
 Conduct the staring multitude; so these
 Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
 And loudly boast discoveries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,
 Attend thy pack, hang hovering o'er their heads,
 And point the way that leads to death's dark cave.
 Short is their span; few at the date arrive
 Of ancient Argus in old Homer's song
 So highly honour'd: kind, sagacious brute!
 Not ev'n Minerva's wisdom could conceal
 Thy much-lov'd master from thy nicer sense.
 Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
 With eager eyes, then clos'd those eyes, well pleas'd,

Of lesser ills the muse declines to sing,
 Nor stoops so low; of these each groom can tell
 The proper remedy. But O! what care,
 What prudence, can prevent madness, the wosst
 Of maladies? Terrific pest! that blasts
 The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads
 Through all th' unpeopled kennel unrestrain'd,
 More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite;
 Or that Apuleian spider's poisonous sting,
 Heal'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds.

When Sirius reigns, and the sun's parching beams
 Bake the dry gaping surface, visit thou
 Each eve and morn, with quick observant eye,
 Thy panting pack. If, in dark sullen mood,
 The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal,
 Retiring to some close, obscure retreat,
 Gloomy, disconsolate: with speed remove
 The poor infectious wretch, and in strong chains
 Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease
 Which art can't cure, wise caution may prevent.

But, this neglected, soon expect a change,

A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death.
 Or in some dark recess the senseless brute
 Sits sadly pining: deep melancholy,
 And black despair, upon his clouded brow
 Hang lowering; from his half-opening jaws
 The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
 Distilling fall; and from his lungs inflam'd,
 Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
 Breathing perdition: his dim eyes are glaz'd,
 He droops his pensive head, his trembling limbs
 No more support his weight; abject he lies,
 Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd; till death at last
 Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or, if outrageous grown, behold, alas!
 A yet more dreadful scene; his glaring eyes
 Redden with fury, like some angry boar
 Churning he foams; and on his back erect
 His pointed bristles rise; his tail incurv'd
 He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends
 The poison-tainted air, with rough hoarse voice
 Incessant bays; and snuffs th' infectious breeze;
 This way and that he stares aghast, and starts
 At his own shade: jealous, as if he deem'd
 The world his foes. If haply towards the stream
 He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills
 His soul; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.
 Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge
 Raving he runs, and deals destruction round.
 The pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets
 Vengeful he bites, and every bite is death.

If now perchance through the weak fence escap'd,
 Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
 Inhales the cooling breeze; nor man nor beast,
 He spares implacable. The hunter-horse,
 Once kind associate of his sylvan toils,
 Who haply now without the kennel's mound
 Crops the rank mead, and listening hears with joy
 The cheering cry, that morn and eve salutes
 His raptur'd sense, a wretched victim falls.
 Unhappy quadruped! no more, alas!
 Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud
 Thy gentleness, thy speed; or with his hand

Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day
 Visits thy stall, well pleas'd; no more shalt thou
 With sprightly neighings, to the winding horn,
 And the loud opening pack in concert join'd,
 Glad his proud heart. For oh! the secret wound
 Rankling inflames, he bites the ground, and dies!
 Hence to the village with pernicious haste
 Baleful he bends his course: the village flies
 Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
 Hugs close the trembling babe; the doors are barr'd,
 And flying curs by native instinct taught
 Shun the contagious bane; the rustic bands
 Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize
 Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns,
 From every quarter charge the furious foe,
 In wild disorder, and uncouth array:
 Till, now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and gor'd,
 At one short poisonous gasp he breathes his last.

Hence to the kennel, muse, return, and view
 With heavy heart that hospital of woe;
 Where horror stalks at large! insatiate death
 Sits growling o'er his prey: each hour presents
 A different scene of ruin and distress.
 How busy art thou, fate! and how severe
 Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
 Promiscuous lie; o'er these the living fight
 In one eternal broil; not conscious why,
 Nor yet with whom. So drunkards, in their cups,
 Spare not their friends, while senseless squabbie reigns.

Huntsman! it much behoves thee to avoid
 The perilous debate! Ah! rouse up all
 Thy vigilance, and tread the treacherous ground
 With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd preserve,
 As erst the vestal flames; the pointed steel
 In the hot embers hide; and if surpris'd
 Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it home
 Into the recent sore, and cauterize
 The wound; spare not thy flesh, to dread th' event:
 Vulcan shall save when Æsculapius fails.

Here should the knowledgeable recount the means
 To stop this growing pain. And here, alas!
 Each hand presents a sovereign cure, and boasts

Infallibility, but boasts in vain.

On this depend, each to his separate seat
 Confine, in fetters bound; give each his mess
 Apart, his range in open air; and then
 If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,
 Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
 A generous victim for the public weal.

Sing, philosophic muse, the dire effects
 Of this contagious bite on hapless man.
 The rustic swains, by long tradition taught
 Of leaches old, as soon as they perceive
 The bite impress'd, to the sea-coasts repair.
 Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
 Now journeys home secure; but soon shall wish
 The seas as yet had covered him beneath
 The foaming surge, full many a fathom deep.
 A fate more dismal, and superior ill
 Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon,
 Closing her monthly round, returns again
 To glad the night; or when full-orb'd she shines
 High in the vault of heaven; the lurking pest
 Begins the dire assault. The poisonous foam
 Through the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,
 And all its fiery particles saline,
 Invades th' arterial fluid: whose red waves
 Tempestuous heave, and, their cohesion broke,
 Fermenting boil; intestine war ensues,
 And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
 Now the distended vessels scarce contain
 The wild uproar, but press each weaker part
 Unable to resist: the tender brain
 And stomach suffer most; convulsion shake
 His trembling nerves, and wandering pungent pains
 Pinch sore the sleepless wretch; his fluttering pulse
 Oft intermits; pensive, and sad, he mourns
 His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
 Laments in vain; to hasty anger prone,
 Resents each slight offence, walks with quick step,
 And wildly stares; at last with boundless sway
 The tyrant frenzy reigns: for as the dog,
 Whose fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane,
 Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites.

Like agitations in his boiling blood
 Present like species to his troubled mind;
 His nature and his actions all canine.
 So, as old Homer sung, th' associates wild
 Of wandering Ithacus, by Circe's charms
 'To swine transform'd, ran grunting through the groves,
 Dreadful example to a wicked world!
 See there distress'd he lies, parch'd up with thirst,
 But dares not drink. Till now at last his soul
 Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,
 And to some purer region wings away.

One labour yet remains, celestial maid!
 Another element demands thy song.
 No more o'er craggy steep, through coverts thick
 With pointed thorn, and briars intricate,
 Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack:
 But skim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale,
 Where winding streams amid the flowery meads
 Perpetual glide along; and undermine
 The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
 Of hoary willows arch'd; gloomy retreat
 Of the bright scaly kind; where they at will
 On the green watery reed their pasture graze,
 Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease,
 Rock'd by the restless brook, that draws aslope
 Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
 Where rages not oppression? Where, alas!
 Is innocence secure? Rapine and spoil
 Haunt ev'n the lowest deeps; seas have their sharks,
 Rivers and ponds enclose the ravenous pike;
 He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
 Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate
 Deserv'd: but tyrants know no bounds: nor spears,
 That bristle on his back, defend the perch
 From his wide greedy jaws; nor burnish'd mail
 The yellow carp, nor all his arts can save
 Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head
 Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
 The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
 And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
 This midnight pillager, ranging around,
 Insatiate swallows all. The owner mourns

Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
 The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy
 The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
 In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

The subtle spoiler of the beaver kind,
 Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
 The deep still pool ; within some hollow trunk
 Contrives his wicker couch : whence he surveys
 His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
 The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths,
 Dispute the felon's claim ; try every root,
 And every ready bank ; encourage all
 The busy-spreading pack, that fearless plunge
 Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
 Bid rocks and caves, and each resounding shore,
 Proclaim your bold defiance ; loudly raise
 Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
 The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
 See there his seal impress'd ! and on that bank
 Behold the glittering spoils, half eaten fish,
 Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
 Ah ! on that yielding sag-bed, see once more
 His seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh
 The sly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
 And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring
 Thy eager pack ; and trail him to his couch.
 Hark ! the loud peal begins, the clamorous joy,
 The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.

Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods preside,
 Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
 And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes
 float with the stream ; and every winding creek
 And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
 Nods pendant ; still improve from shore to shore
 Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts !
 What clamour loud ! What gay heart-cheering sounds
 Urge through the breathing brass their mazy way !
 Nor quires of Tritons glad with sprightlier strains
 The dancing billows ! when proud Neptune rides
 In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
 They snuff the fishy steam, that to each blade
 Rank-scenting clings ! See ! how the morning dews

They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop
Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous; or through reedy pools
Rustling they work their way: no hole escapes
Their curious search. With quick sensation now
The fuming vapour stings; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled bursts from every mouth
In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes
The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
While others at the root incessant bay!
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the sheltering deeps. Ah! there he vents!
The pack plunge headlong, and protended spears
Menace destruction: while the troubled surge
Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind,
Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!
See, that bold hound has seiz'd him; down they sink,
Together lost: but soon shall he repent
His rash assault. See there, escap'd, he flies,
Half-drown'd, and clambers up the slippery bank
With ouze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by nature form'd, or by long use,
This artful diver best can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,
Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
He lives not long; but respiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents;
Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd
His neck; the crimson waves confess the wound.
Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,
Where'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts; sure guide to every foe.
Inly he groans; nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold stream. Lo! to yon sedgy bank
He creeps disconsolate: his numerous foes

Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd through and
through,

On pointed spears they lift him high in air ;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain :
Bid the loud horns, in gaily-warbling strains,
Proclaim the felon's fate ; he dies, he dies.

Rejoice, ye scaly tribes, and leaping dance
Above the wave, in sign of liberty
Restor'd ; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoice secure and bless'd ; did not as yet
Remain, some of your own rapacious kind ;
And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.
O happy ! if ye knew your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields ; whom Nature's boon
Cheers with her smiles, and every element
Conspires to bless. What, if no heroes frown
From marble pedestals ; nor Raphael's works,
Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls ?
Yet these the meanest of us may behold ;
And at another's cost may feast at will
Our wondering eyes ; what can the owner more ?
But vain, alas ! is wealth, not grac'd with power.
The flowery landskip, and the gilded dome,
And vistas opening to the wearied eye,
Through all his wide domain ; the planted grove,
The shrubby wilderness, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose
Th' ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul
Is harrow'd day and night : he mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great.
See there he comes, th' exalted idol comes !
The circle's form'd, and all his fawning slaves
Devoutly bow to earth ; from every mouth
The nauseous flattery flows, which he returns
With promises that die as soon as born.
Vile intercourse ! where virtue has no place.
Frown but the monarch ; all his glories fade ;
He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
The pageant of a day ; without one friend
To soothe his tortur'd mind ; all, all are tied.
For, though they bask'd in his meridian ray,
The insects vanish, as his beams decline.

Not such our friends ; for here no dark design,
 No wicked interest, bribes the venal heart ;
 But inclination to our bosom leads,
 And weds them there for life ; our social cups
 Smile, as we smile ; open, and unreserv'd,
 We speak our inmost souls ; good-humour, mirth,
 Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,
 Smooth every brow, and glow on every cheek.

O happiness sincere ! what wretch would groan
 Beneath the galling load of power, or walk
 Upon the slippery pavements of the great,
 Who thus could reign, unenvy'd and secure ?

Ye guardian powers who make mankind your care,
 Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths,
 Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
 Th' expanded volume, and submit adore
 That great creative will, who at a word
 Spoke forth the wondrous scene. But if my soul
 To this gross clay confin'd, flutters on earth
 With less ambitious wing ; unskill'd to range
 From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way ;
 And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
 Worlds above worlds ; subservient to his voice,
 Who, veil'd in clouded majesty, alone
 Gives light to all ; bids the great system move,
 And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
 Unmov'd, unchang'd himself : yet this at least
 Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
 Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
 Of wealth, or honours ; but enough to raise
 My drooping friends, preventing modest want
 That dares not ask. And if, to crown my joys,
 Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
 Blooms in my life's decline ; fields, woods, and streams,
 Each towering hill, each humble vale below,
 Shall hear my cheering voice, my hounds shall wake
 The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.

ADDRESS

To his Elbow-chair new-clothed.

MY dear companion, and my faithful friend !
 If Orpheus taught the listening oaks to bend ;
 If stones and rubbish, at Amphion's call,
 Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall ;
 Why shouldst not *thou* attend my humble lays,
 And hear my grateful heart resound thy praise ?
 True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau ;
 But what are trappings and external show ?
 To real worth alone I make my court,
 Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport.
 Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay ;
 Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey ;
 The safe retreat of every lurking mouse ;
 Derided, shunn'd ; the lumber of my house !
 Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before !
 Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my sires of yore !
 'Tis thus capricious fortune wheels us round ;
 Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.
 Yet grateful *then*, my constancy I prov'd ;
 I knew thy worth ; my friend in rags I lov'd ;
 I lov'd thee *more* ; nor, like a courtier, spurn'd
 My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.
 With conscious shame, yet frankly I confess,
 That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee less.
 Where vanity, where pleasure call'd, I stray'd ;
 And every wayward appetite obey'd.
 But sage experience taught me how to prize
 Myself ; and how, this world : she bade me rise
 To nobler flights, regardless of a race
 Of factious eminets ; pointed where to place
 My bliss, and lodg'd me in thy soft embrace.
 Here on thy yielding down I sit secure ;
 And, patiently, what Heaven has sent, endure ;
 From all the futile cares of business free ;
 Not *fond* of life, but yet content to *be* :

Here mark the fleeting hours ; regret the past ;
And seriously prepare to meet the last.

So safe on shore the pension'd sailor lies ;
And all the malice of the storm defies :
With ease of body blest, and peace of mind,
Pities the restless crew he left behind ;
Whilst, in his cell, he meditates alone
On his great voyage, to the world unknown.

PATTISON.

OF the personal history of William Pattison, a youth equally remarkable for genius and imprudence, we have few particulars, and these particulars are of the sombre cast.

He was born at Peasemouth, near Rye, in Suffolk, in 1706, where his father rented an estate of the Earl of Thanet; and to his accidental connection with this noble family, he seems to have owed his celebrity and his misfortunes. By their patronage he was placed at the grammar school of Appleby, in Westmoreland, on account of some early indications of genius; and here he not only made a considerable proficiency in classical learning, but laid the foundation of his poetical reputation.

By some means, however, now unknown, he experienced the neglect of his patron, before he left Appleby school, and probably from this cause he lost his election to Queen's college, Oxford; but by the partial affection of his mother, he was sent to Sidney Sussex college, Cambridge, where his good humour, his talents, and his address, soon made him conspicuous. But, alas! he was neither diligent nor regular; and in dread of expulsion, he removed his name from the college book, and bade adieu to the university.

Hastening to London, he fell into the vortex of dissipation; and though some persons of distinction shewed a desire to patronize him, and encouraged him to publish his poems by subscription, his imprudence frustrated their benevolent designs of serving him; and at a period when he was reduced to the last extremity of distress, he was seized with the small-pox, which carried him off, in the 21st year of his age.

Mr. Andison has most liberally pleaded for his errors. He was, says that gentleman, as well by constitutional temper as by benevolent dispositions, and by sprightly

talents, a most agreeable companion. It will always be reflected upon with regret, that his companionable talents, and endearing qualities, procured him no useful connection, nor one solid and lasting advantage. He brought cares on himself, as many other young men of genius have done, to drive away cares from others, who, placed by fortune above injury, first seduced him from the great work of life, and then suffered him, after much anxiety and much trouble, to die of a broken heart.

“ His compositions,” says Andison, “ though little known, are characterised by a degree of tenderness, terseness, refinement, and harmony, which entitles them to the attention of the readers of poetry. They possess a considerable portion of the strong imagination of Spencer and Milton, and the rich melody of Dryden and Pope.” The words of Dr. Johnson, which the excellent Editor above-mentioned wishes were written in letters of adamant on the heart of every man of genius in the world, cannot be repeated too often, and apply but too well, we understand, to Pattison: “ Those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, should remember, that nothing can atone for the want of prudence; that negligence and irregularity long continued will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.”

His poetical remains were collected and published by the partiality of a friend; and some of them, written in the Ovidian stile, are not inferior to any compositions in the English language. “ His Epistle from Abelard to Eloisa,” in particular, is not unworthy of the model on which it was formed; it would have done no discredit to Pope himself.

THE COLLEGE LIFE.

TO A FRIEND.

Sid. Coll. Cantab. March 15, 1724-5.

SIR,

FROM sacred shades, and academic groves,
Where, lost in thought, a musing fancy roves ;
What kind endearing numbers shall I send,
To meet the critic in the fondling friend ?

Here learned solitudes salute our eyes,
And the gay scenes in real raptures rise ;
Through classic shades majestic domes aspire,
And dimly from the piercing eye retire.
Deep through the groves old Cam serenely flows,
Free from the prattling Naiads babbling noise.
His nymphs in gentle silence move along,
And hear their murmurs in some soft'ning song ;
Till by the forcing torrent borne away,
They mourn because they can no longer stay :
Poetic hills the wide horizon bound,
And wall the learned paradise around.

But yet—though all things with my soul agree,
Pall'd are my joys, and tasteless without thee ;
These visionary pleasures but renew
The real happiness I found in you :
Where venerable Cowley's sacred shade
The sweetest scene of solitude is made ;
When stretch'd at ease, amusingly we lay,
How tunefully the minutes danc'd away.

Oh ! sooth me, fancy, with some pleasing dream,
And gently waft me to Ituna's stream—
Hark ! the soft, balmy, breathing breezes blow—
Hark ! Hederinda's warbling murmurs flow—
Here oft I left the busy world behind,
And found the better part, in you refin'd.

But would you know how I divide my time,
Betwixt my studies, business, and my rhyme ?

Wak'd, by the promise of a day, we rise,
 And with our souls salute the dawning skies ;
 All sunmon'd, to devotion's fane repair,
 And piously begin the day with prayer ;
 Thence led by reason's glimmering light, descry
 The dark recesses of philosophy ;
 Through classic groves the wily wanton trace,
 And logically urge the puzzling chace.

But when the sounds of the presaging bell
 Noon's pleasurable invitation tell ;
 Moods, methods, figures, swim before my sight,
 And syllogisms wing their airy flight.
 Confus'd the fairy vision flits away—
 And no ideas, but of dinner stay.

Thus, fabled hags, at midnight's solemn noon,
 With magic spells enchant the labouring moon ;
 But when the cock proclaims the springing light,
 Each horrid phantom disappears in night.

Now, those, whom recreating toils invite,
 Pour'd on the plain, indulge their lov'd delight ;
 Now flies aloft in air the whirling ball,
 Anxious, the learned rabble wait its fall ;
 Pursu'd by wafting caps the fury flies,
 Rises in height, and lessens in the skies.

Thus healthfully refresh'd, we leave the plain,
 For pleasure oft repeated is but pain.
 Next we survey the vast capacious ball,
 And take long journies o'er the learned wall ;
 Or from her tender birth Britannia trace,
 And all her glories center'd in great Brunswick's race.
 The dark original of time renew,
 And bring three thousand wond'ring years to view.

Now to the muses soft retirements fly,
 Or soar with Milton, or with Waller sigh ;
 Each fav'rite bard o'erpays my curious view,
 For who can fail to please who charms like you.

To find us thus, Apollo takes his way,
 To sooth the sultry labours of the day ;
 The tuneful muses charm his list'ning ears,
 And in soft sounds he bears away his cares.

Thus, dearest Florio, thus my faithful friend,
 In learned luxury my time I spend ;

Till length'ning shades the setting sun display,
And falling dews lament the falling day :
Then, lost in thought, where aged Cam divides
Those verdant groves that paint his azure tides,
With musing pleasure I reflect aròund,
And stand enchanted on poetic ground.
Straight to my glancing thought those bards appear,
That fill'd the world with fame, and charm'd us here :
Here Spenser, Cowley, and that awful name
Of mighty Milton, flourish'd into fame ;
From these amusing groves, his copious mind,
The blooming shade of paradise design'd.
In these retirements Dryden fann'd his fire,
And gentle Waller tun'd his tender lyre ;
Hail ! happy bards, whilst thus I think I hear
Your tuneful melody improve my ear,
With rev'rence I approach each sacred shade,
Perhaps by your creating numbers made.
Delusion helps my fancy as I walk,
Hears waters murmur, and soft echoes talk ;
Through the dim shade its sacred poet sees,
Or hears his music in the wasted breeze.

Here Locke and Newton through the world were
known,
And made unravell'd nature's works their own ;
Too soon we lost those fav'rites of the sky,
Yet Florio may the double loss supply.
Haste, then, my friend, nor let me mourn your stay,
Lo ! the world suffers by your long delay—
Let prosp'rous fortune on your will attend,
And in your happy wishes bless your friend.

ROSAMOND TO HENRY:

AN EPISTLE.

Qualis populeâ mærens Philomela sub umbrâ
Flet noctem ramoque sedens, miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mæstis latè loca questibus implet.

VIRG. Georg.

FROM these lone shades, and ever-gloomy bowers,
Once the dear shade of Henry's softer hours!
What tender strains of passion can impart
'The pangs of absence to an amorous heart!
Far, far too faint the powers of language prove,
Language, that slow interpreter of love!
Souls pair'd like ours, like ours to union wrought,
Converse by silent sympathy of thought;
O then, by that mysterious art, divine
'The wild impatience of my breast, by thine!
And to conceive what I would say to thee,
Conceive, my love, what thou would'st say to me!
As in the tenderness of soul I sigh,
Methinks I hear thy tender soul reply;
And as in thought, o'er heaps of heroes slain,
I trace thy progress on the fatal plain,
Perhaps thy thought explores me through the grove,
And, soft'ning, steals an interval of love.
In the deep covert of a bow'ring shade
Describes my posture, languishingly laid!
Now, sadly solac'd with the nurm'ring springs,
Now, melting into tears, the softest things!
And how the feign'd ideas all agree!
So bowers the shade, so melt my tears for thee!
Here, as in Eden, once we blissful lay:
How oft night stole, unheeded, on the day!
Our soft-breath'd raptures charm'd the listening grove,
And all was harmony, for all was love!
But hark! the trumpet sounds! see discords rise!
'Tis honour calls; from me my Henry flies!
Honour, to him, more bright than Rosamonda's eyes!

Not thus my honour with his passion strove,
His sighs I pity, and indulg'd his love :
He then cry'd, honour was an empty name,
And love a sweeter recompence than fame.

Oh ! had I liv'd in some obscure retreat,
Securely fair, and innocently sweet ;
How had I blest some humble shepherd's arms !
How kept my fame as spotless as my charms !
Then, hadst thou ne'er beheld these eyes of mine,
Nor they bewail'd the fatal power of thine !
Dear fatal power ! to me for ever dear—
Fix'd in my tender breast, and rooted there !
For ever in my tender breast remain—
And be for ever a delightful pain !

With what surprise those glories first I view'd,
That in one moment my whole heart subdu'd !
With such resistless beams, so fierce they shone,
Not such the dazzling radiance of thy crown !
Sent from thy crown I never felt a dart ;
The lover, not the monarch, won my heart :
Nor e'er the monarch with such charms appears,
As when the lover's soften'd dress he wears :
As when he, silent, deigns my breast to seek,
And looks such language as no tongue can speak.

Whene'er my crimes, if love a crime can be,
If 'tis a crime to live, and die for thee !
In hideous forms arise, and cloud my soul,
One thought on Henry can that gloom controul :
No more my breast alternate passions move,
The frosts of honour melt before the fires of love.

Again I must repeat that fatal hour,
Which snatch'd my Henry from his Woodstock bower ;
When mad Bellona, with tumultuous cries,
The hero rous'd, and drown'd the lover's sighs.
Stretch'd on my downy couch, at ease I lay,
And sought by reading to beguile the day ;
With am'rous strains I sooth'd a grateful fire,
And all the woman glow'd with soft desire.
Till, as I wish'd, I heard the vocal breeze,
Proclaim my Henry rustling through the trees ;
O'erjoy'd I ran to meet thy longing arms,
And taste a dear remembrance of thy charms ;

But soon I saw some sad conceal'd surprise,
 Fade on thy cheeks, and languish on thy eyes ;
 Through each dissembled smile a sorrow stole,
 And whisper'd out the secret of thy soul.
 What this could mean, uncertain to divine,
 No fault I knew, yet fear'd some fault was mine.
 But soon thy love dispell'd those airy fears,
 Dispell'd, alas !—but brought too solid cares.
 For as with hands entwin'd in hands, we walk'd,
 Of love, and hapless lovers, still thou talk'd :
 Thy tears of pity answer'd each sad moan,
 And in their seeming mis'ries, wept thy own.
 “ I cannot leave her ! ”—I o'erheard thee say,—
 Pierc'd to the soul, I sunk, and dy'd away.
 What art restor'd me, thou alone canst tell,
 For thy kind arms embrac'd me as I fell.
 My opening eyes, fix'd on thy beauties, hung,
 And my ears drunk the cordial of thy tongue.
 Again my thoughts return with killing pain,
 Within thy arms I sink, and swoon again :
 Again thou dost my sweet physician prove,
 From death to life alternately I move,
 Now dead by anguish, now reviv'd by love.
 But when, without disguise, the truth I found,
 My agonizing sorrows knew no bound :
 My locks I tore, then, all entranc'd, I lay,
 Till by degrees my grief to words gave way,
 And soft I cry'd,—Oh ! stay, my Henry stay.
 One moment more ! add yet, and yet, a kiss !—
 Oh ! give me thine, and take my soul in this !
 Farewell !—perhaps, farewell for ever—oh !
 Who can sustain so dire a weight of woe ?

Ah, wretched maid ! alas, a maid no more !
 No herbs that spotless title can restore !
 Ah, who shall now protect thy injur'd fame ?
 Who shield thy weakness from th' assaults of shame ?
 Who lull thy anxious soul to balmy rest,
 If Henry, dearest Henry, flies thy breast ?

Yet, though he flies, your wings, ye angels, spread,
 And hover, guardians, o'er my Henry's head ;
 Who knows but this kind pray'r is pour'd too late,
 And he already struggles with his fate ?

Already wounded, pants, and gasps in death,
And Rosamonda is his latest breath?

Propitious Heaven! vouchsafe a gracious ear!
Grant these be only phantoms of my fear:
Heav'n still is gracious, if true suppliants pray;
And lo!—the foul chimæras fleet away!
'Transporting prospects to my wishes rise,
Beam on my soul, and brighten in my eyes!
He lives! he lives! I see his banner spread,
And laurels, wreath'd round the gay victor's head!
Ye winds! convey the news to Albion's floods!
Ye floods! resound it to the joyous woods!
Ye joyous woods! your tuneful choirs prepare
To hail my hero from the toils of war!

Delusive scenes! too beautiful to stay!
They fade in visionary streaks away.
Alas! no lovely Henry now is nigh!
His genius took his form to soothe my eye.
No more I seem his melting voice to hear!
Peace! babbling fountains! nor abuse my ear.
Ye flowers! ye streams! ye gales, no longer move!
For ah! how strong is fancy, join'd with love!

O! frail inconstancy of mortal state!
One hour dejected, and the next elate!
Rais'd by false hopes, or by false fears deprest,
How different passions sway the human breast!
Now smiling pleasures, with fair charms, invite,
Now frowning horrors, with black trains, affright.
Future distrusts the present joys controul,
And fancy triumphs o'er the reas'ning soul.

As mid the trees I solitary rove,
The trees awake some image of my love:
Where'er their arms in am'rous foldings join,
My longing arms I spread to fold in thine.
The beauteous flow'rs thy face reflected bear,
If flowers in beauty may with thee compare,
Their wafted fragrancies thy breath inspire,
And my soul kindles with ideal fire!
The thick-weav'd shades, and grove encircling grove,
Are emblems of th' eternity of love,
My blushing guilt the crimson roses paint,
And I, like roses, unsupported faint:

Like their's my youthful charms, if charms, consume,
For love, a closer canker, eats my bloom.

How blest might other nymphs survey these scenes,
Fountains and shades, and hills, and flow'ry greens ?
Prospects on prospects might detain the sight,
And still variety give new delight.
But I, with thee, should find in deserts ease ;
Without thee, not even Paradise could please.
Wilds, by thy presence, gardens would appear,
Gardens are wilds since Henry is not here.
Let grottos sink, or porticos arise ?
Heedless I view them with unpleasur'd eyes :
Their mantling umbrage cools the noon-day fire,
But what can cool a lover's fierce desire ?

In the deep bosom of a darksome shade,
By baleful yew and mournful cypress made ;
A widow turtle weeps her ravish'd love,
And sorrowfully solaces the grove,
Sometimes my passion I aloud disclose ;
The widow'd turtle, answering, cooes her woes.

Bred by my hand, my sorrow's sad relief,
A little linnet learns to sigh my grief ;
Taught by my voice, and by obedience tame,
The pretty lisper whistles Henry's name :
Perch'd on my head, the sylvan syren sings,
And tunes the harsher notes of gurgling springs.

Embosom'd in a vale, thou know'st the shade,
Fast by the murmurs of a soft cascade ;
There, while one night full beams of Cynthia play,
Warm was the night, with wand'rings tir'd, I lay,
Till, by degrees, the falling waters clos'd
My eye-lids, and my weary'd limbs repos'd.
Sudden the fairy monarch I behold,
Near he approach'd, and thus my fate foretold :
'Twas the same Oberon,* that once we saw
Circle the green, and give his dancers law.

Unhappy nymph ! thy beauty is thy crime,
And must such beauty perish in its prime !
No more great Henry shall enjoy these charms,
Nor thou, ill-fated fair, adorn his arms !

* King of the fairies.

Cropt like an opening rose thy fall I fear !
But rise and supplicate the vengeance near.

Then, as methought, I wak'd with threaten'd woes
Emerging from thick shades, a phantom rose.
One hand sustain'd—a short, but naked sword,—
And one a golden bowl, with poison stor'd,
The jealous queen, the frowning form express'd,
It spoke, and aim'd the dagger at my breast.

Arise ! nor ask thy crime—but choose thy fate,
Know prayers are vain—repentance is too late !
Vengeance is mine—Here ! drink this poison'd bowl,
Or this keen dagger drinks thy guilty soul !
It ceas'd : convulsions in my bosom strove,
My curdling blood scarce in stiff tides could move.
Thrice I cry'd Henry, with a feeble sound,
And thrice I started at the sad rebound !
Ev'n echo now grew frightful : with surprise
Trembling I lay, nor dar'd t' unveil my eyes,
Till warbling birds proclaim'd the morning light,
And told me 'twas a vision of the night ;
Yet not the morn could chase my gloomy care,
But winds and trees alarm'd my soul with fear,
While waving boughs, that in the sun-beams play'd,
Seem'd to show daggers in each pointed shade.

Why was I form'd with such a coward mind ?
The sport of shadows, or a rustling wind !
Nerves, better strung, did manly spirits warm,
Glad would I part with every female charm,
Then, cas'd in steel, the front of battle dare,
And, with great Henry, rouse the soul of war !
This arm shall guard the hero from the foe,
Repel the storm, or intercept the blow ;
And should my weakness in the warrior fail,
The soft beseeching woman should prevail ;
For thee, I'll soothe each proud insulting foe,
And melt him with petitionary woe ;
With thee, in every hardy hazard join,
In dangers save thy life, to make it mine.
By night, compose thy harass'd soul to rest,
And hush it on the pillow of my breast ;
With patient eyes eternal vigils keep,
And court good angels to protect thy sleep.

Alas, in vain I urge my frustrate will,
 I find myself a feeble woman still ;
 The feeble woman to my breast returns,
 For Henry's gone, and Rosamonda mourns !
 O ! see my eyes their streaming anguish pour,
 O ! hear my sighs increase the swelling shower ;
 What can I more than shed my tears and sighs ?
 Poor woman's strength alone in weakness lies ?

But whither is ungovern'd fancy flown ?
 Thoughts of impossibilities be gone !
 Guilt claims no miracles, nor Heaven conspires
 To aid my crimes, and fan my lawless fires.
 Life irksome grows ; detested is the light,
 And my soul dreads the visions of the night.
 Swift let me to some hallow'd convent go !—
 Can I for ever Henry leave ?—ah ! no :—
 But O lost innocence !—I lost a name :—
 O honour !—broken is the bubble, fame.
 Are my sins monstrous ? Do invented crimes,
 Alike unknown to past, or present times,
 Demand red vengeance ? Some peculiar curse ?—
 Crowds stand recorded for the same,—or worse.
 Have I, unpitying, heard the poor complain,
 Or seen the wretched weep, and weep in vain ?
 Have I my flame feign'd for a sordid end ?
 E'er wrong'd a foe, or e'er betray'd a friend ?
 Not to my charge such crimes has malice brought,
 Love, only love, is my unbounded fault :
 A fault, that sure may Heav'n to pity move,
 Since half of heav'n, 'tis said, consists in love.

Ah ! foolish nymph !—Here, view the queen ! the
 laws !—

But there, view Henry, as th' enchanting cause !
 By such a cause the priestess would retire,
 And quit the vestal for a nobler fire.

I will again th' immortal powers implore ;
 Brave Henry for Britannia's sake restore !
 In him she lives, to him her joys are due,
 And only sends her earliest thanks to you.
 But oh ! my lord, my darling lord, beware !
 Tempt not too bold the dangers of the war !

Think, when thou seest the fate impelling dart,
O! think it aim'd at Rosamonda's heart!

Were but each breast as soft as mine! no more
Should tumults rise, or martial thunders roar;
Heroes should scorn the glories of the field,
And the fam'd laurel to the myrtle yield:
For sweeter passions, sweeter strifes inspire,
And love alone should set the soul on fire.

May then these eyes in tears no longer mourn,
But cheerful hail their Henry's wish'd return!
O! swift, victorious, hush the war's alarms!
Swift, if thy Rosamonda boasts some charms,
Fly on the wings of love, and conquest to her arms!

Oct. 20, 1725.

HENRY TO ROSAMOND.

AN EPISTLE.

SHALL then his beateous Rosamonda mourn,
Nor Henry's soul the soft complaint return?
O cease, my fair, I deeply feel thy smart,
And all thy sorrows double in my heart:
Far from my breast, ye scenes of war, remove,
Far from my breast, be every scene but love;
Soft rising thoughts as when, in Woodstock bowers,
Joyful we lov'd away the laughing hours.

Now midnight rest relieves the soldier's care,
Hush'd are the drums, and every voice of war;
Faint gleam the fires along the dewy field,
And faint the noise, that sleeping coursers yield;
Yet love, the lordly tyrant of my breast,
Alarms my soul, and interrupts my rest;
In vain a nation's cares the monarch move,
For ah! far greater is the monarch Love!

Warm from my lips, thy tender letter lies,
And every word is magic to my eyes;
Weeping, I read, and hear thy soft-breath'd woes,
And all the warrior in the lover lose:

Then I by fancy vanish'd joys restore,
 Feast on false love, and act past pleasures o'er.
 Fancy can soothe my soul with pleasing dreams,
 While tented Gallia, bowery Woodstock seems;
 Led by delusive steps, in thought I rove
 Through well known greens, and every winding grove.
 There, haply on some flowery bank reclin'd
 My sweet reposing Rosamonda find;
 When then, for then thy secret thoughts I see,
 In pious slumbers breath'st thy soul to me;
 Dissolv'd with joy, and feasting on thy charms,
 I clasp thee in imaginary arms;
 And then—ah then!—I seem sincerely blest—
 Then only Rosamonda knows the rest—

O glories! empires! crowns! how weak ye prove,
 If thus out-rivall'd by a dream of love!
 O love! what joys thy real sweets bestow,
 When ev'n their shadows can transport me so!
 O bliss ecstatic! blest relief from cares!
 Thus let me lose my soul in softer wars!
 By love's transporting sighs my sweet alarms,
 Nor worlds, but Rosamonda crown my arms!
 In her alone, my full desires agree.
 Her charms are empires, glories, all to me!

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

IN my dark cell, low prostrate on the ground,
 Mourning my crimes, thy letter entrance found;
 Too soon my soul the well known name confest,
 My beating heart sprung fiercely in my breast;
 Through my whole frame a guilty transport glow'd,
 And streaming torrents from my eyes fast flow'd.

O Eloisa! art thou still the same?
 Dost thou still nourish this destructive flame?
 Have not the gentle rules of peace, and heaven?
 From thy soft soul this fatal passion driven?
 Alas! I thought you disengag'd, and free,
 And can you still, still sigh, and weep for me?

What powerful deity, what hallow'd shrine,
 Can save me from a love, a faith like thine ?
 Where shall I fly, when not this awful cave,
 Whose rugged feet the surging billows lave ;
 When not these gloomy cloister's solemn walls,
 O'er whose rough sides the languid ivy crawls ;
 When my dread vows, in vain, their force oppose,
 Opposing love, alas ! how vain are vows !
 In fruitless penance here I wear away
 Each tedious night, each sad revolving day :
 I fast, I pray ; and with deceitful art
 Veil thy dear image from my tortur'd heart.
 My tortur'd heart conflicting passions move,
 I hope, despair, repent, but still I love.
 A thousand jarring thoughts my bosom tear,
 For thou, not God, my Eloise, are there.
 To the false world's deluding pleasures dead,
 No longer by its wand'ring fires misled ;
 In learn'd disputes, harsh precepts I infuse,
 And give that counsel I want power to use.
 The rigid maxims of the grave and wise,
 Have quench'd each milder sparkle in my eyes ;
 Each lovely feature of this well-known face,
 By grief revers'd, assumes a sterner grace :
 O, Eloisa ! would the fates once more,
 Indulgent to thy wish, this form restore,
 How wouldst thou from these arms with horror start,
 To miss those charms, familiar to thy heart !
 Nor could thy quick, thy piercing judgment see,
 To speak thy Abelard, but love of thee :
 Lean abstinence, pale grief, and haggard care,
 The dire attendants of forlorn despair ;
 Have Abelard the gay, the young, remov'd,
 And in the hermit sunk the man you lov'd.

Wrapt in the gloom these holy mansions shed,
 The thorny paths of penitence I tread ;
 Lost to the world, from all its interest free,
 And torn from all my soul held dear in thee ;
 Ambition, with its train of frailties, gone,
 All loves, all forms forgot, but thine alone.

Amidst the blaze of day, and dusk of night,
 My Eloisa rises to my sight ;

Veil'd, as in Paraclete's sea-bathed tow'rs,
 The wretched mourner counts the lagging hours,
 I hear the sigh, see the swift-falling tears,
 Weep all her griefs, and pine with all her cares.
 O vows ! O converts ! your stern force impart,
 And frown the melting phantom from my heart ;
 Let other sighs a worthier sorrow show,
 Let other tears, for sin, repentant flow ;
 Low to the earth my guilty eyes I roll,
 And humble to the dust my contrite soul.
 Forgiving power ! your gracious call I meet,
 Who first impower'd this rebel heart to beat !
 Who through this trembling, this offending frame,
 For nobler ends diffus'd life's active flame :
 O change the temper of this throbbing breast,
 And form anew each beating pulse to rest !
 Let springing grace, fair faith and hope remove,
 The fatal traces of voluptuous love ;
 Voluptuous love from his soft mansion tear,
 And leave no tracks of Eloisa there.

Are these the wishes of thy inmost soul ?
 Would I its softest tend'rest peace controul ?
 Would I, thus touch'd, this gloomy heart resign
 To the cold substance of the marble shrine ?
 Transform'd like these pale saints that round me move,
 O bless'd insensibles ! that knew not love !
 Ah ! rather let me keep this hapless flame,
 Adieu, false honour, unavailing fame !
 Not your harsh rules, but tender love, supplies
 The streams that gush from my despairing eyes :
 I feel the traitor melt around my heart,
 And through my veins with treach'rous influence dart !
 Inspire me, Heaven ! assist me grace divine !
 Aid me, ye saints ! unknown to crimes like mine !
 You, while on earth, all pangs severe could prove,
 All but the tort'ring pangs of hopeless love.
 An holier rage in your pure bosoms dwelt,
 Nor can you pity what you never felt ;
 A sympathizing grief alone can cure,
 The hand that heals must feel what I endure.
 Thou, Eloise ! alone canst give me ease,
 And bid my struggling soul subside in peace ;

Restore me to my long lost heav'n of rest,
 And take thyself from my reluctant breast :
 If crimes like mine could an allay receive,
 That blest allay thy wond'rous charms must give.
 Thy form, which first my heart to love inclin'd,
 Still wanders in my lost, my guilty mind :
 I saw thee as the new-blown blossoms fair,
 Sprightly as light, and soft as summer air ;
 Wit, youth, and beauty, in each feature shone,
 Bless'd be my fate, I gaz'd, and was undone !
 There dy'd the gen'rous fire, whose vig'rous flame,
 Enlarg'd my soul, and led me on to fame ;
 Nor fame, nor wealth, my soften'd heart could move,
 My heart, insensible to all but love !
 Snatch'd from myself, my learning tasteless grew,
 And vain philosophy oppos'd to you.

A train of woes we mourn ! nor should we mourn
 The hours that cannot, ought not to return ;
 As once to love I sway'd thy yielding mind,
 Too fond, alas ! too fatally inclin'd !
 To virtue now let me thy breast inspire,
 And fan, with zeal divine, the holy fire ;
 Teach you to injur'd Heaven, all chang'd, to turn,
 And bid thy soul with sacred raptures burn.
 O that my own example could impart
 This noble warmth to thy soft trembling heart !
 That mine, with pious undissembled care,
 Might aid the latent virtue struggling there !
 Alas, I rave ! nor grace, nor zeal divine,
 Burns in a breast o'erwhelm'd with crimes like mine :
 Too sure I find, whilst I the fortune prove
 Of feeble piety, conflicting love,
 On black despair, my forc'd devotion built,
 Absence, to me, has greater pangs than guilt.

Ah ! yet my Eloise, thy charms I view,
 Yet my sighs break, and my tears flow for you ;
 Each weak resistance stronger knits my chain,
 I sigh, weep, love, despair, repent in vain !
 Haste, Eloisa, haste, thy lover free,
 Amidst thy warmer pray'rs, O think of me !
 Wing with thy rising zeal my grov'ling mind :
 And let me mine, from thy repentance find :

Ah ! labour, strive, thy love, thyself, controul,
 The change will sure affect my kindred soul :
 In blest concert our purer sighs shall grieve,
 And Heav'n assisting, shall our crimes forgive.
 But if unhappy, wretched, lost, in vain
 Faintly th' unequal combat you sustain :
 If not to Heaven you feel your bosom rise,
 Nor tears, refin'd, fall contrite from your eyes :
 If still thy heart thy wonted passions move,
 And thy tongue prompts thy tender soul to love ;
 Deaf to the weak essays of living breath,
 Attend the stronger eloquence of death.

When that kind power this captive soul shall free,
 Which, only then, can cease to doat on thee,
 When gently sunk to my eternal sleep,
 The Paraclete my peaceful urn shall keep ;
 Then, Eloisa, then, thy lover view,
 See, these quench'd eyes, no longer fix'd on you,
 From their dead orbs that tender utt'rance flown,
 Which first on your's my heart's soft tales made known.
 This breath no more, at length, to ease consign'd,
 Pant, like light aspines quiv'ring with the wind ;
 See, all my wild tumultuous passions o'er,
 And thou, amazing scene ! belov'd no more :
 Behold the destin'd end of human love,
 But let the sight thy zeal alone improve ;
 Let not thy conscious soul, with sorrow mov'd,
 Recal how much, how tenderly you lov'd !
 With pious care thy fruitless grief restrain,
 Nor let a tear thy sacred veil profane ;
 Nor e'en a sigh on my cold urn bestow,
 But let thy breath with sacred rapture glow ;
 Let love divine, frail mortal love, dethrone,
 And to thy mind immortal joys make known ;
 Let Heav'n, relenting, strike thy ravish'd view,
 And still the bright, the blest pursuit renew :
 So with thy crimes shall thy misfortunes cease,
 And thy wreck'd soul be calmly hush'd to peace.

HAMMOND.

THOUGH the Love Elegies of James Hammond are, perhaps, in this species of composition, the most popular in the English language, little is known of the poet, except that he was esteemed by his friends while living, and lamented by them when dead.

He was the son of Anthony Hammond, of Herefordshire, who served in parliament for Shoreham, and afterwards became a commissioner of the navy. Our Poet was born about the year 1710, and educated at Westminster School; but it does not appear that he was even sent to any university. He was early introduced into public life, being made equerry to the Prince of Wales, and ranked among his associates Cobham, Lytleton, and Chesterfield, whose warmest friendship he preserved through life.

It was his misfortune to become enamoured, when very young, with Miss Dashwood, a lady inexorably cruel, and whom neither prose nor verse could soften. It may perhaps teach her sex, however, more kindness, to be informed, that, with all her severity, she died an old maid, in 1779. To this unhappy attachment, which for a time disordered his senses, we owe his celebrated Elegies, which were written before he was twenty-two years old, and display all the imagery and pathos of Tibullus.

Johnson refuses their claim; but whatever critics may say, and his mistress might feel, the public voice is in favour of Hammond; and his Elegies are still the vademecum of lovers. He has not only imitated, but often improved on the Roman poet; and the ardour and continuance of his passion, shew that he was really in earnest, though perhaps he did not take the most effectual means to accomplish his object.

Hammond was brought into parliament for Truro, in Cornwall, in 1741, and died next year at Stowe, the

seat of Lord Cobham, in the thirty-second year of his age. His manners are said to have been polished, and his character highly respectable.

The poetry of Shenstone, and the prose of Chesterfield, have, with equal elegance and tenderness, paid tribute to his memory and talents. "Sincere in his love as in his friendship," says his noble encomiast, "Hammond wrote to his mistress as he spoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine sentiments of his heart; he sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write; it was nature and sentiment only that dictated to a real mistress, not youthful and poetic fancy to an imaginary one. Elegy, therefore, speaks here her own proper native language, the unaffected plaintive language of the tender passions, the true elegiac dignity and simplicity are preserved and united; the one without pride, the other without meanness."

Nor has his tuneful panegyrist been less warm in his praise.

"Perhaps ev'n Genius pours a slighted lay;
 Perhaps ev'n Friendship sheds a fruitless tear;
 Ev'n Lyttleton but vainly trims the bay,
 And fondly graces Hammond's mournful bier.

Though weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
 Renew their chaplets, and repeat their sighs;
 Though near his tomb Sabeau odours burn,
 The loitering fragrance, will it reach the skies?

No; should his Delia votive wreaths prepare,
 Delia might place the votive wreaths in vain:
 Yet the dear hope of Delia's future care,
 Once crown'd his pleasure, and dispell'd his pain."
 SHENSTONE'S Elegy.

To the fondness of affection in both cases, perhaps, something must be indulged.

LOVE ELEGIES.

“ Virginibus puerisque canto.”

First printed in 1743.

ELEGY I.

On his falling in Love with Neera.

FAREWELL that liberty our fathers gave,
In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain :
I saw Neera, and her instant slave,
Though born a Britain, hugg'd the servile chain.

Her usage well repays my coward heart,
Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame,
No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

Oh ! that to feel these killing pangs no more,
On Scythian hills I lay a senseless stone,
Was fix'd a rock amidst the watery roar,
And in the vast Atlantic stood alone.

Adieu, ye muses, or my passion aid,
Why should I loiter by your idle spring ?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do not ask the lofty Epic strain,
Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere ;
I only sing one cruel maid to gain,
Adieu, ye muses, if she will not hear.

No more in useless innocence I'll pine,
Since guilty presents win the greedy fair,
I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine,
But chiefly thine, O Venus, will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
 Who bends on sordid gold her low desires :
 Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
 But love must act what avarice requires.

Unwise, who first, the charm of nature lost,
 With Tyrian purple soil'd the snowy sheep ;
 Unwiser still who seas and mountains crost,
 To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep :

These costly toys our silly fair surprise,
 The shining follies cheat their feeble sight,
 Their hearts secure in trifles, love despise,
 'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind,
 And earthly thoughts beneath a heavenly face ;
 Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
 Yet smooth and polish to each outward grace ?

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear,
 Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long,
 Hence tears and sighs, and hence the peevish fair,
 The froward lover—hence this angry song.

ELEGY II.

Unable to satisfy the covetous temper of Neera, he intends to make a Campaign, and try, if possible, to forget her.

Adieu, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair,
 No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound,
 My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
 My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's sound.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile,
 On spoil and war is bent this iron age :
 Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
 Unsated vengeance, and remorseless rage.

To purchase spoil, even love itself is sold,
 Her lover's heart is least Neera's care,
 And I through war must seek detested gold,
 Not for myself, but for my venal fair :

That while she bends beneath the weight of dress,
The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien ;
And art mistaken make her beauty less,
While still it hides some graces better seen.

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,
Hers be the wealth of Tagus' golden sand,
Hers the bright gems that glow in India's soil ;
Hers the black sons of Afric's sultry land.

To please her eye let every loom contend,
For her be rifled ocean's pearly bed,
But where, alas ! ' would idle fancy tend,
And soothe with dreams a youthful poet's head ?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
While I their selfish luxury upbraid,
And scorn the person where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
And hide in threats the weakness of my mind :
In vain,—though reason fly the hated door,
Yet love, the coward love, still lags behind.

ELEGY III.

He upbraids and threatens the avarice of Neæra, and resolves to quit her.

Should Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents stream from every part,
That craving bosom still would heave for more,
Not all the gods could satisfy thy heart :

But may thy folly, which can thus disdain
My honest love, the mighty wrong repay,
May midnight fire involve thy sordid gain,
And on the shining heaps of rapine prey :

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom ;
And, when thou dy'st, may not one heart be griev'd.
May not one tear bedew thy lonely tomb.

But the deserving, tender, generous maid,
 Whose only care is her poor lover's mind,
 Though ruthless age may bid her beauty fade,
 In every friend to love, a friend shall find :

And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,
 When dead she seems as in a gentle sleep,
 'The pitying neighbour shall her loss deplore,
 And round the bier assembled lovers weep :

With flowery garlands, each revolving year,
 Shall strow the grave where truth and softness rest,
 'Then home returning, drop the pious tear,
 And bid the turf lie easy on her breast.

ELEGY IV.

*To his Friend, written under the confinement of a long in-
 disposition.*

While calm you sit beneath your secret shade,
 And lose in pleasing thought the summer-day,
 Or tempt the wish of some unpractis'd maid,
 Whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray :

'The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled,
 Lonely and sick, on death is all my thought,
 Oh, spare, Persephone, this guiltless head,
 Love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault.

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd,
 My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace ;
 No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,
 Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face :

No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast,
 'This pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane,
 I ne'er disturb'd the gods eternal rest
 With curses loud,—but oft have pray'd in vain.

No stealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
 Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand :
 Ah ! why so soon the tender blossom tear !
 Ere autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand ?

Ye gods, whoe'er in gloomy shades below,
 Now slowly tread your melancholy round ;
 Now wandering view the paleful rivers flow,
 And musing, harken to their solemn sound :

Oh, let me still enjoy the cheerful day,
 Till, many years unheeded o'er me roll'd :
 Pleas'd in my age, I trifle life away,
 And tell how much he lov'd, ere I grew old.

But you, who now, with festive garlands crown'd,
 In chase of pleasure the gay moments spend,
 By quick enjoyment heal love's pleasing wound,
 And grieve for nothing but your absent friend.

ELEGY V.

The Lover is at first introduced speaking to his Servant, he afterwards addresses himself to his Mistress, and at last there is a supposed interview between them.

With wine, more wine, deceive thy master's care,
 Till creeping slumber soothe his troubled breast,
 Let not a whisper stir the silent air,
 If hapless love a while consent to rest.

Untoward guards beset my Cynthia's doors,
 And cruel locks th' imprison'd fair conceal,
 May lightnings blast whom love in vain implores,
 And Jove's own thunder rive those bolts of steel.

Ah, gentle door, attend my humble call,
 Nor let thy sounding hinge or thefts betray,
 So all my curses far from thee shall fall,
 We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Remember now the flowery wreathes I gave
 When first I told thee of my bold desires,
 Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful slave,
 Venus will favour what herself inspires.

She guides the youth who see not where they tread,
 She shows the virgin how to turn the door,
 Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
 And not a step betray her on the floor.

The fearless lover wants no beam of light,
 The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way;
 Sacred he wanders through the pathless night,
 Belongs to Venus, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,
 Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
 If all the hardships I for love sustain,
 With love's victorious joys at last be crown'd :

With sudden step let none our bliss surprise,
 Or check the freedom of secure delight——
 Rash man, beware, and shut thy curious eyes,
 Lest angry Venus snatch their guilty sight.

But shouldst thou see, th' important secret hide,
 Though question'd by the powers of earth and heaven,
 The prating tongue shall love's revenge abide,
 Still sue for grace, and never be forgiven.

A wizard dame, the lover's ancient friend,
 With magic charm has deaf't thy husband's ear,
 At her command I saw the stars descend,
 And winged lightnings stop in mid career.

I saw her stamp, and cleave the solid ground,
 While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam ;
 I saw them harken to her potent sound,
 'Till scar'd at day, they sought their dreary home.

At her command the vigorous summer pines,
 And wintery clouds obscure the hopeful year ;
 At her strong bidding gloomy winter shines,
 And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms, which I on thee bestow,
 They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind,
 For me they make a husband nothing know,
 For me, and only me, they make him blind :

But what did most this faithful heart surprise.
 She boasted that her skill could set it free ;
 This faithful heart the boasted freedom flies ;
 How could it venture to abandon thee ?

ELEGY VI.

*He adjures Delia to pity him, by their friendship with
Cælia, who was lately dead.*

Thousands would seek the lasting peace of death;
And in that harbour shun the storm of care,
Officious hope still holds the fleeting breath,
She tells them still,—to-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, Delia, I shall thee obtain,
But can I listen to her syren song,
Who seven slow months have dragg'd my painful chain,
So long thy lover, and despis'd so long?

By all the joys thy dearest Cælia gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn;
So may her ashes find a peaceful grave.
And sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn.

To her I first avow'd my timorous flame,
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue,
She still would pity what the wise might blame,
And feel for weakness which she never knew:

Ah, do not grieve the dear lamented shade,
That hovering round us all my suffering hears,
She is my saint; to her my prayers are made,
With oft repeated gifts of flowers and tears:

To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,
And lonely sitting by the silent stone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire,
The marble image seems to hear my moan:

The friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
And stand before thee all in virgin white;
That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night:

Cease, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
Though much thou suffer, to thyself complain:
Ah, to recal the sad remembrance spare,
One tear from her is more than all thy pain.

ELEGY VII.

On Delia's being in the Country, where he supposes she stays to see the Harvest.

Now Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that still in town remain,
Venus herself attends on Delia there,
And Cupid sports amid the sylvan train.

Oh, with what joy, my Delia, to behold !
I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the slow plough-share through the stubborn mold,
And patient goad the loitering ox along :

The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,
Nor heed the blister on my tender hand ;
The great Apollo wore the same disguise,
Like me subdu'd to love's supreme command.

No healing herbs could soothe their master's pain,
The art of physic lost, and useless lay,
To Peneus' stream, and Tempe's shady plain,
He drove the herds beneath the noon-tide ray :

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His blushing sister saw him pace along ;
Oft would his voice the silent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.

Where are his triumphs ? where his warlike toil ?
Where by his darts the crested Python slain ?
Where are his Delphi ? his delightful isle ?
The god himself is grown a cottage swain.

O, Ceres ! in your golden fields no more,
With harvest's cheerful pomp, my fair detain,—
Think what for lost Proserpina you bore,
And in a mother's anguish feel my pain.

Our wiser fathers left their fields unsown,
The food was acorns, love their sole employ,
They met, they lik'd, they staid but till alone,
And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy.

No wakeful guard, no doors to stop desire,
 Thrice happy times!—But oh, I fondly rave!
 Lead me to Delia, all her eyes inspire
 I'll do.—I'll plough, or dig, as Delia's slave.

ELEGY VIII.

He despairs that he shall ever possess Delia.

Ah, what avails thy lover's pious care?
 His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain,
 Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle prayer.
 For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain:

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
 Till in thy arms an age of joy was past,
 Then, old with love, insensibly decay,
 And on thy bosom gently breathe my last,

I scorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
 And all the vulgar charms of human life,
 I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
 And, when I long have serv'd her, call her wife:

I only ask, of her I love possess,
 To sink, o'ercome with bliss, in safe repose,
 To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
 And kiss her wearied eye-lids till they close.

Attend, O Juno! with thy sober ear,
 Attend, gay Venus, parent of desire;
 This one fond wish, if you refuse to hear,
 Oh, let me with this sigh of love expire!

ELEGY IX.

He has lost Delia.

He who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
 And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
 Hard was the man, but harder, in my mind,
 The lover still, who dy'd not of despair:

With mean disguise let others nature hide,
 And mimic virtue with the paint of art,
 I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
 And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
 And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize;
 While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
 And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise.

Sad is my day, and sad my lingering night,
 When, wrapt in silent grief, I weep alone,
 Delia is lost, and all my past delight
 Is now the source of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
 Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
 Where is the shape that might have blest my arms?
 Where are those hopes relentless fate denies?

When spent with endless grief I die at last,
 Delia may come, and see my poor remains,—
 Oh, Delia! after such an absence past,
 Canst thou still love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend,
 With eyes averted light the solemn pyre,
 Till all around the doleful flames ascend,
 Then, slowly sinking, by degrees expire?

To soothe the hovering soul be thine the care,
 With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
 In sable weeds the golden vase to bear,
 And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand!

Panchaia's odours be their costly feast,
 And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year;
 Give them the treasures of the farthest East,
 And, what is still more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride,
 Let all the world thy hapless lover know,
 No silent urn the noble passion hide,
 But deeply graven thus my sufferings show:

Here lies a youth, borne down with love and care,
 He could not long his Delia's loss abide,
 Joy left his bosom with the parting fair,
 And when he durst no longer hope, he dy'd.

ELEGY X.

On Delia's birth-day.

This day, which saw my Delia's beauty rise,
 Shall more than all our sacred days be blest,
 The world enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
 Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

By all our guarded sighs, and hid desires,
 Oh, may our guiltless love be still the same !
 I burn, and glory in the pleasing fires,
 If Delia's bosom share the mutual flame.

Thus happy genius of her natal hour,
 Accept her incense, if her thoughts be kind ;
 But let her court in vain thy angry power,
 If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And thou, O Venus ! hear my righteous prayer,
 Or bind the shepherdess, or loose the swain,
 Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
 And let them die together in thy chain :

What I demand, perhaps her heart desires,
 But virgin fears her nicer tongue restrain ;
 The secret thought, which blushing love inspires,
 The conscious eye can full as well explain.

ELEGY XI.

*Against Lovers going to war, in which he philosophically
 prefers love and Delia to the more serious vanities of
 the world.*

The man who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
 How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
 He gave the wound encountering nations feel,
 And death grew stronger by his fatal art :

Yet not from steel debate and battle rose,
 'Tis gold o'erturns the even scale of life,
 Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
 Till partial luxury began the strife.

Let spoil and victory adorn the bold,
 While I inglorious neither hope nor fear,
 Perish the thirst of honour, thirst of gold,
 Ere for my absence Delia lose a tear :

Why should the lover quit his pleasing home,
 In search of danger on some foreign ground ;
 Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
 And risk in every stroke a double wound ?

Ah, better far, beneath the spreading shade,
 With cheerful friends to drain the sprightly bowl,
 To sing the beauties of my darling maid,
 And on the sweet idea feast my soul :

Then full of love to all her charms retire,
 And fold her blushing to my eager breast,
 Till, quite o'ercome with softness, with desire,
 Like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to rest.

ELEGY XII.

To Delia.

No second love shall e'er my heart surprise,
 This solemn league did first our passion bind :
 Thou, only thou, canst please thy lover's eyes,
 Thy voice alone can soothe his troubled mind.

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me,
 Displease all others, and secure my rest,
 No need of envy,—let me happy be,
 I little care that others know me blest.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
 Where never human footstep mark'd the ground :
 Thou, light of life, all darkness canst expel,
 And seem a world with solitude around.

I say too much—my heedless words restore,
 My tongue undoes me in this loving hour ;
 Thou know'st my strength, and thence insulting more,
 Will make me feel the weight of all my power :

Whate'er I feel, thy slave I will remain,
 Nor fly the burden I am form'd to bear,
 In chains I'll sit me down at Venus' fane,
 She knows my wrongs, and will regard my prayer.

ELEGY XIII.

*He imagines himself married to Delia, and that content
 with each other, they are retired into the Country.*

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
 And view their fields, with waving plenty crown'd,
 Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
 And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound:

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
 Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
 No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
 But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
 And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
 Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
 Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
 I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
 Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
 And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
 And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast ?
 Or, lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
 Secure and happy, sink at last to rest ?

Or, if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
 By shady rivers indolently stray,
 And with my Delia, walking side by side,
 Hear how they murmur, as they glide away ?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
 To stop, and gaze on Delia as I go ?
 To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
 And teach my lovely scholar all I know ?

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
 In silent happiness I rest unknown ;
 Content with what I am, not what I seem,
 I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man, who thus of her possest,
 Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
 And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
 Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind !

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
 Nor trust to happiness that's not our own ;
 The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
 But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wisdom as in wit divine,
 May rise, and plead Britannia's glorious cause,
 With steady rein his eager wit confine,
 While manly sense the deep attention draws.

Let Stanhope speak his listening country's wrongs,
 My humble voice shall please one partial maid,
 For her alone I pen my tender song,
 Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural friend,
 Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
 With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
 And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Hers be the care of all my little train,
 While I with tender indolence am blest,
 The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
 By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
 In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock ;
 For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
 And sleep extended on the naked rock :

Ah, what avails to press the stately bed,
 And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
 By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
 And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep ?

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
 Exceed the paint of thought in true delight ;
 With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
 And equal rapture glows through every night :

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
 To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind ;
 In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
 I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others' loves are o'er,
 And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
 Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
 Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
 Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,
 Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
 Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still :

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
 Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart ;
 Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead,
 These weeping friends will do thy mournful part :

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
 Convey the corse in melancholy state,
 Through all the village spread the tender tear,
 While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

ELEGY XIV.

To Delia.

What scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
 In some lone spot with peace and thee retir'd !
 'Though reason then my sanguine fondness blam'd,
 I still believ'd what flattering love inspir'd :

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind,
To dangerous bliss no longer to pretend,
In books a calm, but fix'd content to find
Safe joys, that on ourselves alone depend :

With them the gentle moments I beguile,
In learned ease, and elegant delight ;
Compare the beauties of each different style,
Each various ray of wits's diffusivè light :

Now mark the strength of Milton's sacred lines,
Sense rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
Where all the glory of the Godhead shines,
And earliest innocence enchants the heart.

Now, fir'd by Pope and virtue, leave the age
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song.

If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
And reason fix its empire o'er my heart,
My patriot breast a noble warmth shall feel,
And glow with love, where weakness has no part.

Thy heart, O Lyttleton, shall be my guide,
Its fire shall warm me, and its worth improve ;
'Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

And you, O West, with her your partner dear,
Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,
With learning's feast my drooping mind shall cheer,
Glad to escape from love to such a friend.

But why, so long my weaker heart deceive !
Ah, still I love, in pride and reason's spite,
No books, alas ! my painful thoughts relieve,
And while I threat, this elegy I write.

ELEGY XV.

To Mr. George Grenville.

Oh, form'd alike to serve us, and to please ;
Polite with honesty, and learn'd with ease ;
With heart to act, with genius to retire ;
Open, yet wise ; though gentle, full of fire :
With thee I scorn the low constraint of art,
Nor fear to trust the follies of my heart ;
Hear then from what my long despair arose,
'The faithful story of a lover's woes.
When, in a sober melancholy hour,
Reduc'd by sickness under reason's power,
I view'd my state, too little weigh'd before,
And love himself could flatter me no more,
My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive,
But whom my passion hurt, through friendship leave ;
I chose the coldest words my heart to hide,
And cure her sex's weakness through its pride :
The prudence which I taught, I ill pursu'd,
The charm my reason broke, my heart renew'd :
Again submissive to her feet I came,
And prov'd too well my passion by my shame ;
While she, secure in coldness, or disdain,
Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain,
Began with higher views her thoughts to raise,
And scorn'd the humble poet of her praise :
She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,
And strengthen'd by her faith each groundless tale,
Believ'd the grossest arts that malice try'd,
Nor once in thought was on her lover's side :
Oh, where were then the scenes of fancied life ?
Or, where the friend, the mistress, and the wife ?
Her years of promis'd love were quickly past,
Not two revolving moons could see them last.—
To Stow's delightful scenes I now repair,
In Cobham's smile to lose the gloom of care !
Nor fear that he my weakness should despise,
In nature learned, and humanely wise :

There Pitt, in manners soft, in friendship warm,
 With mild advice my listening grief shall charm,
 With sense to counsel, and with wit to please,
 A Roman's virtue with a courtier's ease.
 Nor you, my friend, whose heart is still at rest,
 Contemn the human weakness of my breast ;
 Reason may chide the faults she cannot cure,
 And pains, which long we scorn'd, we oft endure ;
 Though wiser cares employ your studied mind,
 Form'd with a soul so elegantly kind,
 Your breast may lose the calm it long has known,
 And learn my woes to pity, by its own.

ELEGY XVI.

To Miss Dashwood.

O say, thou dear possessor of my breast,
 Where's now my boasted liberty and rest !
 Where the gay moments which I once have known !
 O, where that heart I fondly thought my own !
 From place to place I solitary roam,
 Abroad uneasy, not content at home.
 I scorn the beauties common eyes adore ;
 The more I view them, feel thy worth the more ;
 Unmov'd I hear them speak, or see them fair,
 And only think on thee, who art not there.
 In vain would books their formal succour lend,
 Nor wit nor wisdom can relieve their friend ;
 Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
 And wisdom shows the ill without the cure.
 When from thy sight I waste the tedious day,
 A thousand schemes I form, and things to say ;
 But when thy presence gives the time I seek,
 My heart's so full, I wish, but cannot speak.
 And could I speak with eloquence and ease,
 Till now not studious of the art to please,
 Could I, at woman who so oft exclaim,
 Expose (nor blush) thy triumph and my shame,
 Abjure those maxims I so lately priz'd,
 And court that sex I foolishly despis'd,

Own thou hast soften'd my obdurate mind,
And thus reveng'd the wrongs of womankind ;
Lost were my words, and fruitless all my pain,
In vain to tell thee, all I write in vain ;
My humble sighs shall only reach thy ears,
And all my eloquence shall be my tears.

And now, for more I never must pretend,
Hear me not as thy lover, but thy friend ;
Thousands will fain thy little heart ensnare,
For without danger none like thee are fair ;
But wisely choose who best deserves thy flame,
So shall the choice itself become thy fame ;
Nor yet despise, though void of winning art,
The plain and honest courtship of the heart :
The skilful tongue in love's persuasive lore,
Though less it feels, will please and flatter more,
And, meanly learned in that guilty trade,
Can long abuse a fond, unthinking maid.
And since their lips, so knowing to deceive,
Thy unexperienc'd youth might soon believe ;
And since their tears, in false submission drest,
Might thaw the icy coldness of thy breast ;
O! shut thine eyes to such deceitful woe :
Caught by the beauty of thy outward show,
Like me they do not love, whate'er they seem,
Like me—with passion founded on esteem.

SAVAGE.

MISFORTUNE and imprudence so deeply mark the life of Richard Savage, that it is painful to record even its prominent passages. This task, however, Johnson has performed with all the ardour of friendship.

Savage was born in 1698, and is reputed the son of Anne, Countess of Macclesfield, by Richard Savage, Earl of Rivers. Though his mother might love the offence, she evidently hated the witness which brought it to light; for she not only wished to sink him in poverty, and to keep him in ignorance of his origin, but when she found that impossible, she pursued him with unrelenting rancour, and intercepted the friendship of others. He was placed with a poor woman, a shoemaker's wife, who passed for his mother till her death. By some means, however, he received a grammar school education; and on discovering his parentage, he forsook the trade of a shoemaker, to which he had been apprenticed; and trying in vain to excite his mother's affection, felt the dormant powers of genius awakened within him, and sought relief from his pen. He attempted dramatic compositions, and in this he was not wholly unsuccessful; but he was one of those unhappy beings whom it is impossible to serve; for when Lord Tyrconnel, a relation of his mother, took him into his house, and treated him on terms of equality, his conduct is said to have been so inconsistent, that he was obliged to throw him again on the open world. While in this eligible situation under Lord Tyrconnel's roof, he produced "The Wanderer," his largest and most celebrated poem; and after his disgrace appeared "The Bastard," which, though it stung his mother, did not move her compassion, or alter her conduct.

Savage was now frequently destitute of bread and of lodging. It is mentioned, that Johnson and he have occasionally walked the streets all night, because they

could not pay for a bed. At last, his friends raised a small subscription, on the produce of which he was to retire, and live in Wales. But he offended or neglected those who were most zealous to serve him, and finally died in Bristol jail, in 1743, in the 46th year of his age.

Of his character, says Johnson, the most striking peculiarities have been displayed in the relation of his life. He was undoubtedly a man of excellent parts; and had he received the advantage of a liberal education, and had his natural talents been cultivated to the best advantage, he might have made a respectable figure in life. He was happy in an agreeable temper and a lively flow of wit, which made his company much coveted: nor was his judgment both of writings and of men inferior to his wit; but he was too much a slave to his passions, and his passions were too easily excited.

He was warm in his friendships, but implacable in his enmity; and his greatest fault, which is indeed the greatest of all faults, was ingratitude. Vanity, the most innocent species of pride, was most frequently predominant; and his veracity was often questioned, and not without reason.

As an author, if one piece, which he had resolved to suppress, be excepted, Savage has very little to fear from the strictest moral or religious censure. And though he may not be altogether secure against the objections of the critic, it must however be acknowledged, that his works are the production of a genius truly poetical, and what many writers, who have been more lavishly applauded, cannot boast, that they have an original air, which has no resemblance of any foregoing writer; that the versification and sentiments have a cast peculiar to themselves, which no man can imitate with success; because, what was nature in Savage, would be in another affectation.

THE WANDERER: A VISION.

IN FIVE CANTOS.

CANTO I.

FAIN would my verse, Tyrconnel, boast thy name,
 Brownlowe, at once my subject and my fame!
 Oh! could that spirit, which thy bosom warms,
 Whose strength surprises, and whose goodness charms!
 That various worth! could that inspire my lays,
 Envy should smile, and censure learn to praise:
 Yet though unequal to a soul like thine,
 A generous soul, approaching to divine,
 When bless'd beneath such patronage I write,
 Great my attempt, though hazardous my flight.

O'er ample nature I extend my views;
 Nature to rural scenes invites the muse:
 She flies all public care, all venal strife,
 To try the still, compar'd with active life;
 To prove, by these the sons of men may owe
 The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
 That ev'n calamity, by thought refined,
 Inspirts and adorns the thinking mind.

Come, contemplation, whose unbounded gaze,
 Swift in a glance, the course of things surveys;
 Who in thyself the various view canst find
 Of sea, land, air, and heaven, and human-kind;
 What tides of passion in the bosom roll;
 What thoughts debase, and what exalt the soul,
 Whose pencil paints, obsequious to thy will,
 All thou survey'st, with a creative skill!
 Oh, leave awhile thy lov'd, sequester'd shade!
 Awhile in wintery wilds vouchsafe thy aid!
 Then waft me to some olive, bowery green,
 Where, cloth'd in white, thou show'st a mind serene;
 Where kind content from noise and court retires,
 And smiling sits, while muses tune their lyres:
 Where zephyrs gently breathe, while sleep profound
 To their soft fanning nods, with poppies crown'd;
 Sleep, on a treasure of bright dreams reclines,
 By thee bestowed; whence fancy colour'd shines,

And flutters round his brow a hovering flight,
Varying her plumes in visionary light.

Though solar fires now faint and watery burn,
Just where with ice Aquarius frets his urn!
If thaw'd forth issue, from its mouth severe,
Raw clouds, that sadden all th' inverted year.

When frost and fire with martial powers engag'd,
Frost, northward fled the war, unequal wag'd!
Beneath the pole his legions urg'd their flight,
And gain'd a cave profound and wide as night.
O'er cheerless scenes by desolation own'd,
High on an Alp of ice he sits enthron'd!
One clay-cold hand, his crystal beard sustains,
And scepter'd one, o'er wind and tempest reigns;
O'er stony magazines of hail, that storm
The blossom'd fruit, and flowery spring deform.
His languid eyes like frozen lakes appear,
Dim gleaming all the light that wanders here.
His robe snow-wrought, and hoar'd with age; his breath
A nitrons damp, that strikes petrific death.

Far hence lies, ever-freez'd, the northern main,
That checks, and renders navigation vain,
That, shut against the sun's dissolving ray,
Scatters the trembling tides of vanquish'd day,
And stretching eastward half the world secures,
Defies discovery, and like time endures!

Now frost sent boreal blasts to scourge the air,
To bind the streams, and leave the landscape bare;
Yet when, far west, his violence declines,
Though here the brook, or lake, his power confines;
To rocky pools, to cataracts are unknown
His chains!---to rivers, rapid like the Rhone!

The falling moon cast, cold, a quivering light.
Just silver'd o'er the snow, and sunk!---pale night
Retir'd. The dawn in light-gray mists arose!
Shall chants the cock!---the hungry heifer lows!
Slow blush yon breaking clouds;---the sun's uproll'd!
Th' expansive gray turns azure, chas'd with gold;
White-glittering ice, chang'd like the topaz, gleams,
Reflecting saffron lustre from his beams.

O contemplation, teach me to explore,
From Britain far remote, some distant shore!

From sleep a dream distinct and lively claim;
 Clear let the vision strike the moral's aim!
 It comes! I feel it o'er my soul serene!
 Still morn begins, and frost retains the scene!

Hark!---the loud horn's enlivening note's begun!
 From rock to vale sweet-wandering echoes run!
 Still floats the sound shrill-winding from afar!
 Wild beasts astonish'd dread the sylvan war!
 Spears to the sun in files embattled play,
 March on, charge briskly, and enjoy the fray!

Swans, ducks, and geese, and the wing'd winter-brood,
 Chatter discordant on yon echoing flood!
 At Babel thus, when heaven the tongue confounds,
 Sudden a thousand different jargon-sounds,
 Like jangling bells, harsh mingling grate the ear!
 All stare! all talk! all mean; but none cohere!
 Mark! wiley fowlers meditate their doom,
 And smoky fate speeds thundering through the gloom!
 Stop'd short, they cease in airy rings to fly,
 Whirl o'er and o'er, and, fluttering, fall and die.

Still fancy wafts me on! deceiv'd I stand,
 Estrang'd, adventurous on a foreign land!
 Wide and more wide extends the scene unknown!
 Where shall I turn, a WANDERER, and alone?

From hilly wilds, and deeps where snows remain,
 My winding steps up a steep mountain strain!
 Immers'd a top, I mark, the hills subside,
 And towers aspire, but with inferior pride!
 On this bleak height tall firs, with ice-work crown'd,
 Bend, while their flaky winter shades the ground!
 Hoarse, and direct, a blustering north-wind blows!
 On boughs, thick rustling, crack the crisped snows!
 Tangles of frost half-fright the wilder'd eye,
 By heat oft-blacken'd like a lowering sky!
 Hence down the side two turbid rivulets pour,
 And devious two, in one huge cataract roar!
 While pleas'd the watery progress I pursue,
 Yon rocks in rough assemblage rush in view!
 In form an amphitheatre they rise;
 And a dark gulf in their broad centre lies,
 There the dim'd sight with dizzy weakness fails,
 And horror o'er the firmest brain prevails!
 Thither these mountain-streams their passage take,
 Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful lake!

The lake, high-swelling, so redundant grows,
 From the heap'd store deriv'd, a river flows :
 Which, deepening, travels through a distant wood,
 And thence emerging, meets a sister-flood;
 Mingled they flash on a wide-opening plain,
 And pass you city to the far-seen main.

So blend two souls by heaven for union made,
 And strengthening forward, lend a mutual aid,
 And prove in every transient turn their aim,
 Through finite life to infinite the same.

Nor ends the landscape—ocean, to my sight,
 Points a blue arm, where sailing ships delight,
 In prospect lessen'd !---Now new rocks, rear'd high,
 Stretch a cross-ridge, and bar the curious eye;
 There lies obscur'd the ripening diamond's ray,
 And thence red-branching coral's rent away.

In conic form there gelid crystal grows ;
 Through such the palace-lamp, gay lustre throws !
 Lustre, which, through dim night, as various plays,
 As play from yonder snows the changeful rays !
 For nobler use the crystal's worth may rise,
 If tubes perspective hem the spotless prize ;
 Through these the beams of the far-lengthen'd eye
 Measure known stars, and new remoter spy.
 Hence commerce many a shorten'd voyage steers,
 Shorten'd to months, the hazard once of years ;
 Hence Halley's soul ethereal flight essays ;
 Instructive there from orb to orb she strays ;
 Sees, round new countless suns, new systems roll !
 Sees God in all ! and magnifies the whole !
 Yon rocky side enrich'd the summer scene,
 And peasants search for herbs of healthful green ;
 Now naked, pale, and comfortless it lies,
 Like youth extended cold in death's disguise.
 There, while without the sounding tempest swells,
 Incav'd secure th' exulting eagle dwells ;
 And there, when nature owns prolific spring,
 Spreads o'er her young a fondling mother's wing.
 Swains on the coast the far-fam'd fish descry,
 That gives the fleecy robe the Tyrian dye ;
 While shells, a scatter'd ornament bestow,
 The tinctur'd rivals of the showery bow,

Yon limeless sands, loose-driving with the wind,
 In future caldrons useful texture find,
 'Till, on the furnace thrown, the glowing mass
 Brightens, and brightening hardens into glass.
 When winter halcyons, flickering on the wave,
 'Tune their complaints, yon sea forgets to rave;
 'Though lash'd by storms, which naval pride o'erturn,
 The foaming deep in sparkles seems to burn,
 Loud winds turn zephyrs to enlarge their notes,
 And each safe nest on a calm surface floats.

Now veers the wind full east; and keen, and sore,
 Its cutting influence aches in every pore!
 How weak thy fabric, man!--A puff, thus blown,
 Staggers thy strength, and echoes to thy groan.
 A tooth's minutest nerve let anguish seize,
 Swift kindred fibres catch! so frail our ease!
 Pinch'd, pierc'd, and torn, inflam'd and unasswag'd,
 They smart, and swell, and throb, and shoot enrag'd!
 From nerve to nerve fierce flies th' exulting pain!
 — And are we of this mighty fabric vain?
 Now my blood chills! scarce through my veins it glides!
 Sure on each blast a shivering ague rides!
 Warn'd let me this bleak eminence forsake,
 And to the vale a different winding take!

Half I descend: my spirits fast decay;
 A terrace now relieves my weary way.
 Close with this stage a precipice combines;
 Whence still the spacious country far declines!
 'The herds seem insects in the distant glades,
 And men diminish'd, as, at noon, their shades!
 Thick on this top, o'ergrown for walks, are seen
 Gray leafless wood, and winter-greens between!
 The reddening berry, deep-ting'd holly shows,
 And matted misletoe, the white, bestows!
 Though lost the banquet of autumnal fruits,
 Though on broad oaks no vernal umbrage shoots!
 'These boughs, the silenc'd shivering songsters seek!
 'These foodful berries fill the hungry beak.

Beneath appears a place, all outward bare,
 Inward the dreary mansion of despair!
 The water of the mountain-road, half stray'd,
 Breaks o'er it wild, and falls a brown cascade.

Has nature this rough, naked piece design'd,
 To hold inhabitants of mortal kind?
 She has. Approach'd, appears a deep descent,
 Which opens in a rock a large extent!
 And hark!—its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear
 A trampling sound of footsteps hastening near!
 A death-like chillness thwarts my panting-breast:
 Soft! the wish'd object stands at length confess'd!
 Of youth his form!—But why with anguish bent?
 Why pin'd with sallow marks of discontent?
 Yet patience, labouring to beguile his care,
 Seems to raise hope, and smiles away despair.
 Compassion, in his eye, surveys my grief,
 And in his voice invites me to relief.
 Preventive of thy call, behold my haste,
 (He says) nor let warm thanks thy spirits waste!
 All fear forget—Each portal I possess,
 Duty wide-opens to receive distress.
 Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led;
 The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread!
 And now, in squar'd divisions, I survey
 Chambers sequester'd from the glare of day;
 Yet needful lights are taught to intervene
 Through rifts; each forming a perspective scene
 In front a parlour meets my entering view;
 Opposed, a room to sweet refection due.
 Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fire
 Through the bor'd rock above, the smoke expir'
 Near, o'er a homely board, a napkin's spread,
 Crown'd with a heapy canister of bread.
 A maple cup is next dispatch'd to bring
 The comfort of the salutary spring:
 Nor mourn we absent blessings of the vine,
 Here laughs a frugal bowl of rosy wine;
 And savoury cates, upon clear embers cast,
 Lie hissing, till snatch'd off; a rich repast!
 Soon leap my spirits with enliven'd power,
 And in gay converse glides the feastful hour.
 The hermit, thus: Thou wonder'st at thy fare:
 On me, you city, kind, bestows her care:
 Meat for keen famine, and the generous juice,
 That warms chill'd life, her charities produce:

Accept without reward ; unask'd 'twas mine ,
 Here what thy health requires, as free be thine .
 Hence learn that God, who, in the time of need,
 In frozen deserts can the raven feed,
 Well-sought, will delegate some pitying breast,
 His second means, to succour man distress'd .
 He paus'd. Deep thought upon his aspect gloom'd ;
 Then he, with smile humane, his voice resum'd .
 I'm just inform'd, and laugh me not to scorn,
 By one unseen by thee, thour't English born .
 Of England I—to me the British state
 Rises, in dear memorial, ever great !
 Here stand we conscious:—Diffidence suspend !
 Free flow our words !—Did ne'er thy muse extend
 To grotts, where contemplation smiles serene,
 Where angels visit, and where joys convene ?
 To groves, where more than mortal voices rise,
 Catch the rapt soul, and waft it to the skies ?
 This cave!—yon walks!—But, ere I more unfold,
 What artful scenes thy eyes shall here behold .
 Think subjects of my toil : nor wondering gaze !
 What cannot industry completely raise ?
 Be the whole earth in one great landscape found,
 By industry is all with beauty crown'd !
 He, he alone, explores the mine for gain,
 Hews the hard rock, or harrows up the plain ;
 He forms the sword to smite ; he sheaths the steel,
 Draws health from herbs, and shows the balm to heal ;
 Or with loom'd wool the native robe supplies ;
 Or bids young plants in future forests rise ;
 Or fells the monarch oak, which, borne away,
 Shall, with new grace, the distant ocean sway ;
 Hence golden commerce views her wealth increase,
 The blissful child of liberty and peace .
 He scoops the stubborn Alps, and, still employ'd,
 Fills, with soft fertile mould, the steril void ;
 Slip'd up white rocks, small, yellow harvests grow,
 And, green on terrac'd stages, vineyards blow !
 By him fall mountains to a level space,
 An isthmus sinks, and sunder'd seas embrace !
 He finds a city on the naked shore,
 And desolation starves the tract no more .

From the wild waves he won the Belgic land :
 Where wide they foam'd, her towns and traffics stand ;
 He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd the furtive ground,
 And firms the conquest with his fenceful mound.
 Ev'n mid the watery world his Venice rose,
 Each fabric there, as pleasure's seat he shows !
 There marts, sports, councils, are for action sought,
 Landscapes for health, and solitude for thought.
 What wonder then I, by his potent aid,
 A mansion in a barren mountain made ?
 Part thou hast view'd !—If further we explore,
 Let industry deserve applause the more.

No frowning care you blest apartment sees,
 There sleep retires, and finds a couch of ease.
 Kind dreams, that fly remorse, and pamper'd wealth,
 There shed the smiles of innocence and health.

Mark !—Here descends a grot, delightful seat !
 Which warms ev'n winter, tempers summer heat !
 See !—Gurgling from a top, a spring distills !
 In mournful measures wind the dripping rills ;
 Soft coos of distant doves, receiv'd around,
 In soothing mixture, swell the watery sound ;
 And hence the streamlets seek the terrace' shade,
 Within, without, alike to all convey'd.
 Pass on—new scenes, by my creative power,
 Invite reflection's sweet and solemn hour.
 We enter'd, where, in well-rang'd order, stood
 Th' instructive volumes of the wise and good.
 These friends, said he, though I desert mankind,
 Good angels never would permit behind.
 Each genius, youth conceals, or time displays,
 I know ! each work some seraph here conveys,
 Retirement thus presents my searchful thought,
 What heaven inspir'd, and what the muse has taught ;
 What young satiric and sublime has writ,
 Whose life is virtue, and whose muse is wit.
 Rapt I foresee thy Mallet's* early aim
 Shine in full worth, and shoot at length to fame
 Sweet fancy's bloom in Fenton's lay appears,
 And the ripe judgment of instructive years.

* He had then just written the Excursion.

In Hill is all that generous souls revere,
 To virtue and the muse for ever dear :
 And Thomson, in this praise, thy merit see,
 The tongue that praises merit praises thee.

These scorn, said I, the verse-wright of their age,
 Vain of a labour'd, languid, useless page ;
 'To whose dim faculty the meaning song
 Is glaring, or obscure, when clear and strong ;
 Who, in cant phrases, gives a work disgrace ;
 His wit, and oddness of his tone and face ;
 Let the weak malice, nurs'd to an essay,
 In some low libel a mean heart display ;
 Those, who once prais'd, now undeceiv'd, despise,
 It lives contemn'd a day, then harmless dies.
 Or should some nobler bard, their worth unpraise,
 Deserting morals that adorn his lays,
 Alas ! too oft each science shows the same,
 The great grow jealous of a greater name ;
 Ye bards, the frailty mourn, yet brave the shock :
 Has not a Stillingfleet oppos'd a Locke ;
 Oh, still proceed, with sacred rapture fir'd !
 Unenvy'd had he liv'd, if unadmir'd.

Let envy, he replied, all ireful rise,
 Envy pursues alone the brave and wise ;
 Maro and Socrates inspire her pain,
 And Pope, the monarch of the tuneful train !
 To whom be nature's, and Britannia's praise !
 All their bright honours rush into his lays !
 And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
 Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel !
 Though gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate,
 As elegance polite, as power elate ;
 Profound as reason, and as justice clear ;
 Soft as compassion, yet as truth severe ;
 As bounty copious, as persuasion sweet,
 Like nature various, and like art complete ;
 So fine her morals, so sublime her views,
 His life is almost equall'd by his muse.

O Pope !—Since envy is decreed by fate,
 Since she pursues alone the wise and great ;
 In one small, emblematic landscape see,
 How vast a distance 'twixt thy foe and thee !

Truth from an eminence surveys our scene,
 A hill, where all is clear, and all serene.
 Rude earth-bred storms o'er meaner valleys blow,
 And wandering mists roll, blackening far below ;
 Dark, and debas'd, like them, is envy's aim,
 And clear, and eminent, like truth, thy fame.

Thus I. From what dire cause can envy spring ?
 Or why embosom we a viper's sting ?
 'Tis envy's stings our darling passion, pride.
 Alas ! the man of mighty soul replied,
 Why choose we miseries ? Most derive their birth
 From one bad source—we dread superior worth ;
 Prefer'd, it seems a satire on our own ;
 Then heedless to excel we meanly moan :
 Then we abstract our views, and envy show,
 Whence springs the misery pride is doom'd to know.
 Thus folly pain creates : by wisdom's power,
 We shun the weight of many a restless hour—
 Lo ! I meet wrong ; perhaps the wrong I feel
 Tends, by the scheme of things, to public weal.
 I, of the whole am part—the joy men see,
 Must circulate, and so revolve to me.
 Why should I then of private loss complain ?
 Of loss, that proves, *per* chance, a brother's gain ?
 The wind, that binds one bark within the bay,
 May waft a richer freight its wish'd-for way.
 If rains redundant flood the abject ground,
 Mountains are but supplied, when vales are drown'd ;
 If, with soft moisture swell'd, the vale looks gay,
 The verdure of the mountain fades away,
 Shall clouds, but at my welfare's call descend ?
 Shall gravity for me her laws suspend ?
 For me shall suns their noon-tide course forbear ?
 Or motion not subsist to influence air ?
 Let the means vary, be they frost, or flame,
 Thy end, O nature ! still remains the same !
 Be this the motive of a wise man's care,—
 To shun deserving ills, and learn to bear.

CANTO II.

While thus a mind humane, and wise, he shows,
 All eloquent of truth his language flows.

Youth, though depress'd, through all his form appears ;
 Through all his sentiments the depth of years.
 Thus he—Yet further industry behold,
 Which conscious waits new wonders to unfold,
 Enter my chapel next—Lo ! here begin
 The hallow'd rites, that check the growth of sin.
 When first we met, how soon you seem'd to know
 My bosom, labouring with the throbs of woe !
 Such racking throbs !—Soft ! when I rouse these cares.
 On my chill'd mind pale recollection glares !
 When moping frenzy strove my thoughts to sway,
 Here prudent labours chas'd her power away.
 Full, and rough-rising from yon sculptur'd wall,
 Bold prophets nations to repentance call !
 Meek martyrs smile in flames ! god'd champions groan !
 And muse-like cherubs tune their harps in stone !
 Next shadow'd light a rounding force bestows,
 Swells into life, and speaking action grows !
 Here pleasing, melancholy subjects find,
 'To calm; amuse, exalt the pensive mind !
 This figure tender grief, like mine, implies,
 And semblant thoughts that earthly pomp despise
 Such penitential Magdalene reveals ;
 Loose-veil'd, in negligence of charms she kneels.
 Though dress, near-stor'd, its vanity supplies.
 The vanity of dress unheeded lies.
 'The sinful world in sorrowing eye she keeps,
 As o'er Jerusalem Messiah weeps.
 One hand her bosom anites ; in one appears
 The lifted lawn, that drinks her filling tears.
 Since evil outweighs good, and sways mankind,
 True fortitude assumes the patient mind :
 Such prov'd Messiah's, though to suffering born,
 To penury, repulse, reproach, and scorn.
 Here, by the pencil, mark his flight design'd ;
 The weary'd virgin by a stream reclin'd,
 Who feeds the child. Her looks a charm express,
 A modest charm, that dignifies distress.
 Laughs o'er their heads with blushing fruits depend
 Which angels to her busied consort bend.
 Hence by the smiling infant seems discern'd,
 'Tis his, concerning him, all Heaven concern'd,

Here the transfigur'd Son from earth retires:
 See! the white form in a bright cloud aspires!
 Full on his followers bursts a flood of rays,
 Prostrate they fall beneath th' o'erwhelming blaze!
 Like noon-tide summer-suns the rays appear,
 Unsufferable, magnificent, and near!

What scene of agony the garden brings;
 The cup of gall; the suppliant King of kings!
 The crown of thorns; the cross, that felt him die;
 These, languid in the sketch, unfinish'd lie.

There, from the dead, centurions see him rise,
 See! but struck down with horrible surprise!
 As the first glory seem'd a sun at noon,
 This casts the silver splendour of the moon.

Here peopled day, th' ascending God surveys!
 The glory varies, as the myriads gaze!
 Now soften'd, like a sun at distance seen,
 When through a cloud bright glancing, yet serene!
 Now fast increasing to the crowd amaz'd,
 Like some vast meteor high in æther rais'd!

My labour, yon high vaulted altar stains
 With dyes, that emulate ætherial plains.
 The convex glass, which in that opening glows,
 Mid circling rays a pictur'd Saviour shows!
 Bright it collects the beams, which, trembling all,
 Back from the God, a showery radiance fall.
 Lightening the scene beneath! a scene divine!
 Where saints, clouds, seraphs, intermingled shine!

Here water-falls, that play melodious round,
 Like a sweet organ, swell a lofty sound!
 The solemn notes bid earthly passions fly,
 Lull all my cares, and lift my soul on high!

This monumental marble—this I rear
 To one—Oh! ever mourn'd!—Oh! ever dear!
 He stopt—pathetic sighs the pause supply,
 And the prompt tear starts, quivering, on his eye!

I look'd—two columns near the wall were seen,
 An imag'd beauty stretch'd at length between.
 Near the wept fair, her harp Cecilia strung;
 Leaning, from high, a listening angel hung!
 Friendship, whose figure at the feet remains,
 A phoenix, with irradiate crest, sustains:

This grac'd one palm, while one extends t' impart
 'Two foreign hands, that clasp a burning heart.
 A pendent veil two hovering seraphs raise,
 Which opening heaven upon the roof displays !
 And two, benevolent, less distant, hold
 A vase, collective of perfumes uproll'd !
 These from the heart, by friendship held, arise,
 Odorous as incense gathering in the skies.
 In the fond pelican is love exprest,
 Who opens to her young her tender breast.
 Two mated turtles hovering hang in air,
 One by a falcon struck !—In wild despair,
 The hermit cries—So death, alas ! destroys
 The tender consort of my cares and joys !
 Again soft tears upon his eye-lid hung,
 Again check'd sounds dy'd, fluttering, on his tongue.
 Too well his pining inmost thought I know !
 Too well ev'n silence tells the story'd woe !
 'To his my sighs, to his my tears reply !
 I stray o'er all the tomb a watery eye !

Next, on the wall, her scenes of life I gaz'd,
 The form back-leaning, by a globe half-rais'd !
 Cherubs a proffer'd crown of glory show,
 Ey'd wistful by th' admiring fair below.
 In action eloquent dispos'd her hands,
 One shows her breast, in rapture one expands !
 'This the fond hermit seiz'd !—o'er all his soul,
 'The soft, wild, wailing, amorous passion stole !
 In stedfast gaze his eyes her aspect keep,
 Then turn away, awhile dejected weep ;
 Then he reverts them ! but reverts in vain,
 Dimm'd with the swelling grief that streams again.
 Where now is my philosophy, he cries,
 My joy, hope, reason, my Olympia dies !
 Why did I e'er that prime of blessings know ?
 Was it, ye cruel fates, t' embitter woe ?
 Why would your bolts not level first my head ?
 Why must I live to weep Olympia dead ?
 —Sir, I had once a wife ! Fair bloom'd her youth,
 Her form was beauty, and her soul was truth !
 Oh, she was dear ! How dear, what words can say ?
 She dies ?—my heaven at once is snatch'd away !

Ah! what avails, that, by a father's care,
 I rose a wealthy and illustrious heir?
 That early in my youth I learn'd to prove
 Th' instructive, pleasing, academic grove?
 That in the senate, eloquence was mine?
 That valour gave me in the field to shine?
 That love shower'd blessings too—far more than all
 High rapt ambition e'er could happy call?
 Ah!—what are these, which ev'n the wise adore?
 Lost is my pride! Olympia is no more!
 Had I, ye persecuting powers, been born
 The world's cold pity, or, at best, its scorn;
 Of wealth, of rank, of kindred warmth bereft;
 To want, to shame, to ruthless censure left!
 Patience, or pride, to this, relief supplies!
 But a lost wife!—there! there distraction lies!

Now three sad years I yield me all to grief,
 And fly the hated comfort of relief!
 'Though rich, great, young, I leave a pompous seat,
 My brother's now, to seek some dark retreat:
 Mid cloister'd solitary tombs I stray,
 Despair and horror lead the cheerless way!
 My sorrow grows to such a wild excess,
 Life, injur'd life, must wish the passion less!
 Olympia!—my Olympia's lost! I cry,
 Olympia's lost, the hollow vaults reply!
 Louder I make my lamentable moan;
 The swelling echoes learn like me to groan;
 The ghosts to scream, as through lone aisles they sweep;
 The shrines to shudder, and the saints to weep!

Now grief and rage, by gathering sighs suppress,
 Swell my full heart, and heave my labouring breast!
 With struggling starts, each vital string they strain,
 And strike the tottering fabric of my brain!
 O'er my sunk spirits frowns a vapoury scene,
 Woe's dark retreat! the madding maze of spleen!
 A deep damp gloom o'erspreads the murky cell;
 Here pining thoughts and secret terrors dwell!
 Here learn the great unreal wants to feign!
 Unpleasing truths here mortify the vain!
 Here learning, blinded first, and then beguil'd,
 Looks dark as ignorance, as frenzy wild!

Here first credulity on reason won !
 And here false zeal mysterious rants begun !
 Here love impearls each moment with a tear,
 And superstition owes to spleen her fear !

Fantastic lightnings, through the dreary way,
 In swift short signals flash the bursting day !
 Above, beneath, across, around, they fly !
 A dire deception strikes the mental eye !
 By the blue fires, pale phantoms grin severe !
 Shrill, fancy'd echoes wound th' affrighted ear !
 Air-banish'd spirits flag in fogs profound,
 And, all obscene, shed baneful damps around !
 Now whispers, trembling in some feeble wind,
 Sigh out prophetic fears, and freeze the mind !

Loud laughs the hag !—She mocks complaint away,
 Unroofs the den, and lets in more than day.
 Swarms of wild fancies, wing'd in various flight,
 Seek emblematic shades, and mystic light !
 Some drive with rapid steeds the shining car !
 'These nod from thrones ! Those thunder in the war !
 Till, tir'd, they turn from the delusive show,
 Start from wild joy, and fix in stupid woe.

Here the lone hour a blank of life displays,
 Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raise ;
 A fiend in evil moments ever nigh !
 Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye !
 Her eye, all red and sunk !—A robe she wore,
 With life's calamities embroider'd o'er.
 A mirror in one hand collective shows,
 Vary'd and multiply'd, that group of woes.
 This endless toe to generous toil and pain
 Lolls on a couch for ease ; but lolls in vain ;
 She mases o'er her woe-embroider'd vest,
 And self-abhorrence heightens in her breast.
 To shun her care, the force of sleep she tries,
 Still wakes her mind, though slumbers doze her eyes :
 She dreams, starts, rises, stalks from place to place,
 With restless, thoughtful, interrupted pace ;
 Now eyes the sun, and curses every ray,
 Now the green ground, where colour fades away.
 Dim spectres dance. Again her eyes she rears ;
 'Then from the blood-shot ball wipes purpled tears ;

Then presses hard her brow, with mischief fraught,
 Her brow half bursts with agony of thought!
 From me, she cries, pale wretch, thy comfort claim,
 Born of despair, and suicide my name!
 Why should thy life a moment's pain endure!
 Here every object proffers grief a cure.
 She points where leaves of hemlock blackening shoot!
 Fear not! pluck! eat, said she, the sovereign root!
 Then death, revers'd, shall bear his ebon lance!
 Soft o'er thy sight shall swim the shadowy trance!
 O'er leap yon rock, possess a watery grave,
 And leave wild sorrow to the wind and wave!
 Or mark—this poinard thus from misery frees!
 She wounds her breast!—the guilty steel I seize!
 Straight, where she struck, a smoking spring of gore
 Wells from the wound, and floats the crimson'd floor,
 She faints! she fades!—Calm thoughts the deed revolve,
 And now, unstartling, fix the dire resolve;
 Death drops his terrors, and, with charming wiles,
 Winning, and kind, like my Olympia smiles!
 He points the passage to the seats divine,
 Where poets, heroes, sainted lovers shine!
 I come, Olympia!—my rear'd arm extends;
 Half to my breast the threatening point descends;
 Straight thunder rocks the land! new lightnings play!
 When, lo! a voice resounds—Arise! away!
 Away! nor murmur at th' afflictive rod!
 Nor tempt the vengeance of an angry God!
 Fly'st thou from Providence for vain relief?
 Such ill-sought ease shall draw avenging grief.
 Honour, the more obstructed, stronger shines,
 And zeal by persecution's rage refines.
 By woe, the soul to daring action swells;
 By woe, in painless patience it excels;
 From patient, prudent dear experience springs,
 And traces knowledge through the course of things!
 Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,
 Renown:—whate'er men covet and caress.
 The vanish'd fiend thus sent a hollow voice,
 Would'st thou be happy? straight be death thy choice.
 How mean are those, who passively complain;
 While active souls, more free, their fetters strain!

Though knowledge thine, hope, fortitude, success,
Renown :—whate'er men covet and caress ;
On earth success must in its turn give way,
And ev'n perfection introduce decay.

Never the world of spirits thus—their rest
Untouch'd ! entire !—once happy, ever blest !

Earpest the heavenly voice responsive cries,
Oh, listen not to subtilty unwise !

Thy guardian saint, who mourns thy hapless fate,
Heaven grants to prop thy virtue, ere too late.
Know, if thou wilt thy dear lov'd wife deplore,
Olympia waits thee on a foreign shore ;
'There in a cell thy last remains be spent ;
Away ! deceive despair, and find content !

I heard, obey'd ; nor more of fate complain'd :
Long seas I measur'd, and this mountain gain'd.
Soon to a yawning rift, chance turn'd my way ;
A den it prov'd, where a huge serpent lay !
Flame-cy'd he lay !—he rages now for food,
Meets my first glance, and meditates my blood !
His bulk, in many a gather'd orb uproll'd,
Rears spire on spire ! his scales, be-dropt with gold.
Shine burnish'd in the sun ; such height they gain,
They dart green lustre on the distant main !
Now writh'd in dreadful slope, he stoops his crest,
Furious to fix on my unshielded breast !
Just as he springs, my sabre smites the foe !
Headless he falls beneath th' unerring blow !
What yet remains, though strength his fabric leaves,
And the meant hiss the gasping mouth deceives ;
The lengthening trunk slow-loosens every fold,
Lingers in life ; then stretches stiff, and cold.
Just as th' inveterate son of mischief ends,
Comes a white dove, and near the spot descends :
I hail this omen ! all bad passions cease,
Like the slain snake, and all within is peace.

Next, to religion this plain roof I raise !
In duteous rites my hallow'd tapers blaze ;
I bid que incense on my altars smoke !
'Then, at this tomb, my promis'd love invoke ;
She hears ! she comes !—My heart what raptures warm ?
All my Olympia sparkles in the form !

No pale, wan, livid mark of death she bears !
 Each roseate look a quickening transport wears !
 A robe of light, high-wrought, her shape invests ;
 Unzon'd the swelling beauty of her breasts !
 Her auburn hair each flowing ring resumes,
 In her fair hand love's branch of myrtle blooms !
 Silent, awhile, each well-known charm I trace ;
 'Then thus, while nearer she avoids th' embrace,
 'Thou dear deceit!—must I a shade pursue ?
 Dazzled I gaze!—thou swim'st before my view !
 Dipp'd in ethereal dews, her bough divine
 Sprinkles my eyes, which, strengthen'd, bear the shine :
 Still thus I urge, for still the shadowy bliss
 Shuns the warm grasp, nor yields the tender kiss,
 Oh, fly not!—fade not! listen to love's call !
 She lives ! no more I'm man ! I'm spirit all !
 'Then let me snatch thee !—press thee!—take thee whole!
 Oh, close!—yet closer!—closer to my soul !
 'Twice round her waist my eager arms entwin'd,
 And, twice deceiv'd, my frenzy clasp'd the wind !
 Then thus I rav'd—Behold thy husband kneel,
 And judge ! O judge, what agonies I feel !
 Oh ! be no longer, if unkind, thus fair ;
 Take horror's shape, and fright me to despair !
 Rather than thus, unpitying, see my moan,
 Far rather frown, and fix me here in stone !
 But mock not thus !—Alas, the charmer said,
 Smiling, and in her smile soft radiance play'd,
 Alas ! no more eluded strength employ,
 To clasp a shade !—What more is mortal joy ?
 Man's bliss is, like his knowledge, but surmis'd ;
 One ignorance, the other pain disguis'd !
 'Thou wert, had all thy wish been still possess'd,
 Supremely curs'd from being greatly blest ;
 For oh ! so fair, so dear was I to thee,
 'Thou hadst forgot thy God to worship me ;
 This he foresaw, and snatch'd me to the tomb ;
 Above I flourish in unfading bloom.
 Think me not lost : for thee I Heaven implore !
 Thy guardian angel, though a wife no more !
 I, when abstracted from this world you seem,
 Hint the pure thought, and frame the heavenly dream !

Close at thy side, when morning streaks the air,
 In music's voice I wake thy mind to prayer !
 By me, thy hymns, like purest incense, rise,
 Fragrant with grace, and pleasing to the skies !
 And when that form shall from its clay refine,
 That only bar betwixt my soul and thine !
 When thy lov'd spirit mounts to realms of light,
 Then shall Olympia aid thy earliest flight :
 Mingled we'll flame in raptures that aspire
 Beyond all youth, all sense, and all desire.
 She ended. Still such sweetness dwells behind,
 Th' enchanting voice still warbles in my mind :
 But lo! th' unbodied vision fleets away !—
 —Stay, my Olympia!—I conjure thee, stay !
 Yet stay—for thee my memory leans to smart !
 Sure every vein contains a bleeding heart !
 Sooner shall splendor leave the blaze of day,
 Than love, so pure, so vast as mine, decay !
 From the same heavenly source its lustre came,
 And glows, immortal, with congenial flame !
 Ah !—let me not with fires neglected burn ;
 Sweet mistress of my soul, return, return !

Alas!—she's fled—I traverse now the place,
 Where my enamour'd thoughts her footsteps trace.
 Now, o'er the tomb, I bend my drooping head,
 There tears, the eloquence of sorrow, shed.
 Sighs choke my words, unable to express
 The pangs, the throbs of speechless tenderness !
 Not with more ardent, more transparent flame,
 Call dying saints on their Creator's name,
 Than I on her's—but through yon yielding door,
 Glides a new phantom o'er the illumin'd floor !
 The roof swift kindles from the beaming ground,
 And floods of living lustre flame around !
 In all the majesty of light array'd,
 Awful it shines !—'tis Cato's honour'd shade !
 As I the heavenly visitant pursue,
 Sublimer glory opens to my view !
 He speaks!—But, oh! what words shall dare repeat
 His thoughts !—They leave me fir'd with patriot heat !
 More than poetic raptures now I feel,
 And own that godlike passion, public zeal !

But from my frailty it receives a stain,
 I grow, unlike my great inspirer, vain;
 And burn once more the busy world to know,
 And would in scenes of action foremost glow!
 Where proud ambition points her dazzling rays!
 Where coronets and crowns, attractive blaze!
 When my Olympia leaves the realms above,
 And lures me back to solitary love.
 She tells me truth, prefers an humble state,
 That genuine greatness shuns the being great!
 That mean are those, who false term'd honour prize;
 Whose fabrics from their country's ruin rise;
 Who look the traitor, like the patriot, fair;
 Who, to enjoy the vineyard, wrong the heir.

I hear!—through all my veins new transports roll!
 I gaze!—warm love comes rushing on my soul:
 Ravish'd I gaze!—again her charms decay!
 Again my manhood to my grief gives way!
 Cato returns!—Zeal takes her course to reign!
 But zeal is in ambition lost again!
 I'm now the slave of fondness!—now of pride!
 —By turns they conquer, and by turns subside!
 These balance'd each by each, the golden mean,
 Betwixt them found, give happiness serene;
 This I'll enjoy!—He ended!—I reply'd,
 O hermit! thou art worth severely try'd!
 But had not innate grief produc'd thy woes,
 Men, barbarous men, had prey'd on thy repose.
 When seeking joy, we seldom sorrow miss,
 And often misery points the path to bliss.
 The soil, most worthy of the thrifted swain,
 Is wounded thus, ere trusted with the grain;
 The struggling grain must work obscure its way,
 Ere the first green springs upward to the day;
 Up-sprung, such weedlike, coarseness it betrays,
 Flocks on the abandon'd blade permissive graze;
 Then shoots the wealth, from imperfection clear,
 And thus a grateful harvest crowns the year.

CANTO III.

Thus free our social time from morning flows
 'Till rising shades attempt the day to close.

Thus my new friend : behold the light's decay :
 Back to yon city let me point the way.
 South-west, behind yon hill, the sloping sun,
 To ocean's verge his fluent course has run :
 His parting eyes a watery radiance shed,
 Glance through the vale, and tip the mountain's head :
 To which oppos'd the shadowy gulfs below,
 Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd snow.

Now dance the stars, where Vesper leads the way ;
 Yet all faint-glimmering with remains of day,
 Orient, the queen of night emits her dawn,
 And throws, unseen, her mantle o'er the lawn :
 Up the blue steep, her crimson orb now shines ;
 Now on the mountain-top her arm reclines,
 In a red crescent seen : her zone now gleams,
 Like Venus, quivering in reflecting streams.
 Yet reddening, yet round-burning up the air,
 From the white cliff, her feet slow-rising glare
 See ! flames condens'd now vary her attire ;
 Her face, a broad circumference of fire.
 Dark firs seem kindled in nocturnal blaze !
 Through ranks of pines her broken lustre plays,
 Here glares, there brown-projecting shade bestows,
 And, glittering, sports upon the spangled snows.

Now silver turns her beams !—yon den they gain ;
 The big, rous'd lion shakes his brindled mane ;
 Fierce, fleet, gaunt monsters, all prepar'd for gore,
 Rend woods, vales, rocks, with wide resounding roar.
 O dire presage !—But fear not thou, my friend,
 Our steps the guardians of the just attend.
 Homeward I'll wait thee on—and now survey,
 How men and spirits chase the night away !
 Yon nymphs and swains in amorous mirth advance ;
 To breathing music moves the circling dance.
 Here the bold youth in deeds adventurous glow,
 Skimming in rapid sleds the crackling snow.
 Not when Tydides won the funeral race,
 Shot his light car along in swifter pace.
 Here the glaz'd way with iron feet they dare,
 And glide, well-pois'd, like Mercuries in air.
 There crowds, with stable tread, and level'd eye,
 Lift, and dismiss the quoits, that whirling fly.

With force superior, not with skill so true,
 The ponderous disk from Roman sinews flew.
 Where neighbouring hills some cloudy sheet sustain,
 Freez'd o'er the nether vale a pensive plain,
 Cross the roof'd hollow, rolls the massy round,
 The crack'd ice rattles, and the rocks resound !
 Censures, disputes, and laughs, alternate rise ;
 And deafening clangor thunders up the skies.

Thus, amid crowded images, serene,
 From hour to hour we pass'd from scene to scene :
 East wore the night. Full long we pac'd our way :
 Vain steps ! the city yet far distant lay.
 While thus the hermit, ere my wonder spoke,
 Methought, with new amusement, silence broke :
 You amber-hued cascade, which fleecy lies
 Through rocks, and strays along the trackless skies,
 To frolic fairies marks the mazy ring :
 Forth to the dance from little cells they spring,
 Measur'd to pipe or harp !—and next they stand,
 Marshall'd beneath the moon, a radiant band !
 In frost-work now delight the sportive kind :
 Now court wild fancy in the whistling wind.

Hark ! the funereal bell's deep-sounding toll,
 To bliss, from misery, calls some righteous soul !
 Just freed from life, like swift-ascending fire,
 Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder spire !
 Light clasps its wings !—it views, with pitying sight,
 The friendly mourner pay the pious rite ;
 The plume high wrought, that blackening nods in air ;
 The slow-pac'd weeping pomp ; the solemn prayer ;
 The decent tomb ; the verse that sorrow gives,
 Where, to remembrance sweet, fair virtue lives.

Now to mid-heaven the whiten'd moon inclines,
 And shades contract, mark'd out in clearer lines ;
 With noiseless gloom the plains are delug'd o'er :
 See !—from the north, what streaming meteors pour !
 Beneath Boötes springs the radiant train,
 And quiver through the axle of his wane,
 O'er altars thus, impatient, we behold
 Half-circling glories shoot in rays of gold.
 Cross æther swift elance the vivid fires !
 As swift again each pointed flame retires !

In fancy's eye encountering armies glare,
 And sanguine ensigns wave unfurl'd in air?
 Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,
 A monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled state.
 Thus comets, dreadful visitants! arise
 To them wild omens! science to the wise!
 These mark the comet to the sun incline,
 While deep-red flames around its centre shine!
 While its fierce rear a winding trail displays,
 And lights all æther with the sweepy blaze!
 Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid zone,
 And shoots by worlds unnumber'd and unknown;
 By worlds, whose people, all aghast with fear,
 May view that minister of vengeance near!
 'Till now, the transient glow, remote and lost,
 Decays, and darkens 'mid involving frost!
 Or when it, sunward, drinks rich beams again,
 And burns imperious on th' ætherial plain!
 The learn'd-one, curious, eyes it from afar,
 Sparkling through night, a new illustrious star!

The moon, descending, saw us now pursue
 The various talk:—the city near in view!
 Here from still-life, he cries, avert thy sight.
 And mark what deeds adorn, or shame the night!
 But, heedful, each immodest prospect fly;
 Where dececy forbids inquiry's eye.
 Man, were not man, without love's wanton fire,
 But reason's glory is to quell desire.
 What are thy fruits, O lust? Short blessings bought
 With long remorse, the seed of bitter thought;
 Perhaps some babe to dire diseases born,
 Doom'd for another's crimes, through life, to mourn;
 Or murder'd, to preserve a mother's fame;
 Or cast obscure; the child of want and shame!
 False pride! What vices on our conduct steal,
 From the world's eye one frailty to conceal!
 Ye cruel mothers!—Soft! those words command;
 So near shall cruelty, and mother stand?
 Can the dove's bosom snaky venom draw?
 Can its foot sharpen, like the vulture's claw?
 Can the fond goat, or tender fleecy dam,
 Howl like the wolf, to tear the kid or lamb?

Yes, there are mothers—There I fear'd his aim,
 And, conscious, trembled at the coming name ;
 Then, with a sigh, his issuing words oppos'd !
 Straight with a falling tear the speech he clos'd !
 That tenderness, which ties of blood deny,
 Nature repaid me from a stranger's eye.
 Pale grew my cheeks !—But now to general views,
 Our converse turns, which thus my friend renews.

You mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
 Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day,
 From lumin'd windows glancing on the eye,
 Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly.
 There midnight riot spread illusive joys,
 And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys.
 Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease,
 Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.
 O man ! thy fabric's like a well-form'd state ;
 Thy thoughts, first rank'd, were sure design'd the great !
 Passions plebeians are, which faction raise ;
 Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze :
 Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise :
 Then sovereign reason from her empire flies :
 That ruler once depos'd, wisdom and wit,
 To noise and folly, place and power submit ;
 Like a frail bark thy weaken'd mind is tost,
 Unsteer'd, unbalanc'd, till its wealth is lost.

The miser-spirit eyes the spenthrift heir,
 And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
 His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave ;
 Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
 For this, low-thoughted craft his life employ'd ;
 For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoy'd ;
 For this, he grip'd the poor, and alms denied,
 Unfriended liv'd and unlamented died.
 Yet smile, griev'd shade ! when that unprosperous store
 Fast-lessens, when gay hours return no more ;
 Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall,
 Men once oblig'd, like him, ungrateful all !
 Then thought inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
 And prove his only wise, unflattering friend.

Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
 While plotting mischief keeps reserv'd her court.

Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
 Stream flames voluminous, enwrapp'd with smoke!
 In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tower,
 Lean on its brow, and like destruction lower!
 From the black depth, a fiery legion springs;
 Each bold, bad spectre, claps her sounding wings:
 And straight beneath a summon'd, traiterous band,
 On horror bent, in dark convention stand:
 From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
 Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows:
 'The villains, close beneath the infection pent,
 Feel, all possess'd, their rising galls ferment;
 And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
 For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!
 But justice marks their ways: she waves in air,
 The sword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.

While here dark villainy herself deceives,
 Their studious honesty our view relieves.
 A feeble taper, from yon lonesome room,
 Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the gloom.
 There sits the sapient bard in museful mood,
 And glows impassion'd for his country's good!
 All the bright spirits of the just combin'd,
 Infern, refine, and prompt his towering mind!
 He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
 Around his temples rays refulgent shine!
 Now rapt! now more than man!—I see him climb,
 To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime?
 I see him now o'er nature's works preside!
 How clear the vision! and the scene how wide!
 Let some a name by adulation raise,
 Or scandal, meaner than a venal praise!
 My name, he cries, a nobler prospect view!
 Through fancy's wilds some moral's point pursue!
 From dark deception clear drawn truth display,
 As from black chaos rose resplendent day!
 Awake compassion, and bid terror rise!
 Bid humble sorrows strike superior eyes!
 So pamper'd power, unconscious of distress,
 May see, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redress.
 Ye traitors, tyrants, fear his stinging lay!
 Ye powers unlov'd, unpity'd in decay!

But know, to you sweet-blossom'd fame he brings,
Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings !

O thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art,
Voice of thy will ! unerring force impart !
If wailing worth can generous warmth excite !
If verse can gild instruction with delight,
Inspire his honest muse with orient flame,
To rise, to dare, to reach the noblest aim !

But, O my friend ! mysterious is our fate !
How mean his fortune, though his mind elate !
Æneas-like he passes through the crowd.
Unsought, unseen beneath misfortune's cloud ;
Or seen with slight regard : unprais'd his name :
His after-honour, and our after-shame.
The doom'd desert, to avarice stands confess'd ;
Her eyes averted are, and steel'd her breast.
Envy asquint the future wonder eyes :
Bold insult, pointing, hoots him as he flies ;
While coward censure, skill'd in darker ways,
Hints sure detraction in dissembled praise !
Hunger, thirst, nakedness, there grievous fall !
Unjust derision too !—that tongue of gall !
Slow comes relief, with no mild charms endued,
Usher'd by pride, and by reproach pursued.
Forc'd pity meets him with a cold respect,
Unkind as scorn, ungenerous as neglect.

Yet, suffering worth ! thy fortitude will shine :
Thy foes are virtue's, and her friends are thine !
Patience is thine, and peace thy days shall crown ;
Thy treasure prudence, and thy claim renown :
Myriads, unborn, shall mourn thy hapless fate,
And myriads grow, by thy example, great !

Hark ! from the watch-tower rolls the trumpet's sound,
Sweet through still night, proclaiming safety round !
Yon shade illustrious quits the realms of rest,
To aid some orphan of its race distress,
Safe winds him through the subterraneous way,
That mines yon mansion, grown with ruin gray,
And marks the wealthy, unsuspected ground,
Where, green with rust, long buried coins abound.
This plaintive ghost, from earth when newly fled,
Saw those, the living trusted, wrong the dead ;

He saw, by fraud abus'd, the lifeless hand
 Sign the false deed that alienates his land ;
 Heard, on his fame, injurious censure thrown,
 And mourn'd the beggar'd orphan's bitter groan.
 Commission'd now the falsehood he reveals,
 To justice soon th' enabled heir appeals ;
 Soon, by his wealth, are costly pleas maintain'd,
 And, by discover'd truth, lost right regain'd.

But why, some may inquire, why kind success,
 Since mystic Heaven gives misery oft to bliss ?
 Though misery leads to happiness and truth,
 Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
 Unstrengthen'd virtue scarce his bosom fir'd,
 And fearful from his growing wants retir'd.
 Oh, let not censure, if, untry'd by grief,
 If, amidst woe, untempted by relief,
 He stoop'd reluctant to low arts of shame,
 Which then, ev'n then he scorn'd, and blush'd to name.
 Heaven sees, and makes th' imperfect worth its care,
 And cheers the trembling heart, unform'd to bear,
 Now rising fortune elevates his mind,
 He shines unclouded, and adorns mankind.

So in some engine, that denies a vent,
 If unre-piring is some creature pent,
 It sickens, droops, and pants, and gasps for breath,
 Sad o'er the sight swim shadowy mists of death ;
 If then kind air pours powerful in again,
 New heats, new pulses quicken every vein ;
 From the clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled eye,
 Dispers'd, the dark and dampy vapours fly.

From trembling tombs the ghosts of greatness rise,
 And o'er their bodies hang with wistful eyes ;
 Or discontented stalk, and mix their howls
 With howling wolves, their screams with screaming
 The interval 'twixt night and morn is nigh, [owls.
 Winter, more nitrous, chills the shadow'd sky.
 Springs with soft heats no more give borders green,
 Nor smoking breathe along the whiten'd scene ;
 While steamy currents, sweet in prospect, charm
 Like veins blue-winding in a fair one's arm.

Now sleep to fancy parts with half his power,
 And broken slumbers drag the restless hour.

The murder'd seems alive, and ghastly glares,
 And in dire dreams the conscious murderer scares,
 Shows the yet-spouting wound, th' ensanguin'd floor,
 The walls yet smoking with the spatter'd gore ;
 Or shrieks to dozing justice, and reveals
 The deed, which fraudulent art from day conceals ;
 The delve obscene, where no suspicion pries,
 Where the disfigur'd corse unshrouded lies ;
 The sure, the striking proof, so strong maintain'd,
 Pale guilt starts self-convicted, when arraign'd.

These spirits treason of its power divest,
 And turn the peril from the patriot's breast.
 Those solemn thought inspire, or bright descend
 To snatch in vision sweet the dying friend.

But we deceive the gloom, the matin bell
 Summons to prayer !—Now breaks th' enchanter's spell !
 And now—but you fair spirit's form survey !
 'Tis she !—Olympia beckons me away !
 I haste !—I fly !—adieu !—and when you see
 The youth who bleeds with fondness, think on me :
 Tell him my tale, and be his pain carest ;
 By love I tortur'd was, by love I'm blest.
 When worshipp'd woman we entranc'd behold,
 We praise the Maker in his fairest mould ;
 The pride of nature, harmony combin'd,
 And light immortal to the soul retain'd !
 Depriv'd of charming women, soon we miss
 The prize of friendship, and the life of bliss !

Still through the shades Olympia dawning breaks !
 What bloom, what brightness lusters o'er her cheeks !
 Again she calls !—I dare no longer stay !
 A kind farewell—Olympia, I obey.

He turn'd, no longer in my sight remain'd ;
 The mountain he, I safe the city gain'd.

CANTO IV.

Still o'er my mind wild fancy holds her sway,
 Still on strange visionary land I stray.
 Now scenes crowd thick ! now indistinct appear !
 Swift glide the months, and turn the varying year !

Near the bull's horn light's rising monarch draws ;
 Now on its back the Pleiades he thaws !

From vernal heat pale winter forc'd to fly,
 Northward retires, yet turns a watery eye;
 Then with an anguish breath nips infant blooms,
 Deprives unfolding spring of rich perfumes,
 Shakes the slow-circling blood of human race,
 And in sharp, livid looks contracts the face.
 Now o'er Norwegian hills he strides away:
 Such slippery paths ambition's steps betray.
 Turning, with sighs, far spiral firs he sees,
 Which bow obedient to the southern breeze:
 Now from yon Zemblan rock his crest he shrouds,
 Like fame's, obscur'd amid the whitening clouds;
 Thence his lost empire is with tears deplor'd:
 Such tyrants shed o'er liberty restor'd.
 Beneath his eye, that throws malignant light
 Ten times the measur'd round of mortal sight,
 A waste, pale glimmering, like a moon, that wanes
 A wild expanse of frozen sea contains.
 It cracks!—vast floating mountains beat the shore!
 Far off he hears those icy ruins roar,
 And from the hideous crash distracted flies,
 Like one, who feels his dying infant's cries.
 Near, and more near the rushing torrents sound,
 And one great rift runs through the vast profound,
 Swift as a shooting meteor; groaning loud,
 Like deep-roll'd thunder through a rending cloud.
 The late dark pole now feels unsettling day;
 In hurricanes of wrath he whirls his way;
 O'er many a polar Alp to trost he goes,
 O'er crackling vales imbrown'd with melting snows:
 Here bears stalk tenants of the barren space,
 Few men, unsocial those!—a barbarous race!
 At length the cave appears! the race is run:
 Now he recounts the conquests lost and won,
 And taleful in th' embrace of frost remains,
 Barr'd from our climes, and bound in icy chains.
 Meanwhile the sun his beams on Cancer throws,
 Which now beneath his warmest influence glows.
 From glowing Cancer fallen, the king of day,
 Red through the kindling Lion shoots his ray.
 The tawny harvest paves the earlier plough,
 And mellowing fruitage loads the bending bough.

'Tis day-spring. Now green labyrinths I frequent,
Where wisdom oft retires to meet content.

The mounting lark her warbling anthem lends,
From note to note the ravish'd soul ascends ;
As thus it would the patriarch's ladder climb,
By some good angel led to worlds sublime :
Oft, legends say, the snake with waken'd ire,
Like envy rears in many a scaly spire ;
Then songsters droop, then yield their vital gore,
And innocence and music are no more.

Mild rides the morn in orient beauty drest,
An azure mantle, and a purple vest,
Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet display,
Her amber tresses negligently gay.
Collected now her rosy hand they fill,
And, gently wrung, the pearly dews distil.
The songful zephyrs, and the laughing hours
Breathe sweet ; and strew her opening way with flowers.

The chattering swallows leave their nested care,
Each promising return with plenteous fare.
So the fond swain, who to the market hies,
Stills, with big hopes, his infant's tender cries.

Yonder two turtles, o'er their callow brood,
Hang hovering, ere they seek their guiltless food.
Fondly they bill. Now to their morning care,
Like our first parents, part the amorous pair :
But ah !—a pair no more !—With spreading wings,
From the high-sounding cliff a vulture springs ;
Steady he sails along th' aerial gray,
Swoops down, and bears the timorous dove away.
Start we, who worse than vultures, Nimrods find,
Men, meditating prey on human kind ?

Wild beasts to gloomy dens repace their way,
Where their couch'd young demand the slaughter'd
prey.

Rooks, from their nodding nests, black-swarming fly,
And, in hoarse uproar, tell the fowler nigh.

Now, in his tabernacle rous'd, the sun
Is warn'd the blue ethereal steep to run.
While on his couch of floating jasper laid,
From his bright eye sleep calls the dewy shade.

The crystal dome transparent pillars raise,
Whence, beam'd from sapphires, living azure plays :
The liquid floor, in-wrought with pearls divine,
Where all his labours in mosaic shine.

His coronet, a cloud of silver-white ;
His robe with unconsuming crimson bright,
Varied with gems, all heaven's collected store !
While his loose locks descend, a golden shower.

If to his steps compar'd, we tardy find
The Grecian racers, who outstrip the wind,
Fleet to the glowing race behold him start !
His quickening eyes a quivering radiance dart,
And, while this last nocturnal flag is fur'd,
Swift into life and motion look the world.

'The sun-flower now averts her blooming cheek
From west, to view his eastern lustre break.

What gay, creative power his presence brings !
Hills, lawns, lakes, villages !—the face of things,
All night beneath successive shadows miss'd,
Instant begins in colours to exist :

But absent these from sons of riot keep,
Lost in impure, unmeditating sleep.

'T' unlock his fence, the new-risen swain prepares,
And ere forth-driven recounts his fleecy cares ;
When, lo ! an ambush'd wolf, with hunger bold,
Springs at the prey, and fierce invades the fold !

But by the pastor not in vain defied,
Like our arch foe by some celestial guide.

Spread on yon rock the sea-calf I survey ;
Bask'd in the sun, his skin reflects the day.

He sees you tower-like ship the waves divide,
And slips again beneath the glossy tide.

The watery herbs, and shrubs, and vines, and flowers,
Rear their bent heads, o'ercharg'd with nightly showers

Hail, glorious sun ! to whose attractive fires,
'The weaken'd, vegetative life aspires !

The juices, wrought by thy directive force,
Through plants, and trees, perform their genial course,
Extend in root, with bark unyielding bind

The hearted trunk ; or weave the branching rind ;
Expand in leaves, in flowery blossoms shoot,
Bleed in rich gums, and swell in ripen'd fruit.

From thee, bright universal Power ! began
Instinct in brute, and generous love in man.

Talk'd I of love ?—Yon swain, with amorous air,
Soft swells his pipe, to charm the rural fair.
She milks the flocks ; then, listening, as he plays,
Steals, in the running brook, a conscious gaze.

The trout, that deep, in winter, ooz'd remains,
Up-springs, and sunward turns its crimson stains.

The tenants of the warren, vainly chas'd ;
Now lur'd to ambient fields for green repast,
Seek their small vaulted labyrinths in vain ;
Entangling nets betray the skipping train ;
Red massacres through their republic fly,
And heaps on heaps by ruthless spaniels die.

The fisher, who the lonely beech has stray'd,
And all the live-long night his net-work spread,
Drags in, and bears the loaded snare away :
Where flounce, deceiv'd, th' expiring finny prey.

Near Neptune's temple, Neptune's now no more,
Whose statue plants a trident on the shore,
In sportive rings the generous dolphins wind,
And eye, and think the image human kind :
Dear, pleasing friendship !—See ! the pile commands
The vale, and grim at superstition stands !
Time's hand there leaves its print of mossy green,
With hollows, carv'd for snakes, and birds obscene.

O Gibbs, whose art the solemn fane can raise,
Where God delights to dwell, and man to praise ;
When moulder'd thus the column falls away,
Like some great prince majestic in decay ;
When ignorance and scorn the ground shall tread,
Where wisdom tutor'd, and devotion pray'd ;
Where all thy pompous work our wonder claim ;
What, but the muse alone, preserve thy name ?

The sun shines broken, through yon arch that rears
This once round fabric, half decay'd by years,
Which rose a stately colonnade, and crown'd
Encircling pillars now unfaithful found ;
In fragments, these the fall of those forbode,
Which, nodding, just up-heave their crumbling load,
High, on yon column, which has batter'd stood,
Like some stripp'd oak, the grandeur of the wood,

The stork inhabits her aërial nest ;
 By her are liberty and peace cared ;
 She flies the realms that own despotic kings,
 And only spreads o'er free-born states her wings.
 The roof is now the daw's, or raven's haunt,
 And lothsome toads in the dark entrance pant ;
 Or snakes, that lurk to snap the heedless fly,
 And fated bird, that oft comes fluttering by.

An aqueduct across yon vale is laid,
 Its channel through a ruin'd arch betray'd ;
 Whirl'd down a steep, it flies with torrent force,
 Flashes, and roars, and plows a devious course.

Attracted mists a golden cloud commence,
 While through high-colour'd air strike rays intense.
 Betwixt two points, which yon steep mountains show,
 Lies a mild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
 Beneath a grotto, arch'd for calm retreat,
 Leads lengthening in the rock—be this my seat.
 Heat never enters here ; but coolness reigns
 O'er zephyrs, and distilling, watery veins.
 Secluded now I trace th' instructive page,
 And live o'er scenes of many a backward age ;
 Through days, months, years, through time's whole
 course I run,

And present stand where time itself begun.

Ye mighty dead, of just distinguish'd fame,
 Your thoughts, ye bright instructors ! here I claim.
 Here ancient knowledge opens nature's springs ;
 Here truth historic give the hearts of kings.
 Hence contemplation learns white hours to find,
 And labours virtue on th' attentive mind :
 O lov'd retreat ! thy joys content bestow,
 Nor guilt, nor shame, nor sharp repentance know.
 What the fifth Charles long aim'd in power to see,
 That happiness he found reserv'd in thee.

Now let me change the page—Here Tully weeps,
 While in death's icy arms his Tullia sleeps,
 His daughter dear !—Retir'd I see him mourn,
 By all the frenzy now of anguish torn.
 Wild his complaint ! Nor sweeter sorrow's strains,
 When Singer for Alexis lost complains.

Each friend condoles, expostulates, reproves ;
 More than a father raving Tully loves ;
 Or Sallust censures thus !—Unheeding blame,
 He schemes a temple to his Tullia's name.
 Thus o'er my hermit once did grief prevail,
 Thus rose Olympia's tomb, his moving tale,
 The sighs, tears, frantic starts, that banish rest,
 And all the bursting sorrows of his breast.

But hark ! a sudden power attunes the air !
 Th' enchanting sound enamour'd breezes bear ;
 Now low, now high, they sink, or lift the song, [long.
 Which the cave echoes sweet, and sweet the creeks pro-

I listen'd, gaz'd, when, wondrous to behold !
 From ocean steam'd, a vapour gathering roll'd :
 A blue, round spot on the mid-roof it came,
 Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling flame.
 Full orb'd it shone, and dimm'd the swimming sight,
 While doubling objects danc'd with darkling light.
 Amaz'd I stood !—amaz'd I still remain !
 What earthly power this wonder can explain ?
 Gradual, at length, the lustre dies away :
 My eyes restor'd, a mortal form survey.
 My hermit friend ! 'Tis he.—All hail ! he cries,
 I see, and would alleviate, thy surprise.
 The vanish'd meteor was Heaven's message meant,
 To warn thee hence · I knew the high intent.
 Hear then ! in this sequester'd cave retir'd,
 Departed saints converse with men inspir'd.
 'Tis sacred ground ; nor can thy mind endure,
 Yet unprepar'd, an intercourse so pure.
 Quick let us hence.—And now extend thy views
 O'er yonder lawn ; there find the heaven-born muse !
 Or seek her, where she trusts her tuneful tale
 To the mid, silent wood, her vocal vale ;
 Where trees half check the light with trembling shades,
 Close in deep glooms, or open clear in glades ;
 Or where surrounding vistas far descend,
 The landscape varied at each lessening end ;
 she, only she, can mortal thought refine,
 And raise thy voice to visitants divine,

CANTO V.

We left the cave. Be fear, said I, defy'd!
Virtue, for thou art virtue, is my guide.

By time-worn steps a steep ascent we gain,
Whose summit yields a prospect o'er the plain.
There, bench'd with turf, an oak our seat extends,
Whose top a verdant, branch'd pavilion bends.
Vistas, with leaves, diversify the scene,
Some pale, some brown, and some of lively green.

Now, from the full-grown day a beamy shower
Gleams on the lake, and gilds each glossy flower.
Gay insects sparkle in the genial blaze,
Various as light, and countless as its rays:
They dance on every stream, and pictur'd play,
Till, by the watery racer, snatch'd away.

Now, from yon range of rocks, strong rays rebound,
Doubling the day on flowery plains around:
King-cups beneath far-stretching colours glance,
Bright as th' ethereal glows the green expanse.
Gems of the field!—the topaz charms the sight,
Like these, effulging yellow streams of light.
From the same rocks, fall rills with soften'd force,
Meet in yon mead, and well a river's source.
Through her clear channel shine her finny shoals,
O'er sands, like gold, the liquid crystal rolls.
Dimm'd in yon coarser moor, her charms decay,
And shape, through rustling reeds, a ruffled way.
Near willows short and bushy shadows throw:
Now lost, she seems through nether tracts to flow;
Yet, at yon point, winds out in silver state,
Like virtue from a labyrinth of fate.
In lengthening rows, prone from the mountains, run
The flocks:—their fleeces glistening in the sun;
Her streams they seek, and, 'twixt her neighbouring
Recline in various attitudes of ease. [trees,
Where the herds sip, the little scaly fry,
Swift from the shore, in scattering myriads fly.

Each livery'd cloud, that round th' horizon glows,
Shifts in old scenes, like earth, from whence it rose.
The bee hums wanton in yon jasmine bower,
And circling settles, and despoils the flower.

Melodious there the plummy songsters meet,
 And all charm'd echo from her arch'd retreat.
 Neat polish'd mansions rise in prospect gay ;
 Time-batter'd towers frown awful in decay ;
 The sun plays glittering on the rocks and spires,
 And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.

Here mirth, and fancy's wanton train advance
 And to light measures turn the swimming dance,
 Sweet, slow-pac'd melancholy next appears,
 Pompous in grief, and eloquent of tears.
 Here meditation shines, in azure drest,
 All starr'd with gems ; a sun adorns her crest.
 Religion, to whose lifted, raptur'd eyes
 Seraphic hosts descend from opening skies ;
 Beauty, who sways the heart, and charms the sight ;
 Whose tongue is music, and whose smile delight ;
 Whose brow is majesty ; whose bosom peace ;
 Who bade creation be, and chaos cease ;
 Whose breath perfumes the spring ; whose eye divine
 Kindled the sun, and gave its light to shine.
 Here, in thy likeness, fair Ophelia,* seen,
 She throws kind lustre o'er th' enliven'd green ;
 Next her, Description, rob'd in various hues,
 Invites attention from the pensive muse !
 The muse !—she comes ! refin'd the passions wait,
 And precept, ever winning, wise, and great.
 The muse ! a thousand spirits wing the air
 Once men, who made, like her, mankind their care :
 Enamour'd round her press th' inspiring throng,
 And swell to ecstasy her solemn song.

Thus in the dame each nobler grace we find,
 Fair Wortley's angel-accent, eyes, and mind.
 Whether her sight the dew-bright dawn surveys,
 The noon's dry heat, or evening's temper'd rays,
 The hours of storm, or calm, the gleby ground,
 The coral'd sea, gem'd rock, or sky profound,
 A Raphael's fancy animates each line,
 Each image strikes with energy divine ;
 Bacon and Newton in her thoughts conspire ;
 Nor sweeter than her voice is Handel's lyre.

* Mrs. Oldfield.

My hermit thus. She beckons us away :
Oh, let us swift the high behest obey !

Now through a lane, which mingling tracts have crost,
The way unequal, and the landscape lost,
We rove. The warblers lively tunes essay,
The lark on wing, the linnet on the spray,
While music trembles in their songful throats,
The bulfinch whistles soft his flute-like notes.
The bolder blackbird swells sonorous lays ;
The varying thrush commands a tuneful maze ;
Each a wild length of melody pursues ;
While the soft murmuring, amorous wood-dove coos.
And when in spring these melting mixtures flow,
The cuckoo sends her unison of woe.

But as smooth seas are furrow'd by a storm ;
As troubles all our tranquil joys deform ;
So, loud through air, unwelcome noises sound,
And harmony's at once, in discord, drown'd.
From yon dark cypress croaks the raven's cry ;
As dissonant the daw, jay, chattering pie :
The clamorous crows abandon'd carnage seek,
And the harsh owl shrills out a sharpening shriek.

At the lane's end a high-lath'd gate's preferr'd,
To bar the trespass of a vagrant herd.
Fast by, a meagre mendicant we find,
Whose russet rags hang fluttering in the wind :
Years bow his back, a staff supports his tread,
And soft white hairs shade thin his palsy'd head.
Poor wretch !—Is this for charity his haunt ?
He meets the frequent slight, and ruthless taunt.
On slaves of guilt oft smiles the squandering peer ;
But passing knows not common bounty here.
Vain thing ! in what dost thou superior shine ?
His our first fire : what race more ancient thine ?
Less backward trac'd, he may his lineage draw
From men, whose influence kept the world in awe :
Whose worthless sons, like thee, perchance consum'd
Their ample store, their line to want was doom'd.
So thine may perish, by the course of things,
While his, from beggars, re-ascend to kings.
Now, lazar, as thy hardships I peruse,
On my own state instructed would I muse.

When I view greatness, I my lot lament ;
 Compar'd to thee, I snatch supreme content.
 I might have felt, did Heaven not gracious deal,
 A fate, which I must mourn to see thee feel.
 But soft! the cripple our approach describes,
 And to the gate, though weak, officious hies,
 I spring preventive, and unbar the way,
 Then, turning, with a smile of pity, say,
 Here, friend!—this little copper alms receive,
 Instance of will, without the power to give.
 Hermit, if here with pity we reflect,
 How must we grieve, when learning meets neglect ?
 When god-like souls endure a mean restraint ;
 When generous will is curb'd by tyrant want ?
 He truly feels what to distress belongs,
 Who to his private, adds a people's wrongs ;
 Merit's a mark, at which disgrace is thrown,
 And every injur'd virtue is his own.
 Such their own pangs with patience here endure,
 Yet there weep wounds, they are denied to cure ;
 Thus rich in poverty, thus humbly great,
 And, though depress'd, superior to their fate.
 Minions in power, and misers, 'mid their store,
 Are mean in greatness, and in plenty poor.
 What's power, or wealth? Were they not form'd for aid,
 A spring for virtue, and from wrongs a shade ?
 In power we savage tyranny behold,
 And wily avarice owns polluted gold.
 From golden sands her pride could Libya raise,
 Could she, who spreads no pasture, claim our praise ?
 Loath'd were her wealth, where rabid monsters breed ?
 Where serpents, pamper'd on her venom, feed,
 No sheltering trees invite the wanderer's eye,
 No fruits, no grain, no gums, her tracts supply ;
 On her vast wilds no lovely prospects run ;
 But all lies barren, though beneath the sun.
 My hermit thus. I know thy soul believes,
 'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves ;
 Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
 Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.
 Were the whole known, that we uncouth suppose,
 Doubtless, would beauteous symmetry disclose.

The naked cliff, that singly rough remains,
 In prospect dignifies the fertile plains ;
 Lead-colour'd clouds, in scattering fragments seen,
 Show, though in broken views, the blue serene.
 Severe distresses industry inspire ;
 Thus captive oft excelling arts acquire,
 And boldly struggle through a state of shame,
 To life, ease, plenty, liberty, and fame.
 Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
 And one red vict'ry years of peace maintain'd.
 We pass through want to wealth, through dismal strife
 To calm content, through death to endless life.
 Libya thou nam'st—let Afric's wastes appear
 Curs'd by those heats, that fructify the year ;
 Yet the same suns her orange-groves befriend,
 Where clustering globes in shining rows depend.
 Here when fierce beams o'er withering plants are roll'd,
 There the green fruit seems ripen'd into gold.
 Ev'n scenes that strike with terrible surprise,
 Still prove a God, just, merciful, and wise.
 Sad wintry blasts, that strip the autumn, bring
 The milder beauties of a flowery spring.
 Ye sulphurous fires in jaggy lightnings break !
 Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations shake !
 Ye storms of riving flame the forest tear !
 Deep crack the rocks ! rent trees be whirl'd in air !
 Rest at a stroke, some stately fane we'll mourn ;
 Her tombs wide-shatter'd, and her dead up-torn ;
 Were noxious spirits not from caverns drawn,
 Rack'd earth would soon in gulfs enormous yawn :
 Then all were lost !—Or would we floating view
 The baleful cloud, there would destruction brew ;
 Plague, fever, frenzy, close-engendering lie,
 'Till these red ruptures clear the sullied sky.

Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
 In parcel'd tracts to various uses wrought.
 Here hardening ripeness the first blooms behold,
 There the last blossoms spring-like pride unfold.
 Here swelling pease on leafy stalks are seen,
 Mix'd flowers of red and azure shine between ;
 Whose weaving beauties, heighten'd by the sun,
 In colour'd lanes along the furrows run,

There the next produce of a genial shower,
 The beans fresh-blossoms in a speckled flower ;
 Whose morning dews, when to the sun resign'd,
 With undulating sweets embalm the wind.
 Now daisy plats of clover square the plain,
 And part the bearded from the beardless grain.
 There fibrous flax with verdure binds the field,
 Which on the loom shall artspun labours yield.
 The mulberry, in fair summer-green array'd,
 Full in the midst starts up, a silky shade.
 For human taste the rich-stain'd fruitage bleeds ;
 The leaf the silk-emitting reptile feeds.
 As swans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
 Here worms for man their glossy entrails weave.
 Hence to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
 Sprigs, fruits, and flowers on figur'd vestments play :
 But industry prepares them oft to please
 The guilty pride of vain, luxuriant ease.

Now frequent, dusty gales offensive blow,
 And o'er my sight a transient blindness throw.
 Windward we shift. Near down th' ethereal steep,
 The lamp of day hangs hovering o'er the deep.
 Dun shades, in rocky shapes up æther roll'd,
 Project long, shaggy points, deep-ting'd with gold.
 Others take faint th' unripen'd cherry's dye,
 And paint amusing landscapes on the eye,
 There blue veil'd yellow, through a sky serene,
 In swelling mixture forms a floating green.
 Streak'd through white clouds a mild vermilion shines,
 And the breeze freshens as the heat declines.

Yon crooked, sunny roads change rising views
 From brown to sandy red, and chalky hues.
 One mingled scene another quick succeeds,
 Men, chariots, teams, yok'd steers, and prancing steeds,
 Which climb, descend, and, as loud whips resound,
 Stretch, sweat, and smoke along unequal ground.
 On winding Thames, reflecting radiant beams,
 When boats, ships, barges, mark the roughen'd streams.
 This way, and that, they different points pursue ;
 So mix the motions, and so shifts the view,
 While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
 The gifts of Heaven in gay profusion rise ;

Trees rich with gums, and fruits ; with jewels rocks :
 Plains with flowers, herbs, and plants, and beeves, and
 flocks ;

Mountains with mines ; with oak, and cedar, woods ;
 Quarries with marble, and with fish the floods.

In darkening spots, mid fields of various dyes,
 'Tilth new manur'd, or naked fallow lies.

Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd display,
 The 'green grass yellowing into scentful hay.

And thick-set hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
 And berries blacken on the virid thorn.

Mark in yon heath, oppos'd the cultur'd scene,
 Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green.

The native strawberry red-ripening grows,
 By nettles guarded, as by thorns the rose.

There nightingales in unprun'd copses build,
 In shaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.

'Twi'x ferns and thistles, unsown flowers amuse,
 And form a lucid chace of various hues ;

Many half-grey with dust : confus'd they lie,
 Scent the rich year, and lead the wandering eye.

Contemplative we tread the flowery plain,
 The muse preceding with her heavenly train.

When, lo ! the mendicant, so late behind,

Strange view ! now journeying in our front we find !

And yet a view, more strange, our heed demands ;

Touch'd by the muse's wand, transform'd he stands.

O'er skin late wrinkled, instant beauty spreads ;

The late dimm'd eye, a vivid lustre sheds ;

Hairs, once so thin, now graceful locks decline ;

And rags now chang'd in regal vestments shine.

The hermit thus. In him the BARD behold,

Once seen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold ;

The BARD, whose want so multiplied his woes,

He sunk a mortal, and a seraph rose.

See !—where those stately yew-trees darkling grow,

And, waving o'er yon graves, brown horrors throw,

Scornful he points—there, o'er his sacred dust,

Arise the sculptur'd tomb, and labour'd bust.

Vain pomp ! bestow'd by ostentatious pride,

Who to a life of want relief deny'd.

But thus the BARD. Are these the gifts of state ?
 Gifts unreceiv'd !—These ! Ye ungenerous great !
 How was I treated when in life forlorn ?
 My claim your pity ; but my lot your scorn.
 Why were my studious hours oppos'd by need ?
 In me did poverty from guilt proceed ?
 Did I contemporary authors wrong,
 And deem their worth but as they priz'd my song ?
 Did I soothe vice, or venal strokes betray,
 In the low-purpos'd, loud polemic fray ?
 Did e'er my verse in modest warmth contain,
 Or, once licentious, heavenly truths profane ?
 Never.—And yet when envy sunk my name,
 Who call'd my shadow'd merit into fame ?
 When, undeserv'd, a prison's grate I saw,
 What hand redeem'd me from the wrested law !
 Who cloth'd me naked, or when hungry fed ?
 Why crush'd the living ? Why extol'd the dead ?—
 But foreign languages adopt my lays,
 And distant nations shame you into praise.
 Why should unrelish'd wit these honours cause ?
 Custom, not knowledge, dictates your applause :
 Or think you thus a self-renown to raise,
 And mingle your vain-glories with my bays ?
 Be your's the mouldering tomb ! be mine the lay
 Immortal !—Thus he scoffs the pomp away.
 Though words like these unletter'd pride impeach,
 To the meek heart he turns with milder speech.
 Though now a seraph, oft he deigns to wear
 The face of human friendship, oft of care ;
 To walk disguis'd an object of relief.
 A learn'd good man, long exercis'd in grief ;
 Forlorn, a friendless orphan oft to roam,
 Craving some kind, some hospitable home :
 Or, like Ulysses, a low lazar stand ;
 Beseeching pity's eye, and bounty's hand ;
 Or, like Ulysses, royal aid request,
 Wandering from court to court, a king distrest.
 Thus varying shapes, the seeming son of woe
 Eyes the cold heart, and hearts that generous glow :
 Then to the muse relates each lordly name,
 Who deals impartial infamy and fame.

Oft, as when men in mortal state depress'd,
 His lays taught virtue, which his life confess'd,
 He now forms visionary scenes below,
 Inspiring patience in the heart of woe ;
 Patience, that softens every sad extreme,
 That casts through dungeon-glooms a cheerful gleam,
 Disarms disease of pain, mocks slander's sting,
 And strips of terrors the terrific king,
 'Gainst want, a sourer foe, its succour lends,
 And smiling sees th' ingratitude of friends.

Nor are these tasks to him alone consign'd ;
 Millions invisible befriend mankind.
 When watery structures, seen cross Heaven t' ascend,
 Arch above arch in radiant order bend,
 Fancy beholds, adown each glittering side,
 Myriads of missionary seraphs glide ;
 She sees good angels genial showers bestow
 From the red convex of the dewy bow.
 They smile upon the swain : he views the prize ;
 Then grateful bends, to bless the bounteous skies.
 Some winds collect, and send propitious gales
 Oft where Britannia's navy spreads her sails ;
 There ever wafting, on the breath of fame,
 Unequal'd glory in her sovereign's name.
 Some teach young zephyrs vernal sweets to bear,
 And float the balmy health on ambient air ;
 Zephyrs, that oft, where lovers listening lie,
 Along the grove in melting music die,
 And in lone caves to minds poetic roll
 Seraphic whispers, that abstract the soul.
 Some range the colours, as they parted fly,
 Clear-pointed to the philosophic eye ;
 The flaming red, that pains the dwelling gaze ;
 The stainless, lightsome yellow's gilding rays ;
 The clouded orange, that betwixt them glows,
 And to kind mixture tawny lustre owes ;
 All-cheering green, that gives the spring its dye ;
 The bright, transparent blue, that robes the sky ;
 And indico, which shaded light displays ;
 And violet, which in the view decays ;
 Parental hues, whence others all proceed ;
 An ever-mingling, changeful, countless breed ;

Untravel'd, variegated, lines of light,
 When blended, dazzling in promiscuous white.
 Oft through these bows departed spirits range,
 New to the skies, admiring at their change ;
 Each minds a void, as when first born to earth,
 Behold a second blank in second birth ;
 Then, as yon seraph bard fram'd hearts below,
 Each sees him here transcendent knowledge show,
 New saints he tutors into truth refin'd,
 And tunes to rapturous love the new-form'd mind.
 He swells the lyre, whose loud, melodious lays
 Call high hosannas from the voice of praise ;
 Though one bad age such poesy could wrong,
 Now worlds around retentive roll the song :
 Now God's high throne the full-voice raptures gain,
 Celestial hosts returning strain for strain.
 Thus he, who once knew want without relief,
 Sees joys resulting from well suffering grief.
 Hark ! while we talk, a distant pattering rain
 Resounds !—See ! up the broad ethereal plain
 Shoots the bright bow !—The seraph flits away ;
 The muse, the graces from our view decay.

Behind yon western hill the globe of light
 Drops sudden, fast pursued by shades of night.

Yon graves from winter scenes to mind recall
 Rebellion's council, and rebellion's fall.
 What fiends in sulphurous, car-like clouds up-flew !
 What midnight treason glar'd beneath their view !
 And now the traitors rear their Babel schemes,
 Big, and more big, stupendous mischief seems ;
 But justice, rouz'd, superior strength employs,
 Their scheme wide shatters, and their hope destroys.
 Discord she wills ; the missile ruin flies ;
 Sudden, unnatural debates arise,
 Doubt, mutual jealousy, and dumb disgust,
 Dark-hinted mutterings, and avow'd distrust ;
 To secret ferment is each heart resign'd ;
 Suspicion hovers in each clouded mind ;
 They jar, accus'd accuse, revil'd revile,
 And wrath to wrath oppose, and guile to guile ;
 Wrangling they part, themselves themselves betray ;
 Each dire device starts naked into day ;

They feel confusion in the van with fear ;
They feel the king of terrors in the rear.

Of these were three by different motives fir'd,
Ambition one, and one revenge inspir'd.
The third, O Mammon, was thy meaneer slave ;
Thou idol seldom of the great and brave !

Florio, whose life was one continued feast,
His wealth diminish'd, and his debts increas'd,
Vain pomp, and equipage, his low desires,
Who ne'er to intellectual bliss aspires ;
He, to repair by vice what vice has broke,
Durst with bold treasons judgment's rod provoke.
His strength of mind, by luxury half dissolv'd,
Ill brooks the woe, where deep he stands involv'd.
He weeps, stamps wild, and to and fro now flies ;
Now wrings his hands, and sends unmanly cries.
Arraigns his judge, affirms unjust he bleeds,
And now recants, and now for mercy pleads ;
Now blames associates, raves with inward strife,
Upbraids himself ; then thinks alone on life.
He rolls red swelling, tearful eyes around,
Sore smites his breast, and sinks upon the ground.
He wails, he quite desponds, convulsive lies,
Shrinks from the fancied axe, and thinks he dies :
Revives, with hope inquires, stops short with fear,
Entreats ev'n flattery, nor the worst will hear ;
The worst, alas, his doom !—What friend replies ?
Each speaks with shaking head, and downcast eyes.
One silence breaks, then pauses, drops a tear ;
Nor hope affords, nor quite confirms his fear ;
But what kind friendship part reserves unknown
Comes thundering in his keeper's surly tone.
Enough struck through and through, in ghastly stare,
He stands transfix'd, the statue of despair ;
Nor aught of life, nor aught of death he knows,
Till thought returns, and brings return of woes :
Now pours a storm of grief in gushing streams :
That past—collected in himself he seems,
And with fore'd smile retires—his latent thought
Dark, horrid, as the prison's dismal vault.

If with himself at variance ever wild,
With angry Heaven how stands he reconcil'd ?

No penitential orisons arise ;
 Nay, he obtests the justice of the skies.
 Not for his guilt, for sentenc'd life he moans ;
 His chains rough-clanging to discordant groans,
 To bars harsh-grating, heavy-creaking doors,
 Hoarse-echoing walls, and hollow-ringing floors,
 To thoughts more dissonant, far, far less kind,
 One anarchy, one chaos of the mind.
 At length, fatigu'd with grief, on earth he lies :
 But soon as sleep weighs down th' unwilling eyes,
 Glad liberty appears, no damps annoy,
 Treason succeeds, and all transforms to joy.
 Proud palaces their glittering stores display :
 Gain he pursues, and rapine leads the way.
 What gold ! what gems !—he strains to seize the prize ;
 Quick from his touch dissolv'd a cloud it flies.
 Conscious he cries—and must I wake to weep ?
 Ah, yet return, return, delusive sleep !
 Sleep comes ; but liberty no more :—Unkind,
 The dungeon glooms hang heavy on his mind.
 Shrill winds are heard, and howling demons call ;
 Wide-flying portals seem unhing'd to fall :
 Then close with sudden claps ; a dreadful din !
 He starts, wakes, storms, and all is hell within.
 His genius flies—reflects he now on prayer ?
 Alas ! bad spirits turn those thoughts to air.
 What shall he next ? What, straight relinquish breath,
 To bar a public, just, though shameful death ?
 Rash, horrid thought ! yet now afraid to live,
 Murderous he strikes—may Heaven the deed forgive !
 Why had he thus false spirit to rebel ?
 And why not fortitude to suffer well ?
 Were his success, how terrible the blow !
 And it recoils on him eternal woe,
 Heaven this affliction then for mercy meant,
 That a good end might close a life mispent.
 Where no kind lips the hallow'd dirge resound,
 Far from the compass of yon sacred ground ;
 Full in the centre of three meeting ways,
 Stak'd through he lies.—Warn'd let the wicked gaze.
 Near yonder fane, where misery sleeps in peace,
 Whose spire fast lessens, as these shades increase,

Left to the north, whence oft brew'd tempests roll,
 Tempests, dire emblems, Cosmo, of thy soul!
 There mark that Cosmo, much for guile renown'd!
 His grave by unbid plants of poison crown'd.
 When out of power, through him the public good,
 So strong his factious tribe, suspended stood.
 In power, vindictive actions were his aim,
 And patriots perish'd by th' ungenerous flame.
 If the best cause he in the senate chose,
 Ev'n right in him from some wrong motive rose.
 The bad he loath'd, and would the weak despise;
 Yet courted for dark ends, and shunn'd the wise.
 When ill his purpose, eloquent his strain;
 His malice had a look, and voice humane.
 His smile, the signal of some vile intent,
 A private poignard, or empoison'd scent;
 Proud, yet to popular applause a slave;
 No friend he honour'd, and no foe forgave.
 His boons unfrequent, or unjust to need;
 The hire of guilt, of infamy the meed;
 But, if they chanc'd on learned worth to fall,
 Bounty in him was ostentation all,
 No true benevolence his thought sublimes,
 His noblest actions are illustrious crimes,
 Fine parts, which virtue might have rank'd with fame,
 Enhance his guilt, and magnify his shame.
 When parts and probity in man combine,
 In wisdom's eye, how charming must he shine!
 Let him, less happy, truth at least impart,
 And what he wants in genius bear in heart.

Cosmo, as death draws nigh, no more conceals
 That storm of passion, which his nature feels:
 He feels much fear, more anger, and most pride;
 But pride and anger make all fear subside.
 Dauntless he meets at length untimely fate;
 A desperate spirit! rather fierce than great.
 Darkling he glides along the dreary coast,
 A sullen, wandering, self-tormenting ghost.

Where veiny marble dignifies the ground,
 With emblem fair in sculpture rising ground,
 Just where a crossing, lengthening aisle we find,
 Full east; whence God returns to judge mankind,

Once-lov'd Horatio sleeps, a mind elate !
 Lamented shade, ambition was thy fate.
 Ev'n angels, wondering, oft his worth survey'd ;
 Behold a man, like one of us ! they said.
 Straight heard the furies, and with envy glar'd,
 And to precipitate his fall prepar'd.
 First avarice came. In vain self-love she press'd ;
 The poor he pity'd still, and still redress'd :
 Learning was his, and knowledge to commend,
 Of arts a patron, and of want a friend.
 Next came revenge : but her essay how vain !
 Nor hate, nor envy, in his heart remain.
 No previous malice could his mind engage,
 Malice, the mother of vindictive rage.
 No—from his life his foes might learn to live ;
 He held it still a triumph to forgive.
 At length ambition urg'd his country's weal,
 Assuming the fair look of public zeal ;
 Still in his breast so generous glow'd the flame,
 The vice, when there, a virtue half became.
 His pitying eye saw millions in distress,
 He deem'd it godlike to have power to bless :
 Thus, when unguarded, treason stain'd him o'er ;
 And virtue and content were then no more.

But when to death by rigorous justice doom'd,
 His genuine spirit saint-like state resum'd,
 Oft from soft penitence distill'd a tear ;
 Oft hope in heavenly mercy lighten'd fear ;
 Oft would a drop from struggling nature fall,
 And then a smile of patience brighten all.

He seeks in Heaven a friend, nor seeks in vain ;
 His guardian angel swift descends again ;
 And resolution thus bespeaks a mind,
 Not scorning life, yet all to death resign'd :
 —Ye chains, fit only to restrain the will
 Of common, desperate veterans in ill,
 Though rankling on my limbs ye lie, declare,
 Did e'er my rising soul your pressure wear ?
 No !—free as liberty, and quick as light,
 To worlds remote she takes unbounded flight.
 Ye dungeon glooms, that dim corporeal eyes,
 Could ye once blot her prospect of the skies ?

No!—from her clearer sight ye fled away,
 Like error, pierc'd by truth's resistless ray.
 Ye walls, that witness my repentant moan!
 Ye echoes, that to midnight sorrows groan!
 Do I, in wrath, to you of fate complain?
 Or once betray fear's most inglorious pain?
 No!—Hail, twice hail then, ignominious death!
 Behold how willing glides my parting breath!
 Far greater, better far—ay, far indeed!
 Like me, have suffer'd, and like me will bleed.
 Shall I, whose days, at best, no ill design'd,
 Whose virtue shone not, though I lov'd mankind,
 Apostles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs all,
 Like me once fell, nor murmur'd at their fall.
 Shall I, now guilty wretch, shall I repine?
 Ah, no! to justice let me life resign!
 Quick, as a friend, would I embrace my foe!
 He taught me patience, who first taught me woe;
 But friends are foes, they render woe severe,
 For me they wail, from me extort the tear.
 Not those, yet absent, missive griefs controul;
 These periods weep, those rave, and these condole.
 At entrance shrieks a friend, with pale surprise;
 Another panting, prostrate, speechless lies;
 One grips my hand, one sobs upon my breast!
 Ah, who can bear?—it shocks, it murders rest!
 And is it yours, alas! my friends, to feel?
 And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal?
 Is mine the patience, yours the bosom strife?
 Ah! would rash love lure back my thoughts to life?
 Adieu, dear, dangerous mourners! swift depart!
 Ah, fly me! fly!—I tear ye from my heart.
 Ye saints, whom fears of death could ne'er controul,
 In my last hour compose, support my soul!
 See my blood wash repented sin away!
 Receive, receive me to eternal day!

With words like these the destin'd hero dies,
 While angels wait his soul to happier skies.

Distinction now gives way; yet on we talk,
 Full darkness deepening o'er the formless walk.
 Night treads not with light steps the dewy gale,
 Nor bright-distends her star-embroider'd vail;

Her leaden'd feet, inclement damps distil,
 Clouds shut her face, black winds her vesture fill ;
 An earth-born meteor lights the sable skies,
 Eastward it shoots and, sunk, forgotten dies.
 So pride, that rose from dust to guilty power,
 Glares out in vain ; so dust shall pride devour.

Fishers, who yonder brink by torches gain,
 With toothful tridents strike the scaly train.
 Like snakes in eagles' claws, in vain they strive,
 When heav'd aloft, and quivering yet alive.

While here, methought, our time in converse pass'd,
 The moon, clouds muffled, and the night wore fast.
 At prowling wolves was heard the mastiff's bay,
 And the warn'd master's arms forbid the prey !
 Thus treason steels, the patriot thus describes,
 Forth springs the monarch, and the mischief flies.

Pale glow-worms glimmer'd through the depth of
 night,
 Scattering, like hope, through fear, a doubtful light,
 Lone Philomela tun'd the silent grove,
 With pensive pleasure listen'd wakeful love.
 Half-dreaming fancy form'd an angel's tongue,
 And pain forgot to groan, so sweet she sung.
 The night-crone, with the melody alarm'd,
 Now paus'd, now listen'd, and awhile was charm'd ;
 But like the man, whose frequent stubborn will
 Resists what kind, seraphic sounds instil,
 Her heart the love-inspiring voice repell'd,
 Her breast with agitating mischief swell'd ;
 Which clos'd her ear, and tempted to destroy
 The tuneful life, that charms with virtuous joy.

Now fast we measure back the trackless way ;
 No friendly stars directive beams display.
 But lo !—a thousand lights shoot instant rays ;
 Yon kindling rock reflects the startling blaze.
 I stand astonish'd—thus the hermit cries :
 Fear not, but listen with enlarg'd surprise !
 Still must these hours our mutual converse claim,
 And cease to echo still Olympia's name ;
 Grotts, rivulets, groves, Olympia's name forget,
 Olympia now no sighing winds repeat.

Can I be mortal, and those hours no more,
 Those amorous hours, that plaintive echoes bore ?
 Am I the same ? Ah no !—Behold a mind,
 Unruffled, firm, exalted, and refin'd !
 Late months, that made the vernal season gay,
 Saw my health languish off in pale decay,
 No racking pain yet gave disease a date ;
 No sad presageful thought preluded fate ;
 Yet number'd were my days—my destin'd end
 Near, and more near—Nay, every fear suspend !
 I pass'd a weary, lingering, sleepless night ;
 Then rose, to walk in morning's earliest light ;
 But few my steps—a faint, and cheerless few !
 Refreshment from my flagging spirits flew,
 When, lo ! retir'd beneath a cypress shade,
 My limbs upon a flowery bank I laid,
 Soon by soft-creeping, murmuring winds compos'd,
 A slumber press'd my languid eyes—they clos'd :
 But clos'd not long—methought Olympia spoke ;
 Thrice loud she call'd, and thrice the slumber broke.
 I wak'd. Forth-gliding from a neighbouring wood,
 Full in my view the shadowy charmer stood.
 Rapt'rous I started up to clasp the shade ;
 But stagger'd, fell, and found my vitals fade :
 A mantling chillness o'er my bosom spread,
 As if that instant number'd with the dead.
 Her voice now sent afar, imperfect sound,
 When in a swimming trance my pangs were drown'd.
 Still farther off she call'd—with soft surprise,
 I tur'd—but void of strength, and aid to rise ;
 Short, shorter, shorter yet, my breath I drew ;
 Then up my struggling soul unburden'd flew,
 Thus from a state, where sin and grief abide,
 Heaven summon'd me to mercy—thus I died.

He said. Th' astonishment with which I start,
 Like bolted ice runs shivering through my heart.
 Art thou not mortal then ? I cried. But lo !
 His raiment lightens, and his features glow !
 In shady ringlets falls a length of hair ;
 Emblood'd his aspect shines, enlarg'd his air ;
 Mild from his eyes enrav'ning glories beam ;
 Mild on his brow sits majesty supreme.

Bright plumes of every dye, that round him flow,
 Vest, robe, and wings, in varied lustre show.
 He looks, and forward steps with mien divine;
 A grace celestial gives him all to shine.
 He speaks—Nature is ravish'd at the sound,
 The forests move, and streams stand listening round!

Thus he. As incorruption I assum'd,
 As instant in immortal youth I bloom'd!
 Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital springs,
 With different lights discern'd the form of things;
 To earth my passions fell like mists away,
 And reason open'd in eternal day.
 Swifter than thought from world to world I flew,
 Celestial knowledge shone in every view.
 My food was truth—what transport could I miss?
 My prospect, all infinitude of bliss.
 Olympia met me first, and, smiling gay,
 Onward to mercy led the shining way;
 As far transcendant to her wonted air,
 As her dear wonted self to many a fair!
 In voice, and form, beauty more beauteous shows,
 And harmony still more harmonious grows.
 She points out souls, who taught me friendship's charms,
 They gaze, they glow, they spring into my arms!
 Well pleas'd, high ancestors my view command;
 Patrons and patriots all; a glorious band!
 Horatio too, by well-born fate refin'd,
 Shone out white-rob'd with saints, a spotless mind!
 What once, below, ambition made him miss,
 Humility here gain'd a life of bliss!
 Though late, let sinners then from sin depart!
 Heaven never yet despis'd the contrite heart.
 Last shore, with sweet, exalted lustre grac'd,
 The seraph-bard, in highest order plac'd!
 Seers, lovers, legislators, prelates, kings,
 All raptur'd listen, as he raptur'd sings.
 Sweetness and strength his looks and lays employ,
 Greet smiles with smiles, and every joy with joy:
 Charms he rose; his ever charming tongue
 Joy to our second hymeneals sung;
 Still as we pass'd, the bright celestial throng
 Hail'd us in social love, and heavenly song.

Of that no more! my deathless friendship see!
 I come an angel to the muse and thee.
 These lights, that vibrate, and promiscuous shine,
 Are emanations all of forms divine.
 And here the Muse, though melted from thy gaze,
 Stands among spirits, mingling rays with rays.
 If thou wouldst peace attain, my words attend,
 The last, fond words of thy departed friend!
 True joy's a seraph, that to Heaven aspires,
 Unhurt it triumphs mid' celestial choirs.
 But should no cares a mortal state molest,
 Life were a state of ignorance at best.

Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
 Those ills solemnity of thought inspire.
 Did not the soul abroad for objects roam,
 Whence could she learn to call ideas home?
 Justly to know thyself, peruse mankind;
 To know thy God, paint nature on thy mind:
 Without such science of the worldly scene,
 What is retirement?—Empty pride or spleen:
 But with it wisdom. There shall cares refine,
 Rend'rd by contemplation half-divine.
 Trust not the frantic, or mysterious guide,
 Nor stoop a captive to the schoolman's pride.
 On nature's wonders fix alone thy zeal!
 They dim not reason, when they truth reveal;
 So shall religion in thy heart indure,
 From all traditionary falshood pure;
 So life make death familiar to thy eye,
 So shalt thou live, as thou may'st learn to die;
 And, though thou view'st thy worst oppressor thrive,
 From transient woe, immortal bliss derive.
 Farewell—Nay, stop the parting tear!—I go!
 But leave the muse thy comforter below.
 He said. Instant his pinions upward soar,
 He, lessening as they rise, till seen no more.

While contemplation weigh'd the mystic view,
 The lights all vanish'd, and the vision flew.

THE BASTARD :

INSCRIBED WITH ALL DUE REVERENCE TO

MRS. BRETT, ONCE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.

THE reader will easily perceive these verses were begun when my heart was gayer than it has been of late, and finished in hours of the deepest melancholy.

I hope the world will do me the justice to believe, that no part of this flows from any real anger against the lady to whom it is inscribed. Whatever undeserved severities I may have received at her hands, would she deal so candidly as to acknowledge truth, she very well knows, by an experience of many years, that I have ever behaved myself towards her, like one who thought it his duty to support with patience all afflictions from that quarter. Indeed, if I had not been capable of forgiving a mother, I must have blushed to receive pardon myself at the hands of my sovereign.

Neither, to say the truth, were the manner of my birth all, should I have any reason for complaint. When I am a little disposed to a gay turn of thinking, I consider, as I was a derelict from my cradle, I have the honour of a lawful claim to the best protection in Europe. For being a spot of earth, to which nobody pretends a title, I devolve naturally upon the king, as one of the rights of his royalty.

While I presume to name his majesty, I look back with confusion upon the mercy I have lately experienced, because it is impossible to remember it, but with something I would fain forget, for the sake of my future peace, and alleviation of past my misfortune.

* The uncommon pathos and deep interest excited by the dedication of this poem, induces the editor to preserve it in this selection. The unfortunate circumstance alluded to happened on 20th of Nov. 1727. Savage had been pursuing his studies at Richmond; on his return from whence, he passed a social evening at a coffee-house with two of his acquaintance, between whom a quarrel ensued, and one Mr. James Sinclair was killed. Savage and his companions were tried for this offence, and capitally convicted. Yet no doubt is entertained, but had any judge except Page been on the bench, Savage would have been acquitted, as he certainly did not provoke the broil. There was no hope of mercy but from the crown, which, though obstructed by his mother, was procured by the amiable Countess of Hertford.

I owe my life to the royal pity, if a wretch can, with propriety, be said to live, whose days are fewer than his sorrows; and to whom death had been but a redemption from misery.

But I will suffer my pardon as my punishment, till that life, which has so graciously been given me, shall become considerable enough not to be useless in his service to whom it was forfeited. Under influence of these sentiments, with which his majesty's great goodness has inspired me, I consider my loss of fortune and dignity as my happiness; to which, as I am born without ambition, I am thrown from them without repining. Possessing those advantages, my care has been, perhaps, how to enjoy life; by the want of them I am taught this better lesson, to study how to deserve it. R. SAVAGE.

In gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The muse, exulting, thus her lay began.

Blest be the bastard's birth! through wondrous ways,
He shines eccentric like a comet's blaze!
No sickly fruit of faint compliance he!
He! stamp'd in nature's mint of ecstacy!
He lives to build, not boast, a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
His daring hope, no sire's example bounds;
His first-born lights no prejudice confound.
He, kindling from within, requires no flame;
He glories in a bastard's glowing name.

Born to himself, by no possession led,
In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed;
Nor guides, nor rules, his sovereign choice, controul,
His body independent as his soul;
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoy'd no aim,
Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own.

O mother, yet no mother! 'tis to you,
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
You, unenslav'd to nature's narrow laws,
Warrior championess for freedom's sacred cause,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral, and divine,
Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me from shore,
And launch'd me into life without an oar.

What had I lost, if, conjugally kind,
 By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
 Untaught the matrimonial bounds to slight,
 And coldly conscious of a husband's right,
 You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
 A lawful lump of life by force your own!
 Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire,
 And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
 I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
 Load of your life, and motive of your care;
 Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
 The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state;
 Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
 And slumbering in a seat, by chance my own.

Far nobler blessings wait the bastard's lot;
 Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
 Strong as necessity, he starts away,
 Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.

Thus unprophetic, lately misapp'h'd,
 I sung: gay, fluttering hope, my fancy fir'd;
 Iuly secure, through conscious scorn of ill,
 Nor taught by wisdom, how to balance will,
 Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
 But thought to purpose and to act were one;
 Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
 Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
 But now expos'd, and shrinking from distress,
 I fly to shelter, while the tempests press;
 My muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
 The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.

O memory! thou sota of joy and pain!
 Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
 Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
 Why add continuous smart to every blow?
 Few are my joys, alas! how soon forgot!
 On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not:
 While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall;
 Yet thou repeat'st, and multiply'st them all!

Is chance a guilt? that my disastrous heart,
 For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
 Can self-defence be sin!—Ah, plead no more!
 What though no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er?

Had Heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
 'Thou hadst not been provok'd—or thou hadst died.
 Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all,
 On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
 Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
 To me! through pity's eye condemn'd to see.
 Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
 Gricv'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
 Young, and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
 What ripening virtues might have made their way!
 He might have liv'd till folly died in shame,
 'Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for rãme.
 He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;
 Both happy, generous, candid, and belov'd,
 He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd to fall;
 And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.

O fate of late repentance! always vain:
 Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
 Where shall my hope find rest?—No mother's care
 Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:
 No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
 Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd,
 Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
 First to advance, then skreen from future harm?
 Am I return'd from death, to live in pain?
 Or would imperial pity save in vain?
 Distrust it not—what blame can mercy find,
 Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?

Mother, miscall'd, farewell—of soul severe,
 This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
 All I was wretched by, to you I ow'd,
 Alone from strangers, every comfort flow'd!

Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
 And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
 New-born, I may a nobler mother claim,
 But dare not whisper her immortal name;
 Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
 Majestic mother of a kneeling state!
 Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before!
 Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
 One contest yet remains in this desire,
 Who most shall give applause, where all admire!

HILL.

THE poetical reputation of Aaron Hill has been far inferior to his merits; probably because he never produced any poem of length, and seems to have pleased his fancy or amused his friends by occasional efforts, regardless of their fate. As a dramatic writer, however, he has acquired great and deserved celebrity: his *Zara* and *Me-ropé* are first rate performances, and still retain possession of the English stage.

Hill was born in London, in 1685. His father was a Wiltshire gentleman of fortune, but left little to his son, who, after passing some time at Westminster school, with an enthusiasm connected with genius, set out for Constantinople, when only fourteen years old, to visit his kinsman, Lord Paget, then ambassador at the Ottoman Porte. His lordship seems to have been pleased with the attention of his young friend, and provided him a tutor, in whose company he passed through Egypt, Palestine, and other countries of the East, returning to England with his excellency about 1703, with a mind amply stored with natural and acquired knowledge. It was not the good fortune, however, of Hill to receive any posthumous favour from his early patron, and he was glad to accept the office of secretary to the Earl of Peterborough, with whom he continued till his marriage, in 1710, with a young lady of great merit and beauty.

Having a taste for the stage, he became manager of Drury-Lane; but a misunderstanding happening between him and the Lord Chamberlain, he soon relinquished that situation, and obtained a patent for making sweet oil from beech-nuts, which engaged his attention for some time, but at last was found to be unproductive. He next engaged with the York Building company, to furnish masts for the navy, from the pine forests on their estates in Scotland; but this public spirited project likewise fell to the ground.

The remainder of his life was spent in the exercise of benevolence, and in the quiet prosecution of his studies. He died at Plaistow in Essex, in 1750, in the 68th year of his age, and was buried in the great cloister of Westminster Abbey, in the same grave with his wife.

We regret that our limits do not allow us to dwell longer on the life of this amiable man, who, with the best heart and the ablest head, seems to have been the shuttlecock of fortune from his cradle to his grave.

Mr. Anderson has recorded an affecting passage, I had almost written *prediction*, of his advancing dissolution, which happened very soon after his *Merope* was represented; and it will be found in the dedication to the above mentioned tragedy.

“ Cover'd in fortune's shade I rest reclin'd,
My grief all silent, and my joys resign'd ;
With patient eye life's evening gloom survey,
Nor shake the hasting sands, nor bid them stay.
Yet while from life my setting prospects fly,
Fain would my mind's weak offspring shun to die,
Fain would their hope some light through time explore,
The name's kind passport when the man's no more.”

Among the long and illustrious list of persons who were proud to call themselves his friends, were Bolingbroke, Fope, Chesterfield, Voltaire, Thomson, Savage, Dyer, Fielding, Garrick, and Richardson, the last named of whom summed up his character in a warm and beautiful effusion of poetry.

THE PICTURE OF LOVE.

LOVE is a passion by no rules confin'd,
 The great first mover of the human mind :
 Spring of our fate ! it lifts the climbing will,
 Or sinks the soften'd soul in sea of ill :
 Science, truth, virtue, sweetness, glory, grace,
 Are all love's influence, and adorn his race ;
 Love too, gives fear, despair, grief, anger, strife,
 And all th' unnumber'd woes which tempest life.

Fir'd with a daring wish, to paint him right,
 What muse shall I invoke to lend me light ?
 Something divine there lives in love's soft flame,
 Beyond our spirit's pow'r to give it name !
 How shall I paint it then ? or why reveal
 A pleasure and a pain which all must feel ?

Soul of thy sex's sweetness ! aid my hope,
 Pride of my reason, and my passion's scope !
 Thou, whose least motion can delight inspire !
 And whose sweet eye-beams shed celestial fire !
 Thou, at whose heaven-tun'd voice the dead might wake !
 And from whose face we fatal learning take,
 Teach me thy godlike pow'r the heart to move,
 Smile on my verse and look the world to love ?
 Far, ye profane, from my chaste subject fly,
 Nor stain its brightness with a tainted eye ;
 What if a thousand ills the wanton prove,
 Whose earth-born heart usurps the name of love ?
 Lovers, indeed, are cast in no coarse mould,
 How few have yet been form'd, though time's grown
 No wild desire can this proud bliss bestow, [old !
 Souls must be match'd in Heaven, though mix'd below.

As fire, by nature, climbs direct and bright,
 And beams in spotless rays, a shining light ;
 But if some gross obstruction stop its way,
 Smokes in low curls and seems the sullied day :
 So love itself, untainted and refin'd,
 Borrows a tincture from the colour'd mind ;
 The great grow greater while its force they prove,
 But little the art-swain's room and cripple love.

Cautious, ye fated, who frequent the fair !
 Your breasts examine, nor too rashly dare,
 Curb your untrusted hearts while yet they're free,
 Love is resistless when you feel 'tis he.

Small is the soul's first wound, from beauty's dart,
 And scarce th' unheeded fever warms the heart.
 Long we mistake it, under liking's name,
 A soft indulgence that deserves no blame ;
 A pleasure we but take to do her right,
 Whose presence charms us, and whose words delight ;
 Whose sweet remembrance broods upon our breast,
 And whose dear friendship is with pride possest.

Excited thus the smother'd fire at length,
 Bursts into blaze, and burns with open strength :
 That image which before but sooth'd the mind,
 Now lords it there, and rages unconfin'd.
 Mixing with all our thoughts it wastes the day,
 And when night comes, it dreams the soul away,
 Pungent impatient tingles in each vein,
 And the sick bosom throbs with aching pain,

Absent from her, in whom alone we live,
 Life grows a bankrupt, and no bliss can give ;
 Friends are importunate, and pleasure's lost,
 What once most charm'd us now disgusts us most .
 Fretful to silent solitude we run,
 And men, and light, and noisy converse shun ;
 Pensive in woods, on river's sides we walk,
 And to th' unlist'ning winds and waters talk ;
 How next we shall approach her pleas'd we weigh.
 And think in transport all we mean to say :
 Tenderly bowing, thus will we complain,
 Thus court her pity, and thus plead our pain ;
 Thus sigh at fancy'd frowns, if frowns should rise,
 And thus meet favours in her soft'ning eyes.

Restless on paper we our vows repeat,
 And pour our souls out on the missive sheet .
 Write, blot, restore—and in lost pieces rend
 The mute entreaters, yet too faint to send ;
 Unblest'd if no admission we procure,
 'Tis heav'n at distance to behold her door !
 Or to her window we by night repair,
 And let loose fancy to be fated there ;

Watch her lov'd shadow as it glances by,
 And to imagin'd motions chain our eye ;
 Has she some field, or grove, or garden bless'd ?
 Pleas'd we retread the paths her feet have press'd ;
 Near her, by chance, at visits or at plays,
 Our rushing spirits crowd in speaking gaze ;
 Light as her varied airs our eye-balls ride,
 Blind as the dead to the full world beside.

If bless'd by some kind letter from her hand,
 The cherish'd flame is into madness fann'd ;
 Trembling we half devour the sacred prize,
 And lend our thoughts and lips to aid our eyes ;
 No wild extravagance of joy's too much,
 For aught once warm'd by her enlivening touch.

These are the sweet effusions of desire,
 When absence wounds us, or when wishes fire ;
 But when in presence we our vows address,
 Who can the tumults of the soul express ?
 Boundless desire, aw'd hope, and doubtful joy,
 Stormy by turns the veering heart employ ;
 Sick'ning in fancy's sunshine, now we faint,
 And licence wounds us deeper than restraint :
 Fix'd in her opening door surpris'd we stay ;
 Dumb and depriv'd of all we meant to say :
 Our eyes flash meanings, but our rooted feet
 Pause till due rev'rence saints the hallow'd heat :
 Soft tremblings seize us, and a gentle dread,
 Speechless our thought, and all our courage fled.

Slowly reviving, we from love's short trance,
 Softly with blushful tenderness advance ;
 Bowing we kneel, and her giv'n hand is prest,
 With sweet compulsion to our bounding breast ;
 O'er it in ecstasy our lips bend low,
 And tides of sighs 'twixt her grasp'd fingers flow :
 High beats the hurried pulse at each forc'd kiss,
 And ev'ry burning sinew aches with bliss :
 Life in a foully deluge rushes o'er,
 And the charm'd heart springs out at ev'ry pore.

The first fierce rapture of amazement past,
 Confusion quits us, and desire grows fast ;
 We sit, and while her gaz'd-at beauties rise,
 A humid brightness sparkles from our eyes :

Modest disquiet ev'ry action wears,
 And each long look the mark of passion bears !
 Disorder'd nature no cold medium keeps,
 Transport now reigns, and dull reflection sleeps :
 All that we feel, or wish, or act, or say,
 Is above thought, and out of reason's way ;
 Joy murmurs, anger laughs, and hope looks sad ;
 Rashness grows prudent, and discretion mad :
 Restless we feel our am'rous bosom burn,
 Now this way look we, and now that way turn.
 Now in sweet swell of thought our lifted eyes
 Lose their low langour, and attempt to rise ;
 Now sinking suppliant seek the charmer's feet,
 And court wish'd pity in their glanc'd retreat.
 Oft, in fix'd gaze, they dwell upon her face,
 Then start astonish'd from some dazzling grace ,
 Now in bold liberty fly out unbid.
 Now aw'd, 'scape inward, 'twixt the closing lid.

If we dare speak, and would our wish pursue,
 The words fall feath'ry like descending dew ;
 The soft'ning accents ev'n in utterance die,
 And the tongue's sweetness here out-charms the eye ;
 'Till mingled sighs the fainting voice confound,
 But lovers' meanings speak, though robb'd of sound.

Is there no more ? oh ! yet the last remains !
 Crown of our conquest ! sweet'ner of our pains !
 There is a time when love no wish denies,
 And smiling nature throws off all disguise ;
 But who can words to speak those raptures find ?
 Vast sea of ecstasy that drowns the mind !
 That fierce transfusion of exchanging hearts !
 That gliding glimpse of Heav'n in passive starts !
 That veiny rush ! that warm tumultuous roll !
 That fire which kindles body into soul !
 And on life's margin strains delight so high,
 That sense breaks short, and while we taste we die.

By love's soft force, all nature is refin'd,
 The dull made sprightly, and the cruel kind :
 Gently the stubborn passions learn to move,
 And savage hearts are humaniz'd by love :
 Love in a chain of converse bound mankind,
 And polish'd and awak'd the rugged mind :

Justice, truth, pity, openness of heart,
 Courage, politeness, eloquence and art,
 That gen'rous fire with which ambition flames,
 And all th' unsleeping soul's divinest aims,
 Touch'd by the warmth of love, burn up more bright,
 Proud of the godlike pow'r to give delight.

Thus have I vainly strove, with strokes too faint,
 Love in his known and outward marks to paint ;
 Unmindful that of old they veil'd his face,
 And wisely cover'd what they could not trace.
 Lovely creator of my soul's soft pain,
 Pity the pencil that aspir'd in vain :
 Vers'd in love's pangs, and taught his pow'r by you,
 Skill'd, I presum'd that what I felt I drew ;
 But I have err'd ; and with delirious aim,
 Would picture motion and imprison flame.
 He who can light'ning's flash to colours bind,
 May paint love's influence on the burning mind.
 Then when we master him and give him law,
 Then may we chain him, and his image draw :
 But who would bind this god, must captive take
 A power which all mankind can captive make :
 I am too weak of heart, yet I can tell
 Those who dare seize him, where he loves to dwell.
 I see him now ; in his own heaven he lies,
 Close at sweet ambush in Miranda's eyes.

ADVICE TO THE POETS.

Too long provok'd, immortal muse, forgive ;
 Rouse a dead world, and teach my verse to live.
 Not the low muse, who lends her feeble fire,
 To flush pale spleen, or light up loose desire :
 But that bright influence, that expansive glow,
 Which first in angels numbers learn'd to flow ;
 Ere time had struck eternity with shade,
 Or day, or night, or space, or form, was made :
 Tun'd the rais'd notes at which creation grew,
 And worlds, and stars, and suns, and heav'ns, shot new.

She, she, the Muse—Oh, ne'er to be defin'd ;
 Thou flame of purpose ! and thou flow of mind !
 Thou path of praise, by Heav'n's first fav'rites trod !
 Thou voice of prophets ! and thou breath of God !

I feel her now—th' invader fires my breast ;
 And my soul swells to suit the heav'nly guest :
 Hear her, O Pope ! she sounds th' inspir'd decree,
 Thou great archangel of wit's heav'n ! for thee.

Let vulgar genii, sour'd by sharp disdain,
 Piqu'd and malignant words, low war maintain,
 While ev'ry meamer art exerts her aim,
 O'er rival arts, to lift her question'd fame.
 Let half-soul'd poets still on poets fall,
 And teach the willing world to scorn them all.
 But let no muse, pre-eminent as thine,
 Of voice melodious, and of force divine,
 Stung by wit's wasps, all rights of rank forego,
 And turn, and snarl, and bite, at every foe.
 No, like thy own Ulysses, make no stay ;
 Shun monsters, and pursue thy streamy way.

Wing'd by the muse's god to rise sublime,
 What has thy fame to fear from peevish rhyme ?
 Shalt thou, decreed til time's own death to live,
 Yet want the noblest courage—to forgive ?
 Slander'd in vain, enjoy the spleen of foes ;
 Let these from envy hate ; from int'rest those !
 Guilt, like the first, your gratitude requires,
 Since none can envy, till he first admires :
 And nature tells the last his crime is none,
 Who to your int'rest but prefers his own.

Disgrac'd by victory where we strike too low,
 And meanly furious stretch the stooping blow,
 Pride, that provokes revenge, misleads it too ;
 Return of slander is the weak man's view :
 The wise expect it with a cold disdain ;
 And, while they not receive, retort the pain.

Should ev'n hot rashness erring jav'lines throw,
 And strike our friendly breast, supposed a foe ?
 How nobler still to undeceive than blame !
 And chasten insult with the blush of shame ?
 Never, ah, never, shall that worth be found,
 Which neither malice nor mistake can wound !

Thus far might every strength of heart extend ;
 Thus far can ethic springs our tempers bend :
 Thus far the thoughts of saints or kings may rise,
 And each known greatness of earth's usual size :
 But far more tow'ring still the poet's fires !
 Whose breast a ray from God's own heart inspires.

Heroes and saints rise rare—yet still they rise ;
 And time's full stream each common art supplies,
 Philosophy's proud heights are hourly gain'd,
 And painting's charms, and music's force attain'd ;
 But when the deathless poet is to shine,
 Long lab'ring ages swell the slow design.
 At length he comes: the birth of time appears !
 And Heav'n smiles satisfy'd a thousand years.

Strange greatness this ! with which compar'd, priest,
 King, hero, and philosopher, found faint ! [saint,
 He's none of these, whom time shall poet call,
 But more than either, and creates them all.

Learn poets, learn, th' importance of your name ;
 And, conscious of your pow'r, exalt your aim.
 Soul-shaking sov'reigns of the passions, you
 Hold wider empire than the Cæsars knew.
 While clam'rous rhet'ric but suspends the mind,
 And whisp'ring morals sigh, unheard, behind ;
 While frail philosophy but starts designs,
 And revelation's light to distant shines,
 Ardent and close the muse maintains her sway,
 And the consenting wishes make her way :
 Ev'n pride's rash plunge, the poet's curb endures ;
 And ev'ry passage to the heart is yours.

Scorn, then, the servile imitator's name,
 Nor humbly splendid wear cast coats of fame :
 Lean not sustain'd—a weight no muse allows !
 Pilt'ring the faded bays from classic brows ;
 Nor creep contented in the modern way ;
 A dry, dull, soft, low, languid, tiresome lay !
 But, strongly sacred, and sublimely warm,
 Strike the aw'd soul, and the touch'd passions charm ;
 Till the stern cynic, soft'ning at your strain,
 Feels himself mov'd, and hugs the pleasing pain.
 While lazy lovers from their langour start,
 And gain a conquest, though they lost a heart.

Such wond'rous change can harmony command !
 For Heav'n lent nature to the poet's hand :
 Gave him the passions' boundless power to know ;
 And, like a god, distribute joy and woe :
 Taught the tun'd nerves at each known sound to spring,
 And bound obedient to the warbling string.
 And the blood's current in compliance roll,
 And the charm'd spirits rush in tides of soul.

Ye who feel strong this power that Heaven has lent,
 Be your rais'd hearts with equal ardour bent ;
 Dare to praise virtue, though unprais'd before ;
 Lance your keen satires at oppressive pow'r :
 Be worth obscure by your bright genius sought,
 And gild its paleness in your sun of thought :
 Lift it to notice ; give it strength to move,
 And teach dull greatness how to know and love.
 With nerves of thought invig'rate manly themes,
 Nor idly sport in fancy's empty beams ;
 Let no base flatt'ry tempt your verse astray,
 Nor a light laughter a low taste display.
 In wit's cold shallows wade, for shame ! no more,
 Her soundless ocean tempts you from the shore :
 Up her vast steep's launch with intrepid climb,
 And swim through ages down the stream of time.

Though faint, through modish mists religion shines.
 Oft let her sacred soarings lift your lines :
 Oft let your thoughts take fire at that first flame,
 From whose bright effluence inspiration came.
 'Th' Almighty God, who gave the sun to blaze,
 Voic'd the great poet for his Maker's praise :
 First, for his glory, form'd the world's extent :
 Then form'd a language for that glory meant.
 Hence have all tow'ry minds, sublimely fir'd,
 With in-born strength to their own heav'n aspir'd ;
 While conscious pertness, for such heights unfit,
 Safe to slight subjects pins its puny wit.

Lives there a man, whose breast with honour glows ?
 Who, wrong'd by friends, forgives and pities foes ;
 Who, still deserving, never gains success,
 But lives oppress'd, by shaming to oppress ?
 Who can all grief for his own woes restrain,
 Yet melts in generous tears at ether's pain ?

Teach him, O muse ! to wish no monarch's sway,
 Greater in want, than in dominion they !
 For, oh !—what diff'rence ! 'twixt th' effulgent mind,
 That longs for light, lest others should be blind,
 And him, who, wanting nothing, grasping all,
 Seems great himself, because all round look small !

Or does a softer subject suit your mind ?
 Fond of the fair, and to their int'rest kind ;
 Pity some maid, whom modest wishes move,
 Unbless'd by fortune, yet inspir'd by love ;
 Fair without followers, without art sincere,
 Prais'd without hope, and without conquest dear :
 There let the muse the rights of beauty prove,
 For all are equal by the laws of love.
 There let the muse persuade on virtue's side,
 And teach lame love to leap the bars of pride :
 The pains of passion let the muse impart,
 And to soft yieldings mould the stubborn heart.

Are there, whose rais'd distinction sweetly shines,
 And whom high fortune fills with high designs ?
 Who greatly blessing all o'er whom they rise,
 Smile on th' inferior world with friendly eyes ?
 Or whom the love of useful arts in-pires ?
 Or whom, faith, gratitude, or friendship fires ?
 Or whom by charity's soft glowings warm'd ?
 All vice has fled from, and all virtue charm'd :
 These, and all these, deserve the muse's strain ;
 At once adorn, and are adorn'd again.

Shines there a captain, form'd for war's controul,
 Born with the seeds of conquest in his soul ?
 By envy driv'n to trust his in-bred store,
 And still the less supply'd renown'd the more ?
 'Gainst foes and friends, at once compell'd to guard,
 But hardest press'd by those for whom he warr'd ;
 Victor alike, supported or betray'd,
 And obstinate in his oppressor's aid ;
 Pointing superior from the heights he won,
 To teach his rash supplanters what to shun.
 Di-claiming vengeance, while secure of fame,
 And griev'd, not angry, at his country's shame :
 Fearless of flattery here, confess the great,
 And to wrong'd glory lend the muse's weight.

To crowns and senates hold a daring light,
 And, 'spite of M——'s, do a M—— right.
 Should wit's high guardians e'er their charge neglect,
 Nor watch her waning, nor her growth protect,
 Cold and unmov'd see tragic warmth decay,
 And epic splendour fade, unfelt, away ;
 While in their place low tastes the land defame,
 Jest's without words, and laughter without shame !
 Poets expell'd the stage, supremely theirs,
 And the bays with'ring round the heads of play'rs ;
 'Then should the muse indignant wake the throne,
 And the whole thunder of her voice be shown.

O that all verse would senseless sound expel,
 And the big subject bid the numbers swell !
 But, ah, far short th' unsolid tinklers rise,
 Nor soar, but flutter, in the muse's skies !

Shame on your jingling, ye soft sons of rhyme !
 Tuneful consumers of your reader's time !
 Fancy's light dwarfs ! whose feather-footed strains
 Dance in wild windings through a waste of brains !
 Your's is the guilt of all, who, judging wrong,
 Mistake tun'd nonsense for the poet's song.
 Provoking dulness ! what a soul has he,
 Why fancies rhyme and measure poetry !
 He thinks profanely, that this gen'rous art
 Stops at the ear, with power to shake the heart.

For twice nine cent'ries, why has partial fame,
 O'er worthier Romans, swell'd th' Augustan name ?
 O'er Julius, nobler, and of mightier mind ?
 O'er ev'n Vespasian, darling of mankind ?
 What but the muse this lasting diff'rence made ?
 Pleas'd poets lent the world's great lord their aid :
 And from their greatful praise consent first grew,
 That he who rais'd the arts, surpass'd them too.

Think, ye vain statesmen ! whose self-pointed aims
 Die with your dust, nor save your bury'd names,
 Think on the crowds of busy cyphers lost,
 Who once, like you, their sovereign's smiles engross'd !
 Cloudily bustling fill'd a realm alone,
 And, with state curtains, screen'd the darken'd throne
 'Twixt crown and subject, stood an envy'd wall,
 Bought, built, clear'd clouded, and decided all :

Yet, dead for ever, in dumb graves are laid,
And rest, forgotten, with the noise they made.

No Richlieu's they—nor knew that poet's pow'r,
Nor, skill'd to plant, invok'd the genial show'r :
Hence their dry names in happy haste decay,
And ev'ry barren glory fades away.

In peace, such themes demand the poet's fire,
Such subjects raise th' exalted art still higher :
But, if provok'd too far, some wav'ring state,
Push'd and insulted in perplex'd debate,
Feels her slow patience blush—and, tir'd at length,
Weighs her mean wrongs against her mighty strength ;
If then wish'd war th' exerted genius warms,
And glowing verse would rouse a realm to arms,
Then the joint muses animate the song,
And the whole godhead pours the sound along :
Then the big notes in tun'd excitement roll,
Bid the blood boil, and wing the wafted soul :
Courage impatient burns in ev'ry breath ;
And a taught brav'ry leaps the lines of death.

These are the seasons, O, ye muse inspir'd !
When states unwarlike may to war be fir'd ;
Then pow'rful verse should long-lost heroes raise,
And kindle glory at the catching blaze :
Arthur's great ghost unresting and asham'd,
That William's brav'ry saw the brave defam'd,
Shining, redeem'd in honour of our land,
Would smile to 'scape the knighted tort'rer's hand,
Then might our great third Edward's awful shade,
Heard with ris'n standards dreadfully display'd,
Pale from his tomb in epic strides advance,
And shoot cold horror through the heart of France.
Wide o'er the reading world extend alarms,
And warn proud states to shun Britannia's arms.

Or, since the muses sons in courts are known,
And pleas'd pay homage round a reigning throne.
Why are they slow to sing the Saxon fame ?
From whose long lineage sov'reign Brunswick came :
When their white courser, by brave Hengist born,
Did first in Albion war's wav'd pomp adorn :
While German aids thy cliffs, O Britain, scal'd,
To triumph, where ev'n Rome's great help had fail'd !

To save, and give forgetful England name,
 To plant a race, that know not whence they came,
 To lend us language to express our fires,
 In grateful railings at our German sires.

Thus, O ye happy few ! for glory born,
 Whose starry wreaths your country's fame adorn,
 Waste not, on vulgar themes your breathing fire,
 But tune, for gen'rous ends, your living lyre :
 Teach the mistaken world a juster rate,
 To court your praises, and to dread your hate.
 Then, when kind Heav'n inspires the vast sublime,
 And your verse lives, and claims the stamp of time,
 History shall die, and scarce preserve a name ;
 While poets flourish in immortal fame.

How have endanger'd balancers of state
 Liv'd in light ign'rance of the muse's weight ?
 How might a guided stage men's wills prepare,
 To brook tame peace, or wish reluctant war !
 How might the subtle scene our passions wind !
 And the watch'd arms of young sedition bind !
 How timely might this pow'rful art persuade !
 How make light lovelier, and illumine shade !
 Ease statesmen's labours, animate their aims,
 Adorn their actions, and enbalm their names.

Should W——'s self, unconscious of the muse,
 Provoke her vengeance, or her reverence lose,
 In vain were votes ! she could his pow'r defy,
 And bid his blacken'd memory never die :
 Stude his best virtues, widen each mistake,
 And his hop'd fame from unborn ages take.
 Or she could force unwilling praise to climb,
 And feat him, topmost, on the tide of time ;
 Bid millions bless him ages after death,
 And give new life in a charm'd people's breath :
 When no skill'd antiquary finds his bust,
 And his proud buildings shall be lost in dust.

Pardon, ye living lights ! where'er you shine,
 Ye blest elect ! ye prophets of the mine !
 Pardon that I, whom fainter flames inspire,
 Have thus presum'd to point your heav'nly fire :
 To make the great more great, requires your skill ;
 I want the pow'r, nor ev'n possess the will.

While to myself I live obscurely blest,
 Look round the busy world, and hug my rest ;
 Plac'd below greatness, and above distress,
 I pity pow'r, and hold fast happiness ;
 Pursue no int'rest, no mean prospect raise,
 Reject no censure, and invite no praise.

 SOLITUDE.

WELCOME cool breeze, to fan my glowing mind,
 Under'd with feverish cares and constant woe !
 Welcome soft bliss, by gracious Heaven design'd,
 The out-worn paths of ancient peace to show,
 The road which wisdom loves to go,
 And teach aspiring man true happiness to know,
 In thy sweet shades uninterrupted reigns,
 Free from care-toil'd nature's strains,
 The downy god of ease !
 In the innocent and life-bliss'd swains,
 Unsway'd by low desire of worldly gains,
 Their uncorrupted senses justly please,
 Nor know the penetrating curse of pains,
 But travel smoothly up to death, by mild and slow de-
 grees.

On thy calm coasts no whirlwind doubts we find,
 No terrifying blasts to break soft sleep,
 No self-raisd tempests shake man's hurry'd mind,
 For question'd riches which the wild winds sweep,
 Along the furrow'd bosom of the deep ;
 And which, ev'n e'er we gain, we tear to lose.
 No watchful guards in thee we need to keep,
 But rest in peaceful slumbers duly find,
 Nor feel the killing cares, which great men madly
 choose.

Smoothly revolving years,
 Unloaded with a needless weight of fears,
 Slide unperceiv'd and steadily away ;
 Safe in the humble shelter of content,
 Our apprehension easy and unben-

Sometimes but seldom looks abroad to know,
How things about us go.

Sometimes we upward deign to cast our eye,
And view, with curious scorn, the gath'ring clouds,
Which warring princes, plac'd for mischief high,
Supinely sit, and bid against each other fly:
From coverts, where our choice our fortune shrouds.

We see all this, and hear the noise it makes;
As one well hous'd sees the blue light'ning fly,
And hears the rolling thunder shake the sky;
While he, regardless where the tempest breaks,
Without the danger, the delight partakes;
Thus, while on earth, our bodies happy stay,
While here our joy-fin'd moments swim away.

Our elevated minds, above the spheres of day,
Forget their weak-built tenement of clay;
And by the trying fire of reason, grow
So pure, so free, from thought disord'ring sin,
That when from life on their last call they go,
In large expanse of soul, they upwards flow,
And rather mix with Heav'n, than dwell therein.

BROOME.

WILLIAM BROOME, one of the coadjutors of Pope in the translation of Homer, was born in Cheshire, and educated on the foundation of Eton college, where he had the misfortune to become superannuated, and was sent to St. John's college, Cambridge, by the bounty of some friends.

Having taken orders, he became rector of Sturton in Suffolk, where he married a widow lady of considerable fortune. He was afterwards presented to the livings of Oakley Magna, and Eye, both in Suffolk, which, on the resignation of his former preferment, he continued to hold for life.

The situation of a country clergyman, however useful and exemplary, produces few materials for the biographer. His life passes in the silent anxiousness of duty; and if he has a taste for literature, it is marked only by the successive appearance of his works.

In 1727, Broome published his "Poems on several Occasions," with a dedication to Lord Townsend. Towards the latter end of his life, he amused himself with translating some of the Odes of Anacreon, which he published in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the signature of CHRISTER.

He died at Bath, in 1745, and was buried in the Abbey church, leaving an only son, Charles, who fell a martyr to the small-pox two years after, when a student at Cambridge.

The occasional poems of Broome have been several times reprinted. The share he took in the *Odyssey* is well known, and on this his future fame will probably depend, although some of the former are tender, interesting, and unaffected.

"O! Broome," says Johnson, "though it cannot be said he was a great poet; it would be unjust to deny that he was an excellent versifier. His lines are smooth and

sonorous, and his diction is select and elegant. He had such powers of words and numbers as fitted him for translations; but in his original works, recollection seems to have been his business more than invention. What he takes he seldom makes worse, and he cannot be thought a mean man whom Pope chose for an associate." Henley says,

Pope came clean off with *Homer*; but they say
Broome went before, and kindly swept the way.

His translations, observes Anderson, are smooth, classical, and spirited; and most of his original pieces have something to be praised, either in thought or expression. Dr. Warton thinks the books he translated for Pope on the *Odyssey* are inferior to Fenton's; but it is no small honour to him, that the readers of poetry have never been able to distinguish his books from those of Fenton and Pope. The general testimony borne to him as a man, is thus confirmed to his credit by the last quoted biographer. "The character of Broome, though he never rose to a very high dignity in the church, seems to have been amiable and respectable. At college he was universally beloved, and in a more advanced life he was distinguished by his exemplary observance of the social and domestic duties, and his piety and diligence in the exercise of his pastoral function. He is mentioned by Shuckford under the title of the ingenious Annotator on the English Homer, whose real worth, as well as learning, makes it a pleasure to me to say, that I have a friendship for him."

A POEM ON DEATH.*

O'er! for Elijah's car, to wing my way
 O'er the dark gulf of death to endless day!
 A thousand ways, alas! frail mortals lead
 To her dire den, and dreadful all to tread.
 See! in the horrors of yon house of woes,
 Troops of all maladies the fiend enclose!
 High on a trophy rais'd of human bones,
 Swords, spears, and arrows, and sepulchral stones,
 In horrid state she reigns; attendant ills
 Besiege her throne, and when she frowns she kills:
 Through the thick gloom the torch red-glimmering
 burns.

O'er shrowds, and sable palls, and mouldering urns;
 While flowing stoles, black plumes, and scutcheons
 spread

An idle pomp around the silent dead:
 Unaw'd by power, in common heap she flings
 The scrips of beggars, and the crowns of kings:
 Here gales of sighs, instead of breezes, blow,
 And streams of tears for ever murmuring flow:
 The mournful yew with solemn horror waves
 His baleful branches, saddening even the graves:
 Around all birds obscene loud-screaming fly,
 Clang their black wings, and shriek along the sky:
 The ground perverse, though bare and barren, breeds
 All poisons, foes to life, and noxious weeds;
 But, blasted frequent by th' unwholesome sky,
 Dead fall the birds, the very poisons die.

Full in the entrance of the dreadful doors,
 Old-age, half vanish'd to a ghost, deploras:
 Propp'd on his crutch, he drags with many a groan
 The load of life, yet dreads to lay it down.

There, downward driving an unnumber'd band,
 Intemperance and disease walk hand in hand:

* The whole of this poem is impressive, and some of the passage, exquisitely touching.

These torment, whirling with remorseless sway
A scourge of iron, lashes on the way.

There frantic anger, prone to wild extremes,
Grasps an ensanguin'd sword, and Heaven blasphemes.
There heart-sick agony distorted stands,
Writches his convulsive limbs, and wrings his hands.
There sorrow droops his ever-pensive head,
And care still tosses on his iron bed :

Or, musing, fastens on the ground his eye,
With folded arms ; with every breath a sigh.

Hypdrops unwieldly wallows in a flood ;

And murder rages, red with human blood,

With fever, famine, and afflictive pain,

Plague, pestilence, and war, a dismal train !

These and a thousand more the fiend surround,

Shrieks pierce the air, and groans to groans resound.

O heavens ! is this the passage to the skies

That man must tread, when man, your favourite, dies ?

Oh ! for Elijah's car to wing my way

O'er the dark gulf of death to endless day !

Confounded at the sight my spirits fled.

My eyes rain'd tears, my very heart was dead !

I wail'd the lot of man, that all would shun,

And all must bear that breathe beneath the sun.

When lo ! an heavenly form, divinely fair,

Shoots from the starry vault through fields of air ;

And swifter than on wings of lightning driven,

At once seems here and there, in earth and Heaven !

A dazzling brightness in refulgent streams

Flows from his locks inwreath'd with sunny beams :

His roseate cheeks the bloom of Heaven display,

And from his eyes dart glories more than day :

A robe of light condens'd around him shone,

And his locks glitter'd with a starry zone :

And while the listening winds lay hush'd to hear,

Thus spoke the vision, amiably severe !

Vain man ! would'st thou e-escape the common lot,
To live, to suffer, die, and be forgot ?

Look back on ancient times, primeval years,

All, all are past ! a mighty void appears !

Heroes and kings, those gods of earth, whose fame

Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name !

The great in arts or arms, the wise, the just,
 Mix with the meanest in congenial dust !
 Ev'n saints and prophets the same paths have trod,
 Ambassadors of Heaven, and friends of God !
 And thou, would'st thou the general sentence fly ?
 Moses is dead ! thy Saviour deign'd to die !
 Mortal, in all thy acts regard thy end ;
 Live well the time thou liv'st, and death's thy friend :
 Then curb each rebel thought against the sky,
 And die resign'd, O man, ordain'd to die !

He added not, but spread his wings in flight,
 And vanish'd instant in a blaze of light.

Abash'd, ashamed, I cry, Eternal Power,
 I yield ! I wait resign'd th' appointed hour !
 Man, foolish man, no more thy soul deceive !
 To die, is but the surest way to live :
 When age we ask, we ask it in our wrong,
 And pray our time of suffering may be long ;
 The nauseous draught, and dregs of life to drain,
 And feel infirmity, and length of pain !
 What art thou life, that we should court thy stay ?
 A breath, one single gasp must puff away !
 A short-liv'd flower, that with the day must fade !
 A fleeting vapour, and an empty shade !
 A stream that silently, but swiftly glides,
 To meet eternity's immeasur'd tides !
 A being, lost alike by pain or joy !
 A fly can kill it, or a worm destroy !
 Impair'd by labour, and by ease undone,
 Commenc'd in tears, and ended in a groan !
 Ev'n while I write, the transient now is past,
 And death more near this sentence than the last !
 As some weak isthmus seas from seas divides,
 Beat by rude waves, and sapp'd by rushing tides,
 Torn from its base, no more their fury bears,
 At once they close, at once it disappears :
 Such, such is life ! the mark of misery plac'd
 Between two worlds, the future and the past ;
 To time, to sickness, and to death a prey,
 It sinks, the frail possession of a day !

As some fond boy in sport along the shore
 Builds from the sands a fabric of an hour ;

Proud of his spacious walls and stately rooms,
 He styles the mimic cells imperial domes ;
 The little monarch swells with fancy'd sway,
 'Till some wind rising puffs the dome away :
 So the poor reptile man ! an heir of woe,
 The lord of earth and ocean, swells in show ;
 He plants, he builds, aloft the walls arise !
 The noble plan he finishes, and——dies.
 Swept from the earth, he shares the common fate ;
 His sole distinction now, to rot in state !
 Thus busy to no end till out of breath,
 Tir'd we lie down, and close up all in death.

Then blest the man whom gracious Heaven has led
 Through life's blind mazes to th' immortal dead !
 Who safely landed on the blissful shore,
 Nor human folly feels, nor frailty more !
 O, death ! thou cure of all our idle strife !
 End of the gay, or serious farce of life !
 Wish of the just, and refuge of th' opprest !
 Where poverty, and where ev'n kings find rest !
 Safe from the frowns of power ! calm thoughtful hate !
 And the rude insults of the scornful great !
 The grave is sacred ! wrath and malice dread
 To violate its peace, and wrong the dead :
 But life, thy name is woe ! to death we fly
 To grow immortal——into life we die !
 Then wisely Heaven in silence has confin'd
 'The happier dead, lest none should stay behind.
 What though the path be dark that must be trod,
 Though man be blotted from the works of God,
 Though the four winds his scatter'd atoms bear
 To earth's extremes through all th' expanse of air ;
 Yet bursting glories from the silent clay,
 He mounts triumphant to eternal day.

So when the sun rolls down th' ethereal plain,
 Extinct his splendours in the wakening main,
 A transient night earth, air, and heaven, invades,
 Eclips'd in horrors of surrounding shades ;
 But soon emerging with a fresher ray,
 He starts exulting, and renews the day.

ALONE, IN AN INN AT SOUTHAMPTON.

April 25, 1737.

TWENTY lost years have stol'n their hours away,
 Since in this inn, ev'n in this room, I lay !
 How chang'd ! what then was rapture, fire, and air,
 Seems now sad silence all, and blank despair !
 Is it that youth paints every view too bright,
 And life advancing, fancy fades her light ?
 Ah, no !—nor yet is day so far declin'd,
 Nor can time's creeping coldness reach the mind.
 'Tis, that I miss th' inspirer of that youth ;
 Her, whose soft smile was love, whose soul was truth.
 Her, from whose pain I never wish'd relief,
 And for whose pleasure I could smile at grief.
 Prospects that view'd with her inspir'd before,
 Now seen without her can delight no more.
 Death snatch'd my joys, by cutting off her share,
 But left her griefs to multiply my care.—

Pensive and cold this room, in each chang'd part
 I view, and, shock'd from ev'ry object, start :
 There hung the watch, that beating hours from day,
 Told its sweet owner's lessening life away.
 There her dear diamond taught the sash my name ;
 'Tis gone ! frail image of love, life, and fame.
 That glass, she dress'd at, keeps her form no more ;
 Not one dear footstep tunes th' unconscious floor,
 There sat she—yet those chairs no sense retain,
 And busy recollection smarts in vain.
 Sullen and dim, what faded scenes are here !
 I wonder, and retract a starting tear,
 Gaze in attentive doubt—with anguish swell,
 And o'er and o'er on each weigh'd object dwell,
 Then to the window rush, gay views invite,
 And tempt idea to permit delight.
 But unimpressive, all in sorrow drown'd,
 One void forgetful desert glooms around.

Oh, life !—deceitful lure of lost desires !
 How short thy period, yet how fierce thy fires !

Scarce can a passion start, we change so fast,
 Ere new lights strike us, and the old are past;
 Schemes following schemes, so long life's taste explore,
 That e'er we learn to live, we live no more.
 Who then can think—yet sigh, to part with breath?
 Or shun the healing hand of friendly death?
 Guilt, penitence, and wrongs, and pain, and strife,
 Form the whole heap'd amount, thou flatterer, life!
 Is it for this, that toss'd 'twixt hope and fear,
 Peace, by new shipwrecks, numbers each new year?
 Oh take me, death! indulge desir'd repose,
 And draw thy silent curtain round my woes.

Yet hold—one tender pang revokes that pray'r,
 Still there remains one claim to tax my care.
 Gone though she is, she left her soul behind,
 In four dear transcripts of her copy'd mind.
 They chain me down to life, new tasks supply,
 And leave me not at leisure yet to die!
 Busied for them I yet forego release,
 And teach my wearied heart to wait for peace.
 But when their day breaks broad, I welcome night,
 Smile at discharge from care, and shut out light.

POVERTY AND POETRY.*

'T WAS sung of old how one Amphion
 Could by his verses tame a lion,
 And by his strange enchanting tunes
 Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons:
 His songs could call the timber down,
 And form it into house or town;
 But it is plain, that in these times
 No house is rais'd by poets' rhymes;
 They for themselves can only rear
 A few wild castles in the air;
 Poor are the brethren of the bays,
 Lown from high strains, to ekes and ays.

* This poem is gay and agreeable, but his idea of the insuperable connection between poverty and poetry has become traditional and proverbial, inasmuch, that the most lovely of the arts is not a little degraded by the artists themselves, who have at least been the origin of their own disgrace.—Ebur

The muses too are virgins yet,
And may be—till they portions get.

Yet still the doating rhymers dream,
And sings of Helicon's bright streams ;
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields only uninspiring water ;
Yet ev'n athirst he sweetly sings
Of nectar and Elysian springs.

What dire malignant planet sheds,
Ye bards, his influence on your heads ?
Lawyers by endless controversies,
Consume unthinking clients' purses,
As Pharaoh's kine, which strange and odd is,
Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.

The grave physician, who by physic,
Like death, dispatches him that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade ;
Though patients die, the doctor's paid :
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace,
For what another mounts the gallows.

In shady groves the muses stray,
And love in flowery meads to play ;
An idle crew ! whose only trade is
To shine in trifles, like our ladies ;
In dressing, dancing, toying, singing,
While wiser Pallas thrives by spinning :
Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
Their votaries, but a laurel wreath.

But love rewards the bard ! the fair
Attend his song, and ease his care :
Alas ! fond youth, your plea you urge ill
Without a jointure, though a Virgil :
Could you like Phœbus sing, in vain
You nobly swell the lofty strain ;
Coy Daphne dies, and you will find as
Hard hearts as hers in your Belinda's.

But then some say you purchase fame,
And gain that envy'd prize, a name ;
Great recompence ! like his who sells
A diamond for beads and bells.
Will fame be thought sufficient bail
To keep the poet from the jail ?

Thus the brave soldier in the wars,
 Gets empty praise and aching scars ;
 Is paid with fame and wooden legs ;
 And starv'd, the glorious vagrant begs.

THE ROSE-BUD.

To the Right Hon. Lady Jane Wharton.

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely rose,
 The beauties of thy leaves disclose !
 'The winter's past, the tempests fly,
 Soft gales breathe gently through the sky ;
 The lark sweet warbling on the wing
 Salutes the gay return of spring :
 The silver dews, the vernal showers,
 Call forth a bloomy waste of flowers ;
 'The joyous fields, the shady woods,
 Are cloth'd with green, or swell with buds ;
 'Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
 Queen of fragrance, lovely rose !

Thou, beauteous flower, a welcome guest,
 Shalt flourish on the fair one's breast,
 Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
 The flower most sweet, the nymph most fair.
 Breathe soft, ye winds ! be calm, ye skies !
 Arise, ye flowery race, arise !
 And haste thy beauties to disclose,
 Queen of fragrance, lovely rose !

But thou, fair nymph, thyself survey,
 In this sweet offspring of a day :
 That miracle of faith must fail ;
 Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail :
 Swift as the short-liv'd flower they fly,
 At morn they bloom, at evening die :
 Though sickness yet a while forbears,
 Yet time destroys what sickness spares,
 Now Helen lives alone in fame,
 And Cleopatra's but a name.
 Time must indent that heavenly brow,
 And thou must be what they are now.

This moral to the fair disclose,
 Queen of fragrance, lovely rose.

SWIFT.

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, a native of Ireland, but descended from a respectable English family, was born in Dublin in the year 1667.

Of a man so eminent in literature, and who ran such a long, active, and luminous career, we can only record a few prominent facts. His biographers, both from friendly and hostile motives, have detailed every incident of his life with sufficient minuteness; and we have only to skim the surface of their various compilations.

The infancy of Swift passed without any distinction. He early lost his father; but under the patronage of an uncle he received a classical education; and at the age of fourteen was admitted a member of Trinity college, Dublin. Oppressed by narrow circumstances, and disgusted with dry academical studies, he passed at the university for a dunce, and obtained at last a degree, *speciali gratia*.

This reflection on his diligence, for he must have felt that he did not want talents, roused the dormant faculties within him, and he became a regular and assiduous student, of which he produced many proofs in the following years of his life. His *Gulliver's Travels*, the *Tale of the Tub*, his poems, letters, sermons, political tracts, &c. are all evidences of a mind richly stored with learning, and of a genius of no ordinary cast.

In consequence of a family connection with Sir William Temple, who resided at Richmond, he became acquainted with King William III. who it seems intended to promote him in the army; but Swift determined in favour of an ecclesiastical life; and having taken orders, his first preferment was the prebend of Kilroot, worth about 100*l.* a year.

From his acquaintance with Sir William Temple, he acquired a taste for politics, and formed an intimacy with the leading men both in literature and state in this

country, which he frequently visited, though he never held any preferment out of Ireland. After many disappointments in being provided for in England, he was made dean of St. Patrick in Dublin, in which situation he became very popular among his countrymen.

Of his mysterious intimacy with Miss Johnson, the celebrated Stella, and of Miss Vanhonrigh, the no less celebrated Vanessa, it is difficult to speak. Sheridan has been anxious to place it in the most favourable point of view, but the transaction, so far as respects Miss Johnson, cannot be defended, unless we admit an idea he is said to have been impressed by, of his being too nearly related to her for the union solicited. In fact, notwithstanding his wit, humour, and satire, in which he was almost unrivalled in his own or any other age, it is impossible love the man, though we may admire the author.

It is allowed both by friends and enemies, that his attendance upon the public service of the church was regular and uninterrupted; and the impressive examples which his warmest advocate has brought of humanity and tenderness of heart, his little ostentation as to fortune, fame, and rank, cannot be denied; but it is with some grains of allowance for the ardency of friendship, we can admit the blazing encomiums with which Mr. Sheridan closes his eulogy. "When we consider his character as a man, perfectly free from vice, with few frailties, and such exalted virtues; and as an author, possessed of such uncommon talents, such an inexhaustible fund of wit, joined to so clear and solid an understanding; when we behold these two characters united in one and the same person, perhaps it will not be thought too bold an assertion to say, that his parallel is not to be found either in the history of ancient or modern times."

Some years before his death, he had the misfortune to lose his intellects; and with a singular presentiment of the calamity which befel himself, he left the greatest part of his fortune to found an hospital for idiots and lunatics. He died in 1745, and was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral.

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

Built from the Ruins of Whitehall. 1706.

IN times of *old*, when Time was *young*,
 And poets their own verses sung,
 A verse would draw a stone or beam,
 That now would overload a team ;
 Lead them a dance of many a mile,
 Then rear them to a goodly pile.
 Each number had its different power :
 Heroic strains could build a tower ;
 Sonnets or elegies to Chloris,
 Might raise a house about two stories ;
 A lyric ode would slate ; a catch
 Would tile ; an epigram would thatch.

But, to their own or landlord's cost,
 Now poets feel this art is lost.
 Not one of all our tuneful throng
 Can raise a lodging *for a song* :
 For Jove consider'd well the case,
 Observ'd they grew a numerous race ;
 And, should they build as fast as *write*,
 'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
 This evil therefore to prevent,
 He wisely chang'd their element :
 On earth the god of wealth was made
 Sole patron of the building trade ;
 Leaving the wits the spacious air,
 With licence to *build castles* there :
 And, 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
 To lodge in garrets comes from thence.

Premising thus, in modern way,
 The better half we have to say :
 Sing, muse, the house of poet Van
 In higher strains than we began.

Van, for 'tis fit the reader know it,
 Is both a herald and a poet ;
 No wonder then if nicely skill'd
 In both capacities to build.

As herald, he can in a day
 Repair a *house* gone to decay ;
 Or, by *achievement, arms, device*,
 Erect a new one in a trice ;
 And, as a poet, he has skill
 To build in speculation still,
 Great Jove ! he cry'd, the art restore
 To build by verse as heretofore,
 And make my muse the architect ;
 What palaces shall we erect !
 No longer shall forsaken Thames
 Lament his old Whitehall in flames ;
 A pile shall from its ashes rise,
 Fit to invade or prop the skies.

Jove smil'd, and, like a gentle god,
 Consenting with the usual nod,
 Told Van, he knew his talent best,
 And left the choice to his own breast.
 So Van resolv'd to write a farce ;
 But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
 With cunning that defect supplies ;
 Takes a French play as lawful prize ;
 Steals thence his plot and every joke,
 Not once suspecting Jove would *smoke* ;
 And, like a wag set down to write,
 Would whisper to himself, *a bite* ;
 Then, from his motley, mingled style,
 Proceeded to erect his pile.
 So men of old, to gain renown, did
 Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
 Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
 To turn the matter to a jest :
 Down from Olympus' top he slides,
 Laughing as if he'd burst his sides :
 Ay, thought the god, are these your tricks ?
 Why then *old plays* deserve *old bricks* ;
 And, since you're sparing of your stuff,
 Your building shall be small enough.
 He spake, and, grudging, lent his aid ;
 'Th' experienc'd bricks, that knew their trade,
 As being bricks at second-hand,
 Now move, and now in order stand,

The building, as the poet writ,
 Rose in proportion to his wit :
 And first the prologue built a wall
 So wide as to encompass all.
 'The scene a wood produc'd, no more
 Than a few scrubby trees before.
 The plot as yet lay deep ; and so
 A cellar next was dug below :
 But this a work so hard was found,
 Two acts it cost him under ground :
 Two other acts, we may presume,
 Were spent in building each a room.
 Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
 To raise a roof with act the fifth.
 The epilogue behind did frame
 A place not decent here to name.

Now poets from all quarters ran
 To see the house of brother Van ;
 Look'd high and low, walk'd often round ;
 But no such house was to be found.
 One asks the watermen hard-by,
 " Where may the poet's palace lie ?"
 Another of the Thames inquires,
 If he has seen its gilded spires ?
 At length they in the rubbish spy
 A thing resembling a goose-pye.
 Thither in haste the poets throng,
 And gaze in silent wonder long,
 Till one in raptures thus began
 To praise the pile and builder Van.

Thrice happy poet ! who may'st trail
 Thy house about thee like a snail ;
 Or, harness'd to a nag, at ease
 Take journeys in it like a chaise ;
 Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
 Canst make it serve thee for a tilt !
 Capacious house ! 'tis own'd by all
 Thou'rt well contriv'd, though thou art small :
 For every wit in Britain's isle
 May lodge within thy spacious pile.
 Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
 Thy mother burnt, are born again,

Born like a phœnix from the flame ;
 But neither *bulk* nor *shape* the same .
 As animals of largest size
 Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies ;
 A type of *modern* wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile.
 So chemists boast they have a power
 From the dead ashes of a flower
 Some feint resemblance to produce,
 But not the virtue, taste, or juice :
 So modern rhymers wisely blast
 The poetry of ages past ;
 Which after they have overthrown,
 They from its ruins build their own.

A DESCRIPTION OF

THE MORNING. 1709.

Now hardly here and there an hackney coach
 Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.
 Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
 And softly stole to discompose her own ;
 The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
 Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
 Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
 Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
 The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
 The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
 The small-coal-man was heard with cadence deep,
 Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep.
 Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet ;
 And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half the
 street.
 The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
 Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees :
 The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
 And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

A DESCRIPTION
OF A CITY SHOWER.

In Imitation of Virgil's Georgics. 1710.

CAREFUL observers may foretel the hour,
By sure prognostics, when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolicks, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offending sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine ;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen ;
He damns the climate, and complains of *spleen*.

Mean while the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope :
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean :
You fly, invoke the gods ; then, turning, stop
To rail: she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life ;
And, wafted with its foe, by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah ! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade ?
Sole coat ! where dust cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain !

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge the devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.

The templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
 The tuck'd-up semstress walks with hastry strides,
 While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
 Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
 Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
 Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs
 Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
 Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,
 While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
 And ever and anon with frightful din
 The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
 So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
 Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
 Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
 Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through,
 Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
 And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
 And bear their trophies with them as they go:
 Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
 What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell.
 They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
 From Smithfield or St. 'Pulchre's shape their course,
 And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
 And from the *conduit* prone to Holbourn bridge.
 Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
 Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
 Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the
 flood.

CADENUS AND VANESSA.*

Written at Windsor. 1713.

THE shepherds and the nymphs were seen
 Pleading before the Cyprian queen.
 The counsel for the fair began,
 Accusing the false creature *man*.

* Founded on an offer of marriage made by Miss Vanhomrigh to Dr. Swift, who was occasionally her preceptor. The poem is of the first order of merit in its kind.

The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
 On which the pleader much enlarg'd ;
 That Cupid now has lost his art,
 Or blunts the point of every dart ;—
 His altar now no longer smokes,
 His mother's aid no youth invokes ;
 This tempts freethinkers to refine,
 And bring in doubt their powers divine ;
 Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
 And marriage grown a money league.
 Which crimes aforesaid, *with her leave,*
 Were, *as he humbly did conceive,*
 Against our sovereign lady's peace,
 Against the statute in that case,
 Against her dignity and crown :
 Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.

The *nymphs* with scorn beheld their foes :
 When the *defendant's* counsel rose,
 And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
 With impudence own'd all the fact ;
 But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
 Laid all the fault on t'other sex.
 That modern love is no such thing
 As what those ancient poets sing ;
 A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
 Conceived and kindled in the mind ;
 Which, having found an equal flame,
 Unites, and both become the same,
 In different breasts together burn,
 Together both to ashes turn.
 But women now feel no such fire,
 And only know the gross desire.
 Their passions move in lower spheres,
 Where'er caprice or folly steers,
 A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
 Or some worse brute in human shape,
 Ingross the fancies of the fair,
 The few soft moments they can spare,
 From visits to receive and pay ;
 From scandal, politics, and play ;
 From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
 From equipage and park-parades,

From all the thousand female toys,
 From every trifle that employs
 The out or inside of their heads,
 Between their toilets and their beds.

In a dull stream, which moving slow,
 You hardly see the current flow ;
 If a small breeze obstruct the course,
 It whirls about, for want of force,
 And in its narrow circle gathers
 Nothing but chaff, and straws and feathers.
 The current of a female mind
 Stops thus, and turns with every wind ;
 Thus whirling round together draws
 Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.
 Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
 Are won by virtue, wit, and parts :
 Nor are the men of sense to blame,
 For breasts incapable of flame ;
 The fault must on the nymphs be plac'd,
 Grown so corrupted in their taste.

The pleader, having spoke his best,
 Had witness ready to attest,
 Who fairly could on oath depose,
 When questions on the fact arose,
 That every article was true ;
Nor further these deponents knew :
 Therefore he humbly would insist,
 The bill might be with costs dismiss'd.
 The cause appear'd of so much weight,
 That Venus, from her judgment-seat,
 Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
 Else she must interpose a cloud :
 For if the heavenly folk should know
 These pleadings *in the courts below*,
 That mortals here disdain to love,
 She ne'er could show her face above ;
 For gods, their betters, are too wise
 To value that which men despise.
 And then, said she, my son and I
 Must stroll in air, 'twixt land and sky ;
 Or else, shut out from Heaven and earth,
 Fly to the sea, my place of birth ;

There live, with daggled *mermaids* pent,
And keep on fish perpetual lent.

But, since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The muses, by their king's permission,
Though foes to love, attend the session,
And on their right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.
The Muses oft' were seen to frown;
The Graces half-asham'd look'd down;
And 'twas observ'd, there were but few
Of either sex among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddess soon began to see,
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And said she must consult her books,
The *lovers'* Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd,
To turn to Ovid, book the second;
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil, *vide* Dido's case:
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts:
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller.

There was on both sides much to say:
She'd hear the cause another day,
And so she did; and then a third
She heard it—there she kept a word:
But, with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.

Now, gentle Clio, sing or say,
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddess, much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declin'd,

When first this grand debate arose,
 Above her wisdom to compose,
 Conceiv'd a project in her head
 To work her ends ; which, if it sped,
 Would show the merits of the cause
 Far better than consulting laws.

In a glad hour Lucina's aid
 Produc'd on earth a wondrous maid,
 On whom the queen of love was bent
 To try a new experiment.
 She threw her law-books on the shelf,
 And thus debated with herself.

Since men allege, they ne'er can find
 Those beauties in a female mind,
 Which raise a flame that will endure
 For ever uncorrupt and pure ;
 If 'tis with reason they complain,
 This infant shall restore my reign.
 I'll search where every virtue dwells,
 From courts inclusive down to cells :
 What preachers talk, or sages write ;
 These I will gather and unite,
 And represent them to mankind
 Collected in that infant's mind.

This said, she plucks in Heaven's high bowers
 A sprig of *amaranthine* flowers,
 In nectar thrice infuses bays,
 Three times refin'd in Titan's rays ;
 Then calls the Graces to her aid,
 And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid :
 From whence the tender skin assumes
 A sweetness above all perfumes :
 From whence a cleanliness remains,
 Incapable of outward stains :
 From whence that decency of mind,
 So lovely in the female kind,
 Where not one careless thought intrudes,
 Less modest than the speech of prudes ;
 Where never blush was call'd in aid,
 That spurious virtue in a maid,
 A virtue but at second hand ;
 They blush, because they understand

The Graces next would act their part,
 And show'd but little of their art ;
 Their work was half already done,
 The child with native beauty shone ;
 The outward form no help requir'd :
 Each, breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
 That gentle, soft, engaging air,
 Which in old times adorn the fair :
 And said, " Vanessa be the name
 " By which thou shalt be known to fame ;
 " Vanessa, by the gods inroll'd :
 " Her name on earth shall not be told."

But still the work was not complete :
 When Venus thought on a deceit ;
 Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
 And finds out Pallas in the skies.
 Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
 To see a lovely infant born ;
 A boy in yonder isle below,
 So like my own without his bow,
 By beauty could your heart be won,
 You'd swear it is Apollo's son :
 But it shall ne'er be said, a child
 So hopeful has by me been spoil'd ;
 I have enough besides to spare,
 And give him wholly to your care.

Wisdom's above suspecting wiles :
 The queen of learning gravely smiles.
 Down from Olympus comes with joy,
 Mistakes Vanessa for a boy ;
 Then sows within her tender mind
 Seeds long unknown to womankind ;
 For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
 The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.
 Her soul was suddenly endu'd
 With justice, truth, and fortitude ;
 With honour, which no breath can stain,
 Which malice must attack in vain ;
 With open heart and bounteous hand :
 But Pallas here was at a stand ;
 She knew, in our degenerate days,
 Bare virtue could not live on praise ;

That meat must be with money bought
 She, therefore, upon second thought,
 Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
 Some small regard for state and wealth;
 Of which, as she grew up, there staid
 A tincture in the prudent maid:
 She manag'd her estate with care,
 Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
 But, lest he should neglect his studies
 Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess,
 For fear young master should be spoil'd,
 Would use him like a younger child;
 And, after long computing, found
 'Twould come to just five thousand pound.

The queen of Love was pleas'd, and proud,
 To see Vanessa thus endow'd:
 She doubted not but such a dame
 Through every breast would dart a flame:
 That every rich and lordly swain
 With pride would drag about her chain;
 That scholars would forsake their books,
 To study bright Vanessa's looks:
 As she advanc'd, that womankind
 Would by her model form their mind,
 And all their conduct would be try'd
 By her, as an unerring guide:
 Offending daughters oft would hear
 Vanessa's praise rung in their ear:
 Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
 Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
 Will thus be by her mother chid,
 "'Tis what Vanessa never did!"
 Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
 My power shall be again restor'd,
 And happy lovers bless my reign—
 So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.

For when in time the martial maid
 Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
 She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
 And, fir'd with indignation, vows,
 To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
 She'd all unto that she had done.

But in the poets we may find
 A wholesome law, time out of mind,
 Had been confirm'd by fate's decree,
 That gods, of whatsoever degree,
 Resume not what themselves have given,
 Or any brother-god in Heaven;
 Which keeps the peace among the gods,
 Or they must always be at odds:
 And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
 Must yield her foe the stronger cause;
 A shame to one so much ador'd
 For wisdom at Jove's council-board.
 Besides, she fear'd the queen of love
 Would meet with better friends above.
 And though she must with grief reflect,
 To see a mortal virgin deck'd
 With graces hitherto unknown
 To female breasts, except her own;
 Yet she would act as best became
 A goddess of unspotted fame.
 She knew, by augury divine,
 Venus would fail in her design:
 She study'd well the point, and found
 Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
 From premises erroneously brought;
 And therefore the deduction's nought,
 and must have contrary effects
 To what her treacherous foe expects.

In proper season Pallas meets
 The queen of love, whom thus she greets:
 For gods, we are by Homer told,
 Can in celestial language scold:
 Perfidious goddess! but in vain
 Thou form'd this project in your brain;
 A project for thy talents fit,
 With much deceit and little wit.
 Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
 Deceiv'd thyself, instead of me:
 For how can heavenly wisdom prove
 An instrument to earthly love?
 Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
 Thy votaries, for want of sense?

Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
 To manage thy abortive scheme.
 She'll prove the greatest of thy foes!
 And yet I scorn to interpose,
 But using neither skill nor force,
 Leave all things to their natural course.

The goddess thus pronounc'd her doom:
 When lo! Vanessa in her bloom
 Advanc'd, like Atalanta's star,
 But rarely seen, and seen from far:
 In a new world with caution stept,
 Watch'd all the company she kept,
 Well knowing, from the books she read,
 What dangerous paths young virgins tread.
 Would seldom at the park appear,
 Nor saw the play-house twice a year;
 Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
 To know the converse of mankind.

First issued from perfumers' shops,
 A crowd of fashionable fops;
 They ask'd her, how she lik'd the play;
 Then told the tattle of the day;
 A duel fought last night at two,
 About a lady—you know who:
 Mention'd a new Italian come
 Either from Muscovy or Rome;
 Gave hints of who and who's together;
 Then fell a talking of the weather;
 Last night was so extremely fine,
 The ladies walk'd till after nine;
 Then, in soft voice and speech absurd,
 With nonsense every second word,
 With fustian from exploded plays,
 They celebrate her beauty's praise;
 I, un o'er their cant of stupid lies,
 And tell the murders of her eyes.

With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
 Scarce listening to their idle chat;
 Further than sometimes by a frown,
 When they grew pert, to put them down
 At last she spitefully was bent
 To try their wisdom's full extent;

And said she valued nothing less
 Than titles, figure, shape, and dress ;
 That merit should be chiefly plac'd
 In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste ;
 And these, she offer'd to dispute,
 Alone distinguish'd man from brute :
 That present times have no pretence
 To *virtue*, in the noble sense
 By Greeks and Romans understood,
 To perish for our country's good.
 She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
 Explain'd for what they were renown'd,
 Then spoke with censure or applause
 Of foreign customs, rites, and laws ;
 Through nature and through art she rang'd,
 And gracefully her subject chang'd ;
 In vain ! her hearers had no share
 In all she spoke, except to stare.
 Their judgment was upon the whole,
 —That lady is the dullest soul !—
 Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
 As who should say—she wants it here !
 She may be handsome, young, and rich,
 But none will burn her for a witch !

A party next of glittering dames,
 From round the pulchus of St. James,
 Came early, out of pure good-will,
 To see the girl in dishabille.
 Their clamour, lighting from their chairs,
 Grew louder all the way up stairs ;
 At distance loudest, where they found
 The room with volumes litter'd round
 Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
 While Mrs. S. an comb'd her head.
 They call'd for tea and chocolate,
 And fell into their usual chat,
 Discoursing, with important face,
 On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace.
 Show'd patterns just from India brought,
 And gravely ask'd her what she thought,
 Whether the red or green were best,
 And what they cost ? Vanessa guess'd.

As came into her fancy first ;
 Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.
 'T'o scandal next—what awkward thing
 Was that last Sunday in the ring ?
 I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast ;
 I said her face would never last.
 Corinna, with that youthful air,
 Is thirty, and a bit to spare :
 Her fondness for a certain earl
 Began when I was but a girl !
 Phillis, who but a month ago
 Was marry'd to the Tunbridge beau,
 I saw coquetting t'other night
 In public with that odious knight !

They rail'd next at Vanessa's dress :
 That gown was made for old queen Bess.
 Dear Madam, let me see your head :
 Don't you intend to put on red ?
 A petticoat without a hoop !
 Sure, you are not asham'd to stoop !
 With handsome garters at your knees,
 No matter what a fellow sees.

Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
 Both of herself and sex asham'd,
 The nymph stood silent out of spight,
 Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
 Away the fair detractors went,
 And gave by turns their cen-sures vent.
 She's not so handsome in my eyes :
 For wit, I wonder where it lies !
 She's fair and clean, and that's the most :
 But why proclaim her for a toast ?
 A baby face ; no life, no airs,
 But what she learn'd at country fairs ;
 Scarce knows what difference is between
 Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
 I'll undertake, my little Nancy
 In flounces hath a better fancy !
 With all her wit, I would not ask
 Her judgment how to buy a mask.
 We begg'd her but to patch her face,
 She never hit one proper place ;

Which every girl at five years old
 Can do as soon as she is told.
 I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
 Becomes the *creature* well enough.
 The girl might pass, if we could get her
 To know the world a little better.
To know the world! a modern phrase
 For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.

Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
 The queen of beauty lost her aim ;
 Too late with grief she understood,
 Pallas had done more harm than good ;
 For great examples are but vain,
 Where ignorance begets disdain.
 Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
 Against Vanessa's power unite :
 To copy her, few nymphs aspir'd ;
 Her virtues fewer swains admir'd.
 So stars beyond a certain height
 Give mortals neither heat nor light.

Yet some of either sex, endow'd
 With gifts superior to the crowd,
 With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
 She condescended to admit ;
 With pleasing arts she could reduce
 Men's talents to their proper use ;
 And with address each genius held
 To that wherein it most excell'd ;
 Thus, making others' wisdom known,
 Could please them, and improve her own.
 A modest youth said something new ;
 She plac'd it in the strongest view.
 All humble worth she strove to raise ;
 Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
 The learned met with free approach,
 Although they came not in a coach ;
 Some clergy too she would allow,
 Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow ;
 But this was for Cadenus' sake,
 A gowoman of a different make ;
 Whom Pallas, once Vanessa's tutor,
 Had plac'd on for her coadjutor.

But Cupid, full of mischief, long
 To vindicate his mother's wrongs,
 On Pallas all attempts are vain :
 One way he knows to give her pain ,
 Vows, on Vanessa's heart to take
 Due vengeance, for her patron's sake.
 Those early seeds by Venus sown,
 In spite of Pallas, now were grown ;
 And Cupid hop'd they would improve
 By time, and ripen into love.
 The boy made use of all his craft,
 In vain discharging many a shaft,
 Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux
 Cadenus warded off the blows ;
 For, placing still some book betwixt,
 The darts were in the cover fix'd,
 Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
 On Plutarch's *Morals* struck, were spoil'd.

The queen of wisdom could foresee,
 But not prevent, the fates' decree :
 And human caution tries in vain
 To break that adamant chain.
 Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
 By love invulnerable thought,
 Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
 Was, in the very search, betray'd.

Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
 Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost :
 He could not answer to his fame
 The triumphs of that stubborn dame.
 A nymph so hard to be subdu'd,
 Who neither was coquette nor prude.
 I find, said he, she wants a doctor,
 Both to adore her, and instruct her :
 I'll give her what she most admires,
 Among those venerable sires.
 Cadenus is a subject fit,
 Grown old in politics and wit,
 Caress'd by ministers of state,
 Of half mankind the dread and hate.
 Whate'er vexations love attend,
 She need no rivals apprehend

Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice.

Cadenus many things had writ :
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works :
Meantime the boy in secret lurks ;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast.
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her smart.

Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four ;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind :
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
She fancies music in his tongue ;
No further looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd ?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak ?
As years increase, she brighter shines :
Cadenus with each day declines :
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime,

Cadenus, common forms apart.
In every scene had kept his heart ;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit.
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs :
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him styl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.

That innocent delight he took
 To see the virgin mind her book,
 Was but the master's secret joy
 In school to hear the finest boy.
 Her knowledge with her fancy grew,
 She hourly press'd for something new;
Ideas came into her mind
 So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
 She reason'd, without plodding long,
 Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
 But now a sudden change was wrought.
 She minds no longer what he taught.
 Cadenus was amaz'd, to find
 Such marks of a distracted mind:
 For, though she seem'd to listen more
 To all he spoke, than e'er before,
 He found her thoughts would absent range,
 Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change
 And first he modestly conjectures,
 His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
 Which help'd to mortify his pride,
 Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
 But, in a mild dejected strain,
 At last he ventur'd to complain;
 Said, she should be no longer teas'd,
 Might have her freedom when she pleas'd:
 Was now convinc'd he acted wrong,
 To hide her from the world so long,
 And in dull studies to engage
 One of her tender sex and age;
 That every nymph with envy own'd,
 How she might shine in the *grand monde*;
 And every shepherd was undone
 To see her cloister'd like a nun.
 This was a visionary scheme:
 He wak'd, and found it but a dream;
 A project far above his skill;
 For nature must be nature still.
 If he were bolder than became
 A scholar to a courtly dame,
 She might excuse a man of letters;
 Thus tutors often treat their betters:

And since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.

Had he employed his time so long,
To teach her what was right and wrong ;
Yet could such notions entertain
That all his lectures were in vain ?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts ;
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost.
Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use ;
That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own ;
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes ;
That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind.

Now, said the nymph, to let you see
My actions with your rules agree ;
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise :
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit ;
You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms ;
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.

Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style :
And yet her words were so exprest,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old ;

Had met her in a public place,
 Without distinguishing her face :
 Much less could his declining age
 Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage ;
 And, if her youth indifference met,
 His person must contempt beget.
 Or, grant her passion be sincere,
 How shall his innocence be clear ?
 Appearances were all so strong,
 The world must think him in the wrong ;
 Would say, he made a treacherous use
 Of wit, to flatter and seduce :
 The town would swear he had betray'd
 By magic spells the harmless maid ;
 And every beau would have his jokes,
 That scholars were like other folks ;
 And, when Platonic flights were over,
 The tutor turn'd a mortal lover !
 So tender of the young and fair !
 It show'd a true paternal care—
 Five thousand guineas in her purse !
 The doctor might have fancy'd worse.—

Hardly at length he silence broke,
 And falter'd every word he spoke ;
 Interpreting her complaisance,
 Just as a man *sans conséquence*.
 She rallied well, he always knew :
 Her manner now was something new ;
 And what she spoke was in an air
 As serious as a tragic player.
 But those who aim at ridicule
 Should fix upon some certain rule,
 Which fairly hints they are in jest,
 Else he must enter his protest :
 For, let a man be ne'er so wise,
 He may be caught with sober lies ;
 A science which he never taught,
 And, to be free, was dearly bought ;
 For, take it in its proper light,
 'Tis just what coxcombs call *a bite*.

But not to dwell on things minute,
 Vanessa finish'd the dispute,

Brought weighty arguments to prove
 That reason was her guide in love.
 She thought he had himself describ'd,
 His doctrines when she first imbib'd :
 What he had planted now was grown ;
 His virtues she might call her own ;
 As he approves, as he dislikes,
 Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
 Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
 Attends us first, and leaves us last :
 Why she likes him, admire not at her ;
 She loves herself, and that's the matter.
 How was her tutor wont to praise
 The geniuses of ancient days !
 Those authors he so oft had nam'd,
 For learning, wit, and wisdom, fam'd.
 Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
 For persons whom he never saw.
 Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
 He must adore such godlike men.
 If one short volume could comprise
 All that was witty, learn'd and wise,
 How would it be esteem'd and read,
 Although the writer long were dead !
 If such an author were alive,
 How all would for his friendship strive,
 And come in crowds to see his face !
 And this she takes to be her case.
 Cadenus answers every end,
 The book, the author, and the friend ;
 The utmost her desires will reach,
 Is but to learn what he can teach :
 His converse is a system fit
 Alone to fill up all her wit ;
 While every passion of her mind
 In him is center'd and confin'd.

Love can with speech inspire a mute,
 And taught Vanessa to dispute.
 This topic, never touch'd before,
 Display'd her eloquence the more :
 Her knowledge, with such pains acquis'd,
 By this new passion grew inspir'd ;

Through this she made all objects pass,
 Which gave a tincture o'er the mass ;
 As rivers, though they bend and twine,
 Still to their sea their course incline ;
 Or, as philosophers, who find
 Some favourite system to their mind,
 In every point to make it fit,
 Will force all nature to submit.

Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
 His lessons would have such effect,
 Or be so artfully apply'd,
 Insensibly came on her side.
 It was an unforeseen event ;
 Things took a turn he never meant.
 Whoc'er excels in what we prize,
 Appears a hero in our eyes :
 Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
 Will have the teacher in her thought.
 When miss delights in her spinnet,
 A fidler may a fortune get ;
 A blockhead, with melodious voice,
 In boarding-schools may have his choice ;
 And oft the dancing-master's art
 Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
 In learning let a nymph delight,
 'Tis the pedant gets a mistress by't.
 Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
 Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame ;
 And, though her arguments were strong,
 At least could hardly wish them wrong.
 Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
 But sure she never talk'd so well.
 His pride began to interpose ;
 Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux !
 So bright a nymph to come unsought !
 Such wonder by his merit wrought !
 'Tis merit must with her prevail !
 He never knew her judgment fail !
 She noted all she ever read,
 And had a most discerning head !
 'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
 That flattery's the food of fools ;

Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify, his pride ;
Construing the passion she had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a most judicious taste.
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession of his breast ;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Lore why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all ?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet ;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear ;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendship, in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love allurements long are past,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return ;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem ;
With that devotion we bestow,
When goddesses appear below.

While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
The nymph in sober words entreats
A truce with all sublime conceits :
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances ?
In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise ?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates the throne ;
The government is now her own ;

He has a forfeiture incurr'd ;
 She vows to take him at his word,
 And hopes he will not think it strange,
 If both should now their stations change.
 The nymph will have her turn to be
 The tutor ; and the pupil he :
 Though she already can discern
 Her scholar is not apt to learn ;
 Or wants capacity to reach
 The science she designs to teach :
 Wherein his genius was below
 The skill of every common beau,
 Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
 Enough to read a lady's eyes,
 And will each accidental glance
 Interpret for a kind advance.

But what success Vanessa met,
 Is to the world a secret yet :
 Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
 Talks in a high romantic strain ;
 Or whether he at last descends
 To act with less seraphic ends ;
 Or, to compound the business, whether
 They temper love and books together ;
 Must never to mankind be told,
 Nor shall the conscious muse unfold.

Meantime the mournful queen of love
 Led but a weary life above.
 She ventures now to leave the skies,
 Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise :
 For, though by one perverse event
 Pallas had cross'd her first intent ;
 Though her design was not obtain'd ;
 Yet had she much experience gain'd,
 And, by the project vainly try'd,
 Could better now the *cause* decide.
 She gave due notice that both parties,
Cram Regina, pro' die Martis,
 Should at their peril, without fail,
 Come and appear, and save their bail.
 All met ; and, silence thrice proclaim'd,
 One lawyer to each side was nam'd.

The judge discover'd in her face
 Resentment for her late disgrace ;
 And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
 Directed them to mind their brief,
 Nor spend their time to show their reading ;
 She'd have a summary proceeding.
 She gather'd under every head
 The sum of what each lawyer said,
 Gave her own reasons last, and then
 Decreed the cause against the *men*.

But, in a weighty case like this,
 To show she did not judge amiss,
 Which evil tongues might else report,
 She made a speech in open court ;
 Wherein she grievously complains,
 " How she was cheated by the swains ;
 " On whose petition, humbly showing,
 " That women were not worth the wooing,
 " And that, unless the sex would mend,
 " The race of lovers soon must end,
 " She was at Lord knows what expence
 " To form a nymph of wit and sense,
 " A model for her sex design'd,
 " Who never could one lover find.
 " She saw her favour was misplac'd ;
 " The fellows had a wretched taste ;
 " She needs must tell them to their face,
 " They were a stupid, senseless race ;
 " And, were she to begin again,
 " She'd study to reform the *men* ;
 " Or add some grains of folly more
 " To *women*, than they had before,
 " To put them on an equal foot ;
 " And this, or nothing else, would do't.
 " This might their mutual fancy strike,
 " Since every being loves its *like*.
 " But now, repenting what was done,
 " She left all business to her son ;
 " She puts the world in his possession,
 " And let him use it at discretion."

The cryer was order'd to dismiss
 The court, so made his last *O yes !*

The goddess would no longer wait ;
 But rising from her chair of state,
 Left all below at six and seven,
 Harness'd her doves, and flew to Heaven.

TO STELLA,

Visiting me in my sickness. 1720.

PALLAS, observing Stella's wit
 Was more than for her sex was fit,
 And that her beauty, soon or late,
 Might breed confusion in the state,
 In high concern for human kind,
 Fix'd *honour* in her infant mind.

But, not in wranglings to engage
 With such a stupid vicious age,
 If honour I would here define,
 It answers faith in things divine.
 As natural life the body warms,
 And, scholars teach, the soul informs ;
 So honour animates the whole,
 And is the spirit of the soul.

Those numerous virtues which the tribe
 Of tedious moralists describe,
 And by such various titles call,
 True honour comprehends them all.
 Let melancholy rule supreme,
 Choier preside, or blood, or phlegm,
 It makes no difference in the case,
 Nor is complexion honour's place.

But, lest we should for honour take
 The drunken quarels of a rake ;
 Or think it seated in a scar,
 Or on a proud triumphal car,
 Or in the payment of a debt
 We lose with sharpers at picquet ;
 Or when a whore in her vocation
 Keeps punctual to her assignation ;

Or that on which his lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears,
Let Stella's fair example preach
A lesson she alone can teach.

In points of honour to be try'd,
All passions must be laid aside :
Ask no advice, but think alone ;
Suppose the question not your own.
How shall I act ? is not the case ;
But how would Brutus in my place ?
In such a case would Cato bleed ?
And how would Socrates proceed ?

Drive all objections from your mind,
Else you relapse to human kind :
Ambition, avarice, and lust,
And factious rage, and breach of trust,
And flattery tipt with nauseous flier,
And guilty shame, and servile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preside.

Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were inroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which, though late, shall Stella rise ;
Ten thousand oaths upon record
Are not so sacred as her word :
The world shall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour seated in her breast
She still determines what is best :
What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind !
Base kings, and ministers of state,
Eternal objects of her hate !

She thinks that nature ne'er design'd
Courage to man alone confin'd.
Can cowardice ner sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to scorn ?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears ;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start ;

Nor calls up all the house at night,
 And swears she saw a thing in white.
 Doll never flies to cut her lace,
 Or throw cold water in her face,
 Because she heard a sudden drum,
 Or found an earwig in a plum.

Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
 Proceeds that fund of wit and sense ;
 Which, though her modesty would shroud,
 Breaks like the sun behind a cloud ;
 While gracefulness its art conceals,
 And yet through every motion steals.

Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
 And, forming you, mistook your kind ?
 No; 'twas for you alone he stole
 The fire that forms a manly soul ;
 Then, to complete it every way,
 He moulded it with female clay :
 To that you owe the nobler flame,
 To this the beauty of your frame.

How would ingratitude delight,
 And how would censure glut her spite,
 If I should Stella's kindness hide
 In silence, or forget with pride !
 When on my sickly couch I lay,
 Impatient both of night and day,
 Lamenting in unmanly strains,
 Call'd every power to ease my pains ;
 Then Stella ran to my relief
 With cheerful face and inward grief :
 And, though by Heaven's severe decree
 She suffers hourly more than me,
 No cruel master could require,
 From slaves employed for daily hire,
 What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
 With vigour and delight perform'd :
 My sinking spirits now supplies
 With cordials in her hands and eyes ;
 Now with a soft and silent tread
 Unheard she moves about my bed.
 I see her taste each nauseous draught ;
 And so obligingly am caught,

I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame.

Best pattern of true friends ! beware :
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours ;
For such a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decay'd.

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

THE farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Has fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barn-door sill ;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool ;
Nor loudly cackles at the door ;
For cackling shows the goose is poor.

But when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common strays,
Hard exercise and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare :
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground, and upward springs ;
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.

Such is the poet fresh in pay,
The third night's profits of his play ;
His morning-draughts till noon can swill
Among his brethren of the quill :
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight ?
Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could sing a note ?

Nor Pegasus could bear the load
 Along the high celestial road ;
 The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth,
 To raise the lumber from the earth.

But view him in another scene,
 When all his drink is Hippocrene,
 His money spent, his patrons fail,
 His credit out for cheese and ale ;
 His two-years coat so smooth and bare,
 Through every thread it lets in air :
 With hungry meals his body pin'd,
 His guts and belly full of wind ;
 And, like a jockey for a race,
 His flesh brought down to flying case :
 Now his exalted spirit loaths
 Incumbrances of food and clothes ;
 And up he rises, like a vapour,
 Supported high on wings of paper ;
 He singing flies, and flying sings,
 While from below all Grub-street rings.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT,*

Occasioned by reading the following Maxim in Rochefoucault :

“ Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas.”

“ In the adversity of our best friends, we always find something that doth not displease us.”

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
 From nature, I believe them true :
 They argue no corrupted mind
 In him ; the fault is in mankind.

* Written in November 1731.—There are two distinct poems on this subject, one of them containing many spurious lines. In what is here printed, the genuine parts of both are preserved.

This maxim more than all the rest
 Is thought too base for human breast :
 “ In all distresses of our friends,
 “ We first consult our private ends ;
 “ While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
 “ Points out some circumstance to please us.”

If this perhaps your patience move,
 Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
 Our equals rais'd above our size.
 Who would not at a crowded show
 Stand high himself, keep others low ?
 I love my friend as well as you :
 But why should he obstruct my view ?
 Then let me have the higher post ;
 Suppose it but an inch at most.
 If in a battle you should find
 One, whom you love of all mankind,
 Had some heroic action done,
 A champion kill'd or trophy won ;
 Rather than thus be over-topt,
 Would you not wish his laurels cropt ?
 Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
 Lies rack'd with pain, and you without :
 How patiently you hear him groan !
 How glad the case is not your own !

What poet would not grieve to see
 His brother write as well as he ?
 But, rather than they should excel,
 Would wish his rivals all in hell ?

Her end when emulation misses.
 She turns to envy, stings, and hisses :
 The strongest friendship yields to pride,
 Unless the odds be on our side.
 Vain human-kind ; fantastic race !
 Thy various follies who can trace ?
 Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide.
 Give others riches, power, and station,
 'Tis all to me an usurpation.
 I have no title to aspire ;
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.

In Pope I cannot read a line,
 But with a sigh I wish it mine :
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in six ;
 It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry, " Pox take him and his wit !"
 I grieve to be outdone by Gay
 In my own humorous biting way.
 Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
 Who dares to irony pretend,
 Which I was born to introduce,
 Refin'd at first, and show'd its use.
 St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
 That I had some repute for prose ;
 And, till they drove me out of date,
 Could maul a minister of state.
 If they have mortified my pride,
 And made me throw my pen aside ;
 If with such talents Heaven hath bless'd 'em,
 Have I not reason to detest 'em ?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
 Thy gifts ; but never to my friend :
 I tamely can endure the first ;
 But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem ;
 Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote when I
 Must by the course of nature die ;
 When, I foresee, my special friends
 Will try to find their private ends :
 And, though 'tis hardly understood
 Which way my death can do them good,
 Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :
 " See how the Dean begins to break !
 " Poor gentleman, he droops apace !
 " You plainly find it in his face.
 " That old vertigo in his head
 " Will never leave him till he's dead.
 " Besides, his memory decays :
 " He recollects not what he says ;
 " He cannot call his friends to mind ;
 " Forgets the place where last he din'd :

" Plies you with stories o'er and o'er ;
 " He told them fifty times before.
 " How does he fancy we can sit
 " To hear his out-of-fashion wit ?
 " But he takes up with younger folks,
 " Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
 " Faith ! he must make his stories shorter,
 " Or change his comrades once a quarter :
 " In half the time he talks them round,
 " There must another set be found.
 " For poetry, he's past his prime :
 " He takes an hour to find a rhyme ;
 " His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
 " His fancy sunk, his muse a jade.
 " I'd have him throw away his pen ;—
 " But there's no talking to some men."

And then their tenderness appears

By adding largely to my years :

" He's older than he would be reckon'd,
 " And well remembers Charles the Second.
 " He hardly drinks a pint of wine ;
 " And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
 " His stomach too begins to fail :
 " Last year we thought him strong and hale ;
 " But now he's quite another thing :
 " I wish he may hold out till spring !"
 They hug themselves and reason thus :
 " It is not yet so bad with us !"

In such a case, they talk in tropes

And by their fears express their hopes.

Some great misfortune to portend,

No enemy can match a friend.

With all the kindness they profess,

The merit of a lucky guess,

When daily how-d'ye's come of course,

And servants answer, " worse and worse !"

Would please them better, than to tell,

That, " God be prais'd, the Dean is well,"

Then he who prophesy'd the best,

Approves his foresight to the rest :

" You know I always fear'd the worst,

" And often told you so at first."

He'd rather chose that I should die,
 Than his predictions prove a lie.
 Not one foretells I shall recover ;
 But all agree to give me over.
 Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
 Just in the parts where I complain,
 How many a message would he send !
 What hearty prayers that I should mend !
 Inquire what regimen I kept ;
 What gave me ease, and how I slept ?
 And more lament when I was dead,
 Than all the snivelers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear ;
 For, though you may mistake a year,
 Though your prognostics run too fast,
 They must be verify'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive !

“ How is the Dean ? ” — “ He's just alive. ”
 Now the departing prayer is read :
 He hardly breathes—The Dean is dead.

Before the passing-bell begun,
 The news through half the town is run.
 “ Oh ! may we all for death prepare !
 “ What has he left ? and who's his heir ?
 “ I know no more than what the news is ;
 “ 'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
 “ To public uses ! there's a whim !
 “ What had the public done for him ?
 “ Mere envy, avarice, and pride :
 “ He gave it all—but first he dy'd.
 “ And had the Dean, in all the nation,
 “ No worthy friend, no poor relation ?
 “ So ready to do strangers good,
 “ Forgetting his own flesh and blood ! ”

Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd ;
 With elegies the town is cloy'd :
 Some paragraph in every paper,
 To curse the Dean, or *bless* the Drapier.

The doctors, tender of their fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the blame.
 “ We must confess, his case was nice ;
 “ But he would never take advice.

“ Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
 “ He might have liv'd these twenty years :
 “ For, when we open'd him, we found
 “ That all his vital parts were sound.”

From Dublin soon to London spread,
 'Tis told at court, “ The Dean is dead.”
 And Lady Suffolk,* in the spleen,
 Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
 'The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
 Cries, “ Is he gone ? 'tis time he should.
 “ He's dead, you say ; then let him rot.
 “ I'm glad the medals† were forgot.
 “ I promis'd him, I own ; but when ?
 “ I only was the princess then,
 “ But now, as consort of the king,
 “ You know, 'tis quite another thing.”

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy :
 “ Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,”
 Cries Bob, “ I'm sorry for the news ;
 “ Oh, were the wretch but living still,
 “ And in his place my good friend Will !
 “ Or had a mitre on his head,
 “ Provided Bolingbroke were dead !”

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains :
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains !
 And then, to make them pass the glibber,
 Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moor, and Cibber.
 He'll treat me as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters ;
 Revive the libels born to die :
 Which Pope must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear.

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean.

† Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a small present he had sent to the princess.

The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
 " I'm sorry—but we all must die !"

Indifference, clad in wisdom's guise,
 All fortitude of mind supplies :
 For how can stony bowels melt
 In those who never pity felt !
 When we are lash'd they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
 Are tortur'd with suspense and fear ;
 Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approach'd, to stand between :
 The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling ;
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps :
 " The Dean is dead : Pray what is trumps ?
 " Then, Lord have mercy on his soul !
 " Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.
 " Six deans, they say, must bear the pall :
 " I wish I knew what king to call.
 " Madam, your husband will attend
 " The funeral of so good a friend.
 " No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight ;
 " And he's engag'd to-morrow night :
 " My Lady Club will take it ill,
 " If he should fail her at quadrille.
 " He lov'd the Dean—I lead a heart.
 " But dearest friends, they say, must part.
 " His time was come ; he ran his race ;
 " We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die ?

No loss more easy to supply.

One year is past ; a different scene !

No farther mention of the Dean,

Who now, alas ! no more is miss'd,

'Than if he never did exist.

Where's now the favourite of Apollo ?

Departed :—*and his works must follow ;*

Must undergo the common fate ;

His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,
 Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
 Says Lintot, " I have heard the name ;
 " He dy'd a year ago."—" The same."
 He searches all the shop in vain.
 " Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane.
 " I sent them with a load of books,
 " Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.
 " To fancy they could live a year !
 " I find you're but a stranger here.
 " The Dean was famous in his time,
 " And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
 " His way of writing now is past :
 " The town has got a better taste.
 " I keep no antiquated stuff ;
 " But spick and span I have enough.
 " Pray, do but give me leave to show 'em :
 " Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.
 " This ode you never yet have seen,
 " By Stephen Duck, upon the queen.
 " Then here's a letter finely penn'd
 " Against the Craftsman and his friend :
 " It clearly shows that all reflection
 " On ministers is disaffection.
 " Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
 " And Mr. Henley's last oration.
 " The hawkers have not got them yet,
 " Your honour please to buy a set ?
 " Here's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth edition ;
 " 'Tis read by every politician :
 " The country-members, when in town,
 " To all their boroughs send them down :
 " You never met a thing so smart ;
 " The courtiers have them all by heart :
 " Those maids of honour who can read,
 " Are taught to use them for their creed.
 " The reverend author's good intention
 " Hath been rewarded with a pension :*
 " He doth an honour to his gown,
 " By bravely running *priest-craft* down :

* Wolston is here confounded with Woolaston,

" He shows, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
 " That Moses was a grand impostor ;
 " That all his miracles were cheats,
 " Perform'd as jugglers do their feats :
 " The church had never such a writer ;
 " A shame he hath not got a mitre !"

Suppose me dead ; and then suppose
 A club assembled at the Rose ;
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.
 And while they toss my name about,
 With favour some, and some without,
 One, quite indifferent in the cause,
 My character impartial draws.

" The Dean, if we believe report,
 " Was never ill receiv'd at court,
 " Although, ironically grave,
 " He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave ;
 " To steal a hint was never known,
 " But what he writ was all his own."

" Sir, I have heard another story ;
 " He was a most *confounded* Tory,
 " And grew, or he is much bely'd,
 " Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd."

" Can we the Drapier then forget ?
 " Is not our nation in his debt ?

" 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters !"

" He should have left them for his *betters* ;
 " We had a hundred *abler men*,
 " Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*.—
 " Say what you will about his *reading*,
 " You never can *defend* his *breeding* ;
 " Who, in his *satires* running riot,
 " Could never leave the *world* in *quiet* ;
 " Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
 " *Court, city, camp*—all one to him—
 " But why would he, except he *slobber'd*,
 " Offend our *patriot* great Sir Robert,
 " Whose *counsels* aid the sovereign power
 " To save the nation every hour !
 " What *scenes* of evil he unravels
 " In *satires, libels, lying travels*,

" Not sparing his own *clergy cloth*,
 " But *eats* into it, like a *moth*!"
 " Perhaps I may allow the Dean
 " Had too much satire in his vein,
 " And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
 " Because no age could more deserve it.
 " Yet malice never was his aim;
 " He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
 " No individual could resent,
 " Where thousands equally were meant:
 " His satire points at no defect,
 " But what all mortals may correct;
 " For he abhor'd the senseless tribe
 " Who call it humour when they gibe:
 " He spar'd a hump or crooked nose,
 " Whose owners set not up for beaux.
 " True genuine dullness mov'd his pity,
 " Unless it offer'd to be witty.
 " Those who their ignorance confest,
 " He ne'er offended with a jest;
 " But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
 " A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
 " Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 " Must be or *ridicul'd* or *lash'd*.
 " If you *resent* it, who's to blame?
 " He neither knows *you*, nor your *name*.
 " Should *vice* expect to 'scape rebuke,
 " Because its *owner* is a *duke*?
 " His friendships, still to few confin'd,
 " Were always of the middling kind;
 " No fools of rank, or mungrel breed,
 " Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
 " Where titles give no right or power,
 " And peerage is a wither'd flower;
 " He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 " If such a wretch had known his face.
 " On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
 " He vented oft his wrath in vain:
 " * * * * * squires to market brought,
 " Who sell their souls and * * * * * for nought.
 " Then * * * * * go joyful back,
 " To rob the church, their tenants rack;

" Go snacks with * * * * * justices,
 " And keep the peace to pick up fees ;
 " In every job to have a share,
 " A gaol or turnpike to repair ;
 " And turn * * * * * to public roads
 " Commodious to their own abodes.
 " He never thought an honour done him,
 " Because a peer was proud to own him ;
 " Would rather slip aside, and choose
 " To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
 " And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
 " So often seen caressing Chartres.
 " He never courted men in station,
 " *Nor persons held in admiration ;*
 " Of no man's greatness was afraid,
 " Because he sought for no man's aid.
 " Though trusted long in great affairs,
 " He gave himself no haughty airs :
 " Without regarding private ends,
 " Spent all his credit for his friends ;
 " And only chose the wise and good ;
 " No flatterers ; no allies in blood :
 " But succour'd virtue in distress,
 " And seldom fail'd of good success ;
 " As numbers in their hearts must own,
 " Who, but for him, had been unknown.
 " He kept with princes due decorum ;
 " Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
 " He follow'd David's lesson just ;
 " In princes never put his trust :
 " And, would you make him truly sour,
 " Provoke him with a slave in power.
 " The Irish senate if you nam'd,
 " With what impatience he declaim'd !
 " Fair LIBERTY was all his cry ;
 " For her he stood prepar'd to die ;
 " For her he boldly stood alone ;
 " For her he oft expos'd his own.
 " Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
 " Had set a price upon his head ;
 " But not a traitor could be found,
 " To sell him for six hundred pound.

“ Had he but spar’d his tongue and pen,
 “ He might have rose like other men :
 “ But power was never in his thought,
 “ And wealth he valued not a groat :
 “ Ingratitude he often found,
 “ And pity’d those who meant the wound ;
 “ But kept the tenor of his mind,
 “ To merit well of human kind ;
 “ Nor made a sacrifice of those
 “ Who still were true, to please his foes.
 “ He labour’d many a fruitless hour,
 “ To reconcile his friends in power ;
 “ Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 “ While they pursued each other’s ruin.
 “ But, finding vain was all his care,
 “ He left the court in mere despair.
 “ And, oh ! how short are human schemes !
 “ Here ended all our golden dreams.
 “ What St. John’s skill in state affairs,
 “ What Ormond’s valour, Oxford’s cares,
 “ To save their sinking country lent,
 “ Was all destroy’d by one event.
 “ Too soon that precious life was ended,
 “ On which alone our weal depended.
 “ When up a dangerous faction starts,
 “ With wrath and vengeance in their hearts ;
 “ By *solemn league and covenant bound*,
 “ To ruin, slaughter, and confound ;
 “ To turn religion to a fable,
 “ And make the government a Babel ;
 “ Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
 “ Corrupt the senate, rob the crown ;
 “ To sacrifice old England’s glory,
 “ And make her infamous in story :
 “ When such a tempest shook the land,
 “ How could unguarded virtue stand !
 “ With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
 “ Beheld the dire destructive scene :
 “ His friends in exile, or the Tower,
 “ Himself within the frown of power ;
 “ Pursued by base invenom’d pens,
 “ Far to the land of f—— and fens ;

" A servile race in folly nurs'd,
 " Who truckle most when treated worst.
 " By innocence and resolution,
 " He bore continual persecution ;
 " While numbers to preferment rose,
 " Whose merit was to be his foes ;
 " When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
 " Intent upon their private ends,
 " Like renegadoes now he feels,
 " *Against him lifting up their heels.*
 " The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
 " An infamous destructive cheat ;
 " Taught fools their interest how to know,
 " And gave them arms to ward the blow.
 " Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
 " To save that hapless land from ruin :
 " While they who at the steerage stood,
 " And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
 " To save them from their evil fate,
 " In him was held a crime of state.
 " A wicked monster on the bench,
 " Whose fury blood could never quench ;
 " As vile and profligate a villain,
 " As modern Scroggs, or old Tresillian ;
 " Who long all justice had discarded,
 " *Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded ;*
 " Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
 " And make him of his zeal repent :
 " But Heaven his innocence defends,
 " The grateful people stand his friends ;
 " Not strains of law, nor judges' frown,
 " Nor topics brought to please the crown,
 " Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
 " Prevail to bring him in convict.
 " In exile, with a steady heart,
 " He spent his life's declining part ;
 " Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
 " Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
 " Alas, poor Dean ! his only scope
 " Was to be held a *misanthrope.*
 " This into general *odium* drew him,
 " Which if he lik'd, *much good may't do him.*

" His *zeal* was not to lash our *crimes*,
 " But *discontent* against the times :
 " For, had we made him *timely* offers
 " To *raise* his *post*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
 " Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 " Like other *brethren* of his *gown* ;
 " For *party* he would scarce have bled :—
 " I say no more—because he's *dead*.—
 " What *writings* has he left behind ?"
 " I hear they're of a different kind :
 " A few in *verse* ; but most in *prose*—"
 " Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose :—
 " All scribbled in the *worst* of *times*,
 " To *palliate* his friend Oxford's *crimes* ;
 " To praise queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
 " As never favouring the pretender :
 " Or *libels* yet conceal'd from sight,
 " Against the *court* to show his *spite* :
 " Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third* ;
 " A *lie* at every *second word*—
 " Offensive to a *loyal ear* :—
 " But—*not one sermon*, you may *swear*."
 " He knew an hundred pleasing stories,
 " With all the turns of Whigs and Tories :
 " Was cheerful to his dying-day ;
 " And friends would let him have his way.
 " As for his works in verse or prose,
 " I own myself no judge of those.
 " Nor can I tell what critics thought them ;
 " But this I know, all people bought them,
 " As with a moral view design'd,
 " To *please* and to *reform* mankind :
 " And, if he often miss'd his aim,
 " The *world* must own it to their *shame*,
 " The *praise* is *his*, and theirs the *blame*.
 " He gave the little wealth he had
 " To build a house for fools and mad ;
 " To show, by one satiric touch,
 " No nation wanted it so much.
 " That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
 " I wish it soon may have a better.
 " And since you dread no further *lashes*,
 " Methinks you may *forgive his ashes*."

ON POETRY.

A RHAPSODY. 1733.

ALL human race would fain be *wits*,
 And millions miss for one that hits.
 Young's universal passion, *pride*,
 Was never known to spread so wide.
 Say, Britain, could you ever boast
 Three poets in an age at most ?
 Our chilling climate hardly bears
 A *sprig* of bays in fifty years ;
 While every fool his claim alleges,
 As if it grew in common hedges.
 What reason can there be assign'd
 For this perverseness in the mind ?
 Brutes find out where their talents lie :
 A *bear* will not attempt to fly ;
 A founder'd *horse* will oft debate
 Before he tries a five-barr'd gate ;
 A *dog* by instinct turns aside,
 Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
 But *man* we find the only creature,
 Who, led by *folly*, combats nature ;
 Who when *she* loudly cries, *forbear*,
 With obstinacy fixes there ;
 And, where his genius least inclines,
 Absurdly bends his whole designs.
 Not *empire* to the rising sun,
 By valour, conduct, fortune won ;
 Not highest *wisdom* in debates
 For framing laws to govern states ;
 Not skill in sciences profound,
 So large to grasp the circle round ;
 Such heavenly influence require,
 As how to strike the *muse's lyre*.
 Not beggar's brat on bulk begot ;
 Not bastard of a pedlar Scot ;
 Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
 The spawn of bridewell or the stews ;

Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
 Of *gipsies* littering under hedges ;
 Are so disqualify'd by fate
 To rise in *church*, or *law*, or *state*,
 As he whom Phœbus in his ire
 Hath blasted with poetic fire.
 What hope of custom in the *fair*,
 While not a soul demands your ware ?
 Where you have nothing to produce
 For private life or public use ?
Court, *city*, *country*, want you not ;
 You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
 For poets, law makes no provision ;
 The wealthy have you in derision :
 Of state affairs you cannot smatter ;
 Are awkward when you try to flatter.
 Your portion, taking Britain round,
 Was just one annual hundred pound ;
 Now not so much as in remainder,
 Since Cibber brought in an attainder ;
 For ever fix'd by right divine,
 A monarch's right, on Grub-street line.
 Poor starveling bard, how small thy gains !
 How unproportion'd to the pains !
 And here a *simile* comes pat in :
 Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
 The guest in less than half an hour
 Will more than half a score devour.
 So, after toiling twenty days
 To earn a stock of pence and praise,
 Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
 Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea ;
 Gone to be never heard of more,
 Gone where the *chickens* went before.
 How shall a new attempter learn
 Of different spirits to discern,
 And how distinguish which is which,
 The poet's vein, or scribbling itch ?
 Then hear an old experienc'd sinner,
 Instructing thus a young beginner,
 Consult yourself ; and if you find
 A powerful impulse urge your mind,

Impartial judge within your breast
 What subject you can manage best ;
 Whether your genius most inclines
 To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
 To elegies in mournful tone,
 Or prologues sent from hand unknown.
 Then, rising with Aurora's light,
 The muse invoc'd, sit down to write ;
 Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
 Enlarge, diminish, interline ;
 Be mindful, when invention fails,
 To scratch your head, and bite your nails.

Your poem finish'd, next your care
 Is needful to transcribe it fair.
 In modern wit, all printed trash is
 Set off with numerous *breaks* and *dashes*.

To statesmen would you give a wibe,
 You print it in *Italic type*.
 When letters are in vulgar shapes,
 'Tis ten to one the wit escapes :
 But, when in *capitals* exprest,
 The dullest reader smokes the jest :
 Or else perhaps he may invent
 A better than the poet meant ;
 As learned commentators view
 In Homer, more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modish dress,
 Correctly fitted for the press,
 Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
 But let no friend alive look into't.
 If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
 You need not fear your labour lost :
 And how agreeably surpris'd
 Are you to see it advertis'd !
 The hawker shows you one in print,
 As fresh as farthings from the mint :
 The product of your toil and sweating ;
 A bastard of your own begetting.

Be sure at Will's the following day,
 Lie snug, and hear what critics say ;
 And, if you find the general vogue
 Pronounces you a stupid rogue,

Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
 Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.
 Be silent as a politician,
 For talking may beget suspicion :
 Or praise the judgment of the town,
 And help yourself to run it down.
 Give up your fond paternal pride,
 Nor argue on the weaker side :
 For poems read without a name
 We justly praise, or justly blame ;
 And critics have no partial views,
 Except they know whom they abuse :
 And, since you ne'er provoke their spite,
 Depend upon't their judgment's right.
 But if you blab, you are undone :
 Consider what a risk you run :
 You lose your credit all at once ;
 The town will mark you for a dunce ;
 The vilest doggrel, Grub-street sends,
 Will pass for yours with foes and friends ;
 And you must bear the whole disgrace,
 Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.

Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
 And sent in quires to line a trunk,
 If still you be dispos'd to rhyme,
 Go try your hand a second time.
 Again you fail : yet *safe's* the word ;
 Take courage, and attempt a third.
 But first with care employ your thoughts
 Where critics mark'd your former faults ;
 The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
 The *similes* that nothing fit ;
 The *cant* which every fool repeats,
 Town jests and coffee-house conceits ;
 Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
 And introduc'd the Lord knows why :
 Or where we find your fury set
 Against the harmless alphabet ;
 On A's and B's your malice vent,
 While readers wonder whom you meant :
 A public or a private *robber*,
 A *statesman*, or a South-sea *jobber* ;

A *prelate* who no God believes ;
 A parliament, or den of thieves ;
 A pick-purse at the bar or bench ;
 A duchess, or a suburb wench :
 Or oft, when epithets you link
 In gaping lines to fill a chink ;
 Like stepping-stones to save a stride,
 In streets where kennels are too wide ;
 Or like a heel-piece, to support
 A cripple with one foot too short ;
 Or like a bridge that joins a marish
 To moorland of a different parish.
 So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
 Drag different ways in miry grounds.
 So geographers in Afric maps
 With savage pictures fill their gaps,
 And o'er unhabitable downs
 Place elephants for want of towns.

But, though you miss your third essay,
 You need not throw your pen away.
 Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
 To spring more profitable game.
 From party-merit seek support ;
 The vilest verse thrives best at court.
 A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
 Will never fail to bring in pence :
 Nor be concern'd about the sale,
 He pays his workmen on the nail.

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
 Inherits every virtue round,
 As emblems of the sovereign power,
 Like other baubles in the Tower ;
 Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
 And so continues till he dies :
 His humble *senate* this professes,
 In all their *specches, votes, addresses*.
 But once you fix him in a tomb,
 His virtues fade, his vices bloom ;
 And each perfection, wrong imputed,
 Is fully at his death confuted.
 The loads of poems in his praise,
 Ascending, make one funeral blaze :

As soon as you can hear his knell,
 This god on earth turns devil in hell :
 And lo ! his ministers of state,
 Transform'd to imps, his levee wait ;
 Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
 They ply their former arts below ;
 And, as they sail in Charon's boat,
 Contrive to bribe the judge's vote ;
 To Cerberus they give a sop,
 His triple-barking mouth to stop ;
 Or in the ivory gate of dreams
 Project excise and South-sea schemes ;
 Or hire their party pamphleteers
 To set Elysium by the ears.

Then, *poet*, if you mean to thrive,
 Employ your muse on kings alive ;
 With prudence gathering up a cluster
 Of all the virtues you can muster,
 Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
 Lay humbly at your monarch's feet ;
 Who, as the odours reach his throne,
 Will smile, and think them all his own ;
 For *law* and *gospel* both determine
 All virtues lodge in royal ermine :
 I mean the oracles of both,
 Who shall depose it upon oath.
 Your garland in the following reign,
 Change but the names, will do again.

But, if you think this trade too base,
 Which seldom is the dunce's case,
 Put on the critic's brow, and sit
 At Will's the puny judge of wit.
 A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
 With caution us'd, may serve awhile.
 Proceed no further in your part,
 Before you learn the terms of art ;
 For you can never be too far gone
 In all our modern critic's jargon :
 Then talk with more authentic face
 Of *unities, in time and place* ;
 Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
 And have them at your fingers' ends ;

Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
 And at all hazards boldly quote;
 Judicious Rymer oft review,
 Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu;
 Read all the *prefaces* of Dryden,
 For these our critics much confide in,
 Though ere they writ at first for filling,
 To raise the volume's price a shilling.

A forward critic often dupes us
 With sham quotations *peri hupsous*;
 And if we have not read Longinus,
 Will magisterially outshine us.
 Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye,
 Procure the book for love or money,
 Translated from Beileau's translation,
 And quote *quotation* on *quotation*.

At Will's you hear a poem read,
 Where Battus from the table-head,
 Reclining on his elbow chair,
 Gives judgment with decisive air;
 To whom the tribe of circling wits
 As to an oracle submits.
 He gives directions to the town,
 To cry it up, or run it down;
 Like *courtiers*, when they send a note,
 Instructing members how to vote.
 He sets the stamp of bad and good,
 Though not a word be understood.
 Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
 To get the name of *connoisseur*:
 And, when your merits once are known,
 Procure disciples of your own.
 For poets, you can never want 'em,
 Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,
 Computing by their pecks of coals,
 Amount to just nine thousand souls:
 They e'er their proper districts govern,
 Of wit and humour judges sovereign.
 In every street a city-bard
 Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
 His undisputed rights extend
 Through all the lane, from end to end;

The neighbours round admire his *shrewdness*
 For songs of *loyalty* and *lewdness* ;
 Outdone by none in rhyming well,
 Although he never learn'd to spell.

Two bordering wits contend for glory ;
 And one is Whig, and one is Tory :
 And this for epics claims the bays,
 And that for elegiac lays :
 Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
 By lovers spoke in Punch's booth ;
 And some as justly fame extols
 For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
 Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
 And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish-town :
 Tigellius, plac'd in Phœbus' car,
 From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar :
 Harmonious Cibber entertains
 The court with annual birth-day strains ;
 Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace ;
 Where Pope will never show his face ;
 Where Young must torture his invention
 To flatter *knaves*, or lose his *pension*.

But these are not a thousandth part
 Of jobbers in the poet's art,
 Attending each his proper station,
 And all in due subordination,
 Through every alley to be found,
 In garrets high, or under ground ;
 And when they join their *pericranies*,
 Out skips a *book of miscellanies*.
 Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
 Lives in a state of war by nature.
 The greater for the smallest watch,
 But meddle seldom with their match.
 A whale of moderate size will draw
 A shoal of herrings down his maw ;
 A fox with geese his belly crams ;
 A wolf destróys a thousand lambs :
 But search among the rhyming race,
 The brave are worry'd by the base.
 If on Parnassus' top you sit,
 You rarely bite, are always bit.

Each poet of inferior size
 On you shall rail and criticise,
 And strive to tear you limb from limb ;
 While others do as much for him.

The vermin only tease and pinch
 Their foes superior by an inch.
 So naturalists observe, a flea
 Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
 And these have smaller still to bite 'em.
 And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
 Thus every poet in his kind
 Is bit by him that comes behind :
 Who, though too little to be seen,
 Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen ;
 Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,
 Lay Grub-street at each other's doors ;
 Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
 And curse our modern poetasters ;
 Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
 How genius is no more rewarded ;
 How wrong a taste prevails among us ;
 How much our ancestors outsung us ;
 Can personate an awkward scorn
 For those who are not poets born ;
 And all their brother dunces lash,
 Who crowd the press with hourly trash.

O Grub-street ! how do I bemoan thee,
 Whose graceless children scorn to own thee !
 Their filial piety forgot,
 Deny their country, like a Scot ;
 Though, by their idiom and grimace,
 They soon betray their native place :
 Yet *thou* hast greater cause to be
 Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
 Degenerate from their ancient brood,
 Since first the court allow'd them food.

Remains a difficulty still,
 To purchase fame by writing ill.
 From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
 How few have reach'd the *low sublime* !
 For when our high-born Howard dy'd,
 Blackmore alone his place supply'd :

And lest a chasm should intervene,
 When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
 The *leaden crown* devolv'd to thee,
 Great poet of the *hollow tree*.
 But ah! how unsecure thy throne!
 A thousand bards thy right disown:
 They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
 Duncenia to a common weal;
 And with rebellious arms pretend
 An equal privilege to *descend*.

In bulk there are not more degrees
 From *elephants* to *mites* in cheese,
 Than what a curious eye may trace
 In creatures of the rhyming race.
 From bad to worse, and worse, they fall;
 But who can reach the worst of all?
 For though, in nature, depth and height
 Are equally held infinite;
 In poetry, the height we know;
 'Tis only infinite below.

For instance, when you rashly think
 No rhymer can like Welsted sink,
 His merits balanc'd, you shall find
 The laureat leaves him far behind.
 Concannen, more aspiring bard,
 Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
 Smart Jemmy Moore with vigour drops:
 The rest pursue as thick as hops.
 With heads to points the gulf they enter,
 Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
 And, as their heels elated rise,
 Their heads attempt the nether skies.

Oh, what indignity and shame,
 To prostitute the muse's name!
 By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
 The plagues and scourges of mankind;
 Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
 And every vice that nurses both.

Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
 Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
 Whom never faction could bespatter,
 Nor minister nor poet flatter;

What justice in rewarding merit !
 What magnanimity of spirit !
 What lineaments divine we trace
 Through all his figure, mien, and face !
 Though peace with olive bind his hands,
 Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
 Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
 Dread from his hand impending changes.
 From him the Tartar and Chinese,
 Short by the knees, entreat for peace.
 The *consort* of his throne and bed,
 A perfect goddess born and bred,
 Appointed sovereign judge to sit
 On learning, eloquence, and wit.
 Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,
 Late, very late, oh may he rule us !
 What early manhood has he shown,
 Before his downy beard was grown !
 Then think what wonders will be done,
 By going on as he began,
 An heir of Britain to secure,
 As long as sun and moon endure.

The remnant of the royal blood
 Comes pouring on me like a flood :
 Bright goddesses, in number five ;
 Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
 Now sing the *minister of state*,
 Who shines alone without a mate.
 Observe with what majestic port
 This Atlas stands to prop the court,
 Intent the public debts to pay,
 Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
 Thou great vicegerent of the king,
 Thy praises every muse shall sing !
 In all affairs thou sole director,
 Of wit and learning chief protector ;
 Though small the time thou hast to spare,
 The church is thy peculiar care.
 Of pious prelates what a stock
 You choose, to rule the sable flock !
 You raise the honour of the peerage,
 Proud to attend you at the steerage.

You dignify the noble race,
 Content yourself with humbler place.
 Now, learning, valour, virtue, sense,
 To titles give the sole pretence.
 St. George beheld thee with delight
 Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
 When on thy breasts and sides Herculean
 He fix'd the *star* and *string cerulean*.

Say, poet, in what other nation
 Shone ever such a constellation !
 Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
 And tune your harps, and strew your bays :
 Your panegyrics here provide ;
 You cannot err on flattery's side.
 Above the stars exalt your style,
 You still are low ten thousand mile.
 On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
 Of incense many a thousand load ;
 But Europe mortify'd his pride,
 And swore the fawning rascals ly'd.
 Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
 Apply'd to George, exactly true is.
 Exactly true ! invidious poet !
 'Tis fifty thousand times below it.

Translate me now some lines, if you can,
 From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
 They could all power in Heaven divide,
 And do no wrong on either side ;
 They teach you how to split a hair,
 Give George and Jove an equal share.
 Yet why should we be lac'd so strait ?
 I'll give my monarch better weight.
 And reason good ; for many a year
 Jove never intermeddled here :
 Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
 Did ever we desire his aid :
 We now can better do without him,
 Since Woolston gave us aims to rout him.

Cætera desiderantur.

TO STELLA.

On her Birth-day. 1721-2.

WHILE, Stella, to your lasting praise,
 The Muse her annual tribute pays,
 While I assign myself a task
 Which you expect, but scorn to ask ;
 If I perform this task with pain,
 Let me of partial fate complain ;
 You every year the debt enlarge,
 I grow less equal to the charge :
 In you each virtue brighter shines,
 But my poetic vein declines ;
 My harp will soon in vain be strung,
 And all your virtues left unsung ;
 For none among the upstart race
 Of poets dare assume my place ;
 Your worth will be to them unknown,
 They must have Stellas of their own ;
 And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
 I dying leave the debt unpaid,
 Unless Delany, as my heir,
 Will answer for the whole arrear.

 THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND.

1727.

A SET of phrases learnt by rote ;
 A passion for a scarlet coat ;
 When at a play, to laugh, or cry,
 Yet cannot tell the reason why ;
 Never to hold her tongue a minute,
 While all she prates has nothing in it ;
 Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
 And take his nonsense all for wit ;

Her learning mounts to read a song,
 But half the words pronouncing wrong ;
 Hath every repartee in store
 She spoke ten thousand times before ;
 Can ready compliments supply
 On all occasions, cut and dry ;
 Such hatred to a parson's gown,
 The sight will put her in a swoon ;
 For conversation well endued,
 She calls it witty to be rude ;
 And, placing raillery in railing,
 Will tell aloud your greatest failing ;
 Nor make a scruple to expose
 Your bandy leg or crooked nose ;
 Can at her morning tea run o'er
 The scandal of the day before ;
 Improving hourly in her skill
 To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.

In choosing lace, a critic nice,
 Knows to a groat the lowest price ;
 Can in her female clubs dispute,
 What linen best the silk will suit,
 What colours each complexion match,
 And where with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
 Can finely counterfeit a fright ;
 So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
 She ravishes all hearts to hear her.
 Can dextrously her husband tease,
 By taking fits when'er she please ;
 By frequent practice learns the trick
 At proper seasons to be sick ;
 'Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
 At once creating love and pity.
 If Molly happens to be careless,
 And but neglects to warm her hair lace,
 She gets a cold as sure as death,
 And vows she scarce can fetch her breath ;
 Admire how modest women can
 Be so *robustious*, like a man.

In party, furious to her power ;
 A bitter Whig, or Tory sour ;

Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend ;
Will prove herself a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain ;
And to defend the Whiggish cause,
Her topics from the Tories draws.

O yes ! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs Harding ;
She'll pay the charges to a farthing ;
Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition ;
They may out-sell a better thing :
So, halloo, boys ; God save the king !

FALCONER.

OF this celebrated poet, but unfortunate man, few are the memorials that have been preserved. He was a native of Scotland, but we know nothing of his family, his birth-place, or his education; circumstances which are somewhat remarkable; as his fame, it might have been supposed, would have induced friends and kindred to gratify their own vanity or affection, by ascertaining and publishing these prominent and interesting facts.

He appears early to have displayed his poetical powers. The first piece which was given to the public was a "Poem sacred to the memory of Frederick Prince of Wales," Edinburgh 1751. Before this time, he had probably been engaged as a mariner; in which situation, apparently so uncongenial to the Muses, he passed the greatest part of his life, unnoticed and unknown, except by his shipmates and private connections.

In the course of his voyages, he served on board the *Britannia*, a merchantman, bound from Alexandria to Venice, which after touching at the isle of Candia, experienced a violent storm, and was wrecked on the coast of Greece, near Cape Colonne. Only three of the crew, of which the poet was one, escaped from a watery grave. This melancholy event gave rise to the "SHIPWRECK, a poem in three Cantos, by a Sailor, 1762," in which pathos, imagery, and description are all united; but though it ranks very high among didactic compositions, and has been frequently republished from the nature of the subject, it is necessarily unknown to general readers, and is therefore rather praised in concert than perused for individual gratification, except by persons of superior education.

This poem was inscribed to the duke of York, who had the generosity and the justice not to suffer the poet to lose the expected reward. By his Royal Highness's interest, Falconer was soon after appointed purser of the

Royal George. During the intervals of repose, he took an active part by his pen, in promoting the interests of those with whom he was connected, and wrote a satirical poem, called the "Demagogue," which like all party effusions has little to recommend it but its acrimony, notwithstanding some local poetical brilliancies.

"The Shipwreck," was also much improved and enlarged in a new edition which appeared in 1764; and again in 1769, and from this, all subsequent editions have been printed. It has certainly great and original merit.

In 1769, Mr. Falconer published his Marine Dictionary, a very useful work; and soon afterwards embarked on board the *Anna* frigate with the India supervisors, over whose fate the darkness of uncertainty has long been spread. All that is known is, that the ship arrived safely at the Cape of Good Hope, from whence she again took her departure, and was never afterwards heard of. It is probable she foundered or took fire at sea; for had a second shipwreck been our poet's lot, it is likely some of the crew might have survived to record the melancholy tale.

The passage which has been selected as a motto to a collection of his poems is so appropriate to the situation of the Shipwreck and its author, that I cannot refuse it a place in this notice of his life.

'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing,
Than ever trembled from the vocal string.
No pomp of battle swells th' exalted strain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain:
But, o'er the scene while pale remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps.
Here hostile elements tumultuous rise,
And lawless floods rebel against the skies;
Till hope expires, and peril and dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the wat'ry way.

SHIP.

THE SHIPWRECK.

——quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

VIRG. ÆN. Lib. II.

CANTO I.

Proposal of the subject—Invocation—Apology— Allegorical description of Memory—Appeal to her assistance—The story begun—Retrospect of the former part of the voyage—The ship arrives at Candia—Ancient state of that island—Present state of the adjacent isles of Greece—The season of the year—Character of the master and his officers—Story of Palemon and Anna— Evening described — Midnight — The ship weighs anchor and departs from the haven—State of the weather—Morning—Situation of the neighbouring shores—Operation of taking the sun's azimuth—Description of the vessel as seen from the land.

The scene is near the city of Candia: and the time about four days and a half.

The scene of the second canto lies in the sea, between Cape Freschin in Candia, and the Island of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spada—The time is from nine in the morning till one o'clock of the following morning.

WHILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms;
While ocean hears vindictive thunders roll
Along his trembling wave from pole to pole;
Sick of the scene, where war, with ruthless hand
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groan of death!
'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,

Far other themes of deep distress to sing
 Than ever trembled from the vocal string,
 No pomp of battle swells th' exalted strain,
 Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain;
 But, o'er the scene while pale remembrance weeps,
 Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps.
 Here hostile elements tumultuous rise,
 And lawless floods rebel against the skies;
 Till hope expires, and peril and dismay
 Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.

Immortal train, who guide the maze of song,
 To whom all science, arts and arms belong;
 Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
 Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name!
 If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd,
 In life's fair morn, beneath your hallow'd shade,
 To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,
 And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain;
 Or listen'd, while th' enchanting voice of love,
 While all Elysium warbled through the grove;
 Oh! by the hollow blast that moans around,
 That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound;
 By the long surge that foams through yonder cave,
 Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
 With living colours give my verse to glow,
 The sad memorial of a tale of woe!
 A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,
 To fame unknown, and new to epic lore!

Alas! neglected by the sacred nine,
 Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine!
 Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,
 To plough the tide where wint'ry tempests roar:
 Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,
 Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train!—
 Far from the muse's academic grove,
 'Twas his the vast and trackless deep to rove.
 Alternate change of climates has he known,
 And felt the fierce extremes of either zone.
 Where polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,
 Or equinoctial suns for ever glow,
 Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,
 "A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast"

From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
'To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador.
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains !
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Isthmus lav'd by adverse tides,
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.
But while he measur'd o'er the painful race,
In fortune's wild illimitable chase,
Adversity, companion of his way !
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway ;
Bade new distresses ev'ry instant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe :
In regions where the Almighty's chastening hand
With livid pestilence afflicts the land ;
Or where pale famine blasts the hopeful year,
Parent of want and misery severe !
Or where, all dreadful in th' embattled line,
The hostile ships in flaming combat join ;
Where the torn vessel wind and wave assail,
Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail—
Where'er he wander'd, thus vindictive fate
Pursued his weary steps with lasting hate !
Rous'd by her mandate, storms of black array
Winter'd the morn of life's advancing day ;
Relax'd the sinews of the living lyre,
And quench'd the kindling spark of vital fire—
Thus while forgotten or unknown he woos,
What hope to win the coy reluctant muse !
Then let not censure, with malignant joy,
The harvest of his humble hope destroy !
His verse no laurel wreath attempts to claim,
Nor sculptur'd brass to tell the poet's name.
If terms uncoath, and jarring phrases, wound
The softer sense with inharmonious sound,
Yet here let listening sympathy prevail,
While conscious truth unfolds her piteous tale.

And lo ! the power that wakes the eventful song,
Hastes hither from Lethæan banks along ;
She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight,
Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light !
In her right hand an ample roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years ;

With every wise and noble art of man,
 Since first the circling hours their course began :
 Her left a silver wand on high displayed,
 Whose magic touch dispels oblivion's shade.
 Pensive her look ; on radiant wings that glow,
 Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
 She sails ; and swifter than the course of light,
 Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
 The fugitive ideas she restores,
 And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's shores.
 To things long past a second date she gives,
 And hoary time from her, fresh youth receives.
 Congenial sister of immortal fame,
 She shares her power, and Memory is her name.

O first-born daughter of primeval time !
 By whom transmitted down in every clime,
 The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,
 And blazon'd-glories spread from zone to zone ;
 Whose breath, dissolves the gloom of mental night,
 And o'er th' obscur'd idea pours the light !
 Whose wing unerring glides through time and place,
 And trackless scours th' immensity of space !
 Say ! on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
 What dire mishap a fated ship befel,
 Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores ?—
 Arise ! approach ! unlock thy treasur'd stores !

A ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
 By guiding winds, her course for Venice held ;
 Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant crew,
 And from that isle her name the vessel drew.
 The wayward steps of fortune, that delude
 Full oft to ruin, eager they pursu'd,
 And dazzled by her visionary glare,
 Advanc'd incautious of each fatal snare ;
 Though warn'd full oft the slippery track to shun,
 Yet hope, with flattering voice, betray'd them on.
 Beguil'd to danger thus, they left behind
 The scene of peace, and social joy resign'd.
 Long absent they from friends and native home,
 The cheerless ocean were inur'd to roam :
 Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
 Had crown'd each painful voyage with success ;

Still, to atone for toils and hazards past,
Restor'd them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,
Across th' equator roll'd his flaming sphere,
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
From Albion's coast obsequious to the gale.
She o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,
Unwearying wafted her commercial store.
The richest ports of Afric she had view'd,
Thence to fair Italy her course pursu'd ;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
And visited the margin of the Nile.

And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
The circling voyage hastens to its goal.

They, blind to fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blast their hope foresaw ;
But from gay Venice soon expect to steer
For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near.
A thousand tender thoughts their souls employ,
That fondly dance to scenes of future joy.

Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathless tide
Their ship through Grecian seas the pilots guide.
Occasion call'd to touch at Candia's shore,
Which blest with favouring winds, they soon explore ;
The haven enter, borne before the gale,
Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.

Eternal Powers ! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of desolating war !
Here art and commerce, with auspicious reign,
Once breath'd sweet influence on the happy plain !
While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
Young pleasure led the jocund hours along.
In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
To crown the valleys with eternal green.
For wealth, for valour, courted and rever'd,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd.—
Ah ! who the flight of ages can revoke ?
The free-born spirit of her sons is broke ;
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke !
No longer fame the drooping heart inspires,
For rude oppression quench'd its genial fires.

But still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,
 Supply the barren shores of Greece around.
 What pale distress afflicts those wretched isles !
 There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.
 The vassal wretch obsequious drags his chain,
 And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
 These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
 A seventh year scorn the weary lab'rer's toil.
 No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,
 Now views with triumph captive gods adore.
 No lovely Helens now, with fatal charms,
 Call forth th' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms.
 No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
 For whom contending kings are proud to die.
 Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,
 While sorrow bids her venal bloom decay.
 Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,
 Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains !
 Now, in the southern hemisphere the sun
 Through the bright Virgin and the Scales had run ;
 And on the ecliptic wheel'd his winding way,
 Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.
 The ship was moor'd beside the wave-worn strand ;
 Four days her anchors bite the golden sand :
 For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
 And not a breeze awakes the silent deep.
 This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er,
 And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
 The watchful mariner, whom Heaven informs,
 Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms.
 True to his trust when sacred duty calls,
 No brooding storm the master's soul appals ;
 Th' advancing season warns him to the main ;
 A captive, fetter'd to the oar of gain !
 His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
 Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay ;
 Determin'd from whatever point they rise,
 To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.
 Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
 Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire !

Ere yet the deep'ning incidents prevail,
 Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive tale,
 Record whom, chief among the gallant crew,
 Th' unblest pursuit of fortune hither drew !
 Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave and bold,
 In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold ?

They can ! for gold too oft, with magic art,
 Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart :
 This crowns the prosperous villain with applause ;
 To whom, in vain, sad merit pleads her cause :
 This strews with roses, life's perplexing road,
 And leads the way to pleasure's blest abode ;
 With slaughter'd victims fills the weeping plain,
 And smooths the furrows of the treacherous main.

O'er the gay vessel, and her daring band,
 Experienc'd Albert held the chief command ;
 Though train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
 Was yet by soft humanity refin'd.
 Each joy of wedded love at home he knew ;
 Abroad confest the father of his crew !
 Brave, liberal, just, the calm domestic scene
 Had o'er his temper breath'd a gay serene.
 Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
 The planets wheeling in eternal race,
 To mark the ship in floating balance held,
 By earth attracted and by seas repell'd ;
 Or point her devious track, through climes unknown,
 That leads to every shore and every zone.
 He saw the moon through heaven's blue concave glide,
 And into motion charm th' expanding tide ;
 While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
 Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles.
 Light and attraction, from their genial source
 He saw still wandering with diminish'd force ;
 While on the margin of declining day,
 Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.
 Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
 The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll ;
 His genius, ever for the event prepar'd,
 Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shar'd.

The second powers and office Rodmond bore,
 A hardy son of England's furthest shore ;

Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
 In sable squadrons o'er the northern main ;
 That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd, resort,
 A sooty tribe ! to fair Augusta's port.
 Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
 They claim the danger ; proud of skilful bands !
 For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
 The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
 O'er bar and shelf the watery path they sound,
 With dextrous arm ; sagacious of the ground !
 Fearless they combat ev'ry hostile wind,
 Wheeling in mazy tracks with course inclin'd,
 Expert to moor, where terrors line the road ;
 Or win the anchor from its dark abode :
 But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,
 Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war.
 Such Rodmond was ; by learning unrefin'd,
 That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind :
 Boisterous of manners ; train'd in early youth
 To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth ;
 To scenes that nature's struggling voice controul,
 And freeze compassion rising in the soul !
 Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the shore,
 With foul intent the stranded bark explore—
 Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
 While tardy justice slumbers o'er her sword—
 Th' indignant muse, severely taught to feel,
 Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal !
 Too oft example, arm'd with poisons fell,
 Pollutes the shrine where mercy loves to dwell :
 Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew
 The sacred, social passions never knew :
 Unskill'd to argue ; in dispute yet loud ;
 Bold without caution ; without honour proud ;
 In art unschool'd, each veteran rule he priz'd,
 And all improvement haughtily despi'd :
 Yet though full oft to future perils blind,
 With skill superior glow'd his daring mind,
 Through snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
 When midnight shades involve the raging tide.
 To Rodmond next, in order of command,
 Succeeds the youngest of our naval band.

But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of fame !
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms,
His bosom danc'd to nature's boundless charms ;
On him fair science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower ;
But frowning fortune with untimely blast
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where science and the tuneful sisters rove.
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more ;
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er th' untravell'd zone.
In vain!—for rude adversity's command,
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps oppos'd,
And every gate of hope against him clos'd.
Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train,
To call Arion this ill fated swain !
For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep,
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep ;
And both the raging surge in safety bore
Amid destruction panting to the shore.
This last our tragic story from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may save ;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad remembrance bleeds at ev'ry vein.
Such were the pilots ; tutor'd to divine
Th' untravell'd course by geometric line ;
Train'd to command, and range the various sail,
Whose various force conforms to every gale.—
Charg'd with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name ;
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came, the victim of unhappy love !
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled ;
For her a secret flame his bosom fed.

Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn
 This genuine passion, nature's eldest born !
 'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
 While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain.

Graceful of form, by nature taught to please,
 Of power to melt the female breast with ease,
 To her Palemon told his tender tale,
 Soft as the voice of summer's evening gale.
 O'erjoy'd, he saw her lovely eyes relent,
 The blushing maiden smil'd with sweet consent :
 Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove,
 Unheard, they breath'd alternate vows of love :
 By fond society their passion grew,
 Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew.
 In evil hour th' officious tongue of fame
 Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
 With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
 Palemon's father heard the tale confest.
 Long had he listen'd with suspicion's ear,
 And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
 Too well, fair youth ! thy liberal heart he knew ;
 A heart to nature's warm impressions true !
 Full oft his wisdom strove with fruitless toil,
 With avarice to pollute that generous soil :
 That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
 Refus'd the culture of so rank a weed.
 Elate with wealth in active commerce won,
 And basking in the smile of fortune's sun,
 With scorn the parent ey'd the lowly shade,
 That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.
 Indignant he rebuk'd th' enamour'd boy,
 The flattering promise of his future joy :
 He sooth'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim
 This hopeless passion, or divert its aim :
 Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
 The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
 With all her powers enchanting music fail'd,
 And pleasure's syren voice no more prevail'd.
 The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
 In look and voice assum'd an harsher strain.
 In absence now his only hope remain'd ;
 And such the stern decree his will ordain'd.

Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
 Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom.
 In vain with bitter sorrow he repin'd,
 No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind ;
 To thee, brave Albert, was the charge consign'd.
 The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
 To regions far remote Palemon bore.
 Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
 Still lov'd fair Anna with eternal truth :
 From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
 His heart still panted for its secret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
 To him since young Arion first was known ;
 Who, wandering here through many a scene renown'd,
 In Alexandria's port the vessel found ;
 Where, anxious to review his native shore,
 He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
 Oft by pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
 With him Palemon kept the watch of night ;
 In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppress,
 Some painful secret of the soul confest.
 Perhaps Arion soon the cause divin'd,
 Though shunning still to probe a wounded mind :
 He felt the chastity of silent woe,
 Though glad the balm of comfort to bestow ;
 He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er
 The tales of hapless love in ancient lore,
 Recall'd to memory by th' adjacent shore.
 The scene thus present, and its story known,
 The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.
 Thus, though a recent date their friendship bore,
 Soon the ripe metal own'd the quick'ning ore ;
 For in one tide their passions seem'd to roll,
 By kindred age, and sympathy of soul.

These o'er th' inferior naval train preside,
 The course determine, or the commerce guide :
 O'er all the rest, an undistinguish'd crew !
 Her wing of deepest shade oblivion drew.

A sullen languor still the skies opprest,
 And held th' unwilling ship in strong arrest.
 High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
 O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray.

Relax'd from toil the sailors range the shore,
 Where famine, war, and storm are felt no more :
 The hour to social pleasure they resign,
 And black remembrance drown in generous wine.
 On deck, beneath the shading canvas spread,
 Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,
 Of dragons roaring on the enchanted coast,
 The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost—
 But with Arion, from the sultry heat
 Of noon, Palemon sought a cool retreat.
 And lo! the shore with mournful prospects crown'd ;
 The rampart torn with many a fatal wound ;
 The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the strand ;
 Bewail the stroke of war's tremendous hand.
 What scenes of woe this hapless isle o'erspread !
 Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.
 Full twice twelve summers were yon towers assail'd,
 Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevail'd ;
 While thundering mines the lovely plains o'erturn'd,
 While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.

But now before them happier scenes arise !
 Elysian vales salute their ravish'd eyes :
 Olive and cedar form'd a grateful shade,
 Where light with gay romantic error stray'd.
 The myrtles here with fond caresses twine ;
 There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine.
 And lo! the stream, renown'd in classic song,
 Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.
 On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
 The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove :
 Soft o'er the fairy region languor stole,
 And with sweet melancholy charm'd the soul.
 Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind
 For consolation on his friend reclin'd,
 In pity's bleeding bosom pour'd the stream
 Of love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme—
 Too true thy words!—by sweet remembrance taught,
 My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought :
 In vain it courts the solitary shade,
 By every action, every look betray'd!—
 The pride of generous woe disdains appeal
 To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal :

Yet sure, if right Palemon can divine,
The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.
Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe.

Albert thou know'st with skill and science grac'd,
In humble station though by fortune plac'd,
Yet never seaman more serenely brave
Led Britain's conq'ring squadrons o'er the wave.
Where full in view Augusta's spires are seen,
With flow'ry lawns, and waving woods between,
A peaceful dwelling stands, in modest pride,
Where Thames, slow-winding, rolls his ample tide.
There live the hope and pleasure of his life,
A pious daughter, with a faithful wife.
For his return, wjth fond officious care,
Still every grateful object these prepare ;
Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.

This blooming maid in virtue's path to guide,
Her anxious parents all their cares apply'd.
Her spotless soul, where soft compassion reign'd,
No vice untun'd, no sickening folly stain'd,
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale :
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd every heart with exquisite alarms :
Her face, in beauty's sweet attraction drest,
The smile of maiden innocence exprest ;
While health, that rises with the new-born day,
Breath'd o'er her cheek the softest blush of May.
Still in her look, complacence smil'd serene ;
She mov'd the charmer of the rural scene.

'Twas at that season when the fields resume
Their loveliest hues, array'd in vernal bloom :
Yon ship, rich freighted from th' Italian shore,
To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore :
While thus my father saw his ample horde,
From this return, with recent treasure stor'd ;
Me, with affairs of commerce charg'd, he sent
To Albert's humble mansion ; soon I went,
Too soon, alas ! unconscious of th' event—
There struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,
The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw :

There, wounded first by love's resistless arms,
 My glowing bosom throbb'd with strange alarms.
 My ever charming Anna! who alone
 Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone ;
 O! while all conscious memory holds her power,
 Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour,
 When from those eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,
 My fluttering spirits first th' infection caught :
 When, as I gaz'd, my faltering tongue betray'd
 The heart's quick tumults, or refus'd its aid :
 While the dim light my ravish'd eyes forsook,
 And every limb unstrung with terror shook !
 With all her powers dissenting reason strove
 To tame at first the kindling flame of love ;
 She strove in vain ! subdu'd by charms divine,
 My soul a victim fell at beauty's shrine.
 Oft from the din of bustling life I stray'd,
 In happier scenes, to see my lovely maid ;
 Full oft, where Thames his wandering current leads,
 We rov'd at evening hour through flowery meads.
 There, while my heart's soft anguish I reveal'd,
 To her with tender sighs my hope appeal'd.
 While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believ'd,
 Her snowy breast with secret tumult heav'd ;
 For, train'd in rural scenes from earliest youth,
 Nature was her's, and innocence and truth.
 She never knew the city damsel's art,
 Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart !—
 My suit prevail'd, for love inform'd my tongue,
 And on his votary's lips persuasion hung,
 Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
 And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.
 Thrice happy hours, where, with no dark allay,
 Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day !
 For here the sigh, that soft affection heaves,
 From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
 Elysian scenes, too happy long to last !—
 Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast !
 Too soon some demon to my father bore
 The tidings that his heart with anguish tore—
 My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice,
 Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice :

Then, in the whirling wave of pleasure, sought
From its lov'd object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind,
In chains of adamant, the lawless wind:
For love had aim'd the fatal shaft too sure :
Hope fed the wound, and absence knew no cure.
With alienated look, each art he saw
Still baffled by superior nature's law.
His anxious mind on various schemes revolv'd ;
At last on cruel exile he resolv'd.
The rigorous doom was fix'd ; alas ! how vain
To him of tender anguish to complain !
His soul, that never love's sweet influence felt,
By social sympathy could never melt :
With stern command to Albert's charge he gave,
To waft Palemon o'er the distant wave.

The ship was laden and prepar'd to sail,
And only waited now the leading gale.
'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove
The heart-felt torments of despairing love.
Th' impatient wish that never feels repose ;
Desire that with perpetual current flows ;
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear ;
Joy distant still, and sorrow ever near !
Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
The western breezes inauspicious blew,
Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
The vessel parted on the falling tide ;
Yet time one sacred hour to love supply'd.
The night was silent, and, advancing fast,
The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast.
Impatient hope the midnight path explor'd,
And led me to the nymph my soul ador'd.
Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear !
She came confest ! the lovely maid drew near !
But ah ! what force of language can impart
Th' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart !
O ! ye, whose melting hearts are form'd to prove
The trembling ecstasies of genuine love !
When, with delicious agony, the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought ;

Your secret sympathy alone can tell
 What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell :
 O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
 While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul !

In transport lost, by trembling hope imprest,
 The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast ;
 While her's congenial beat with fond alarms ;
 Dissolving softness ! paradise of charms !
 Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
 Our blending spirits, that each other drew !
 O bliss supreme ! where virtue's self can melt
 With joys that guilty pleasure never felt !
 Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,
 And kindle sweet affection's purest fire !
 Ah ! wherefore should my hopeless love, she cries,
 While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,
 For ever destin'd to lament in vain,
 Such flattering, fond ideas entertain ?
 My heart through scenes of fair illusion stray'd,
 To joys decreed for some superior maid.
 'Tis mine to feel the sharpest stings of grief,
 Where never gentle hope affords relief.
 Go then, dear youth ! thy father's rage atone ;
 And let this tortur'd bosom beat alone !
 The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease ;
 Go then, dear youth ! nor tempt the faithless seas !
 Find out some happier daughter of the town,
 With fortune's fairer joys thy love to crown ;
 Where smiling o'er thee, with indulgent ray,
 Prosperity shall hail each new-born day.
 Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate,
 Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate ;
 Go then, I charge thee, by thy generous love,
 That fatal to my father thus may prove !
 On me alone let dark affliction fall !
 Whose heart, for thee, will gladly suffer all.
 Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
 Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate !
 She ceas'd ; while anguish in her angel-face
 O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial grace.

Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
 Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.
 O soul of all my wishes ! I reply'd,
 Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide ?
 Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted truth,
 To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth ?
 And I, perfidious ! all that sweetness see
 Consign'd to lasting misery for me ?
 Sooner this moment may the eternal doom
 Palemon in the silent earth entomb !
 Attest thou moon, fair regent of the night !
 Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight ;
 By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
 That sweet possession only knows to heal !
 By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep !
 Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep ;
 Though tyrant duty o'er me threatening stands,
 And claims obedience to her stern commands :
 Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
 Her smiles or frowns shall never change my love !
 My heart, that now must every joy resign,
 Incapable of change, is only thine ;
 O cease to weep ! this storm will yet decay,
 And these sad clouds of sorrow melt away.
 While through the rugged path of life we go,
 All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
 The fair'd and great, decreed to equal pain,
 Full in splendid wretchedness complain.
 For this, prosperity, with brighter ray,
 In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
 Thou too, sweet maid ! ere twice ten months are o'er,
 Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore,
 Where never interest shall divide us more.

Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender grief,
 Now found an interval of short relief :
 So melts the surface of the frozen stream,
 Beneath the wint'ry sun's departing beam.
 With warning haste the shades of night withdrew,
 And gave the signal of a sad adieu.
 As on my neck th' afflicted maiden hung,
 A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung ;

She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
 Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave!
 With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,
 And from her cheek beguil'd the falling tear:
 While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes,
 She pour'd her soul to Heaven in suppliant sighs—
 Look down with pity, oh! ye powers above,
 Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding love!
 Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore,
 Alone can tell if he returns no more:
 Or if the hour of future joy remain,
 Long-wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain!
 Bid every guardian minister attend,
 And from all ill the much-lov'd youth defend!

With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in vain,
 And, urg'd by strong attraction, met again.

At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,
 While tender passion stream'd in either heart,
 Our eyes transfix'd with agonizing look,
 One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.
 Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
 Pensive and pale; of every joy bereft,
 She to her silent couch retir'd to weep,
 While her sad swain embark'd upon the deep.

His tale thus clos'd, from sympathy of grief,
 Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief.
 The hapless bird, thus ravish'd from the skies,
 Where all forlorn his lov'd companion flies,
 In secret, long bewails his cruel fate,
 With fond remembrance of his winged mate:
 Till grown familiar with a foreign train,
 Compos'd at length, his sadly-warbling strain
 In sweet oblivion charms the sense of pain.

Ye tender maids, in whose pathetic souls
 Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls;
 Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
 The secret wound you tremble to reveal;
 Ah! may no wanderer of the faithless main
 Pour through your breast the soft delicious bane!
 May never fatal tenderness approve
 The fond effusions of their ardent love.

O ! warn'd by friendship's counsel, learn to shun
The fatal path where thousands are undone !

Now as the youths, returning o'er the plain,
Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,
First, with attention rous'd, Arion ey'd
The graceful lover, form'd in nature's pride.
His frame the happiest symmetry display'd ;
And locks of waving gold his neck array'd.
In every look the Paphian graces shine,
Soft breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine.
With lighten'd heart he smil'd serenely gay,
Like young Adonis or the son of May.
Not Cytherea from a fairer swain
Receiv'd her apple on the Trojan plain !

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around ; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain :
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hush'd, forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore ;
And lo ! his surface, lovely to behold !
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold !
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains :
Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns !
While yet the shades, on time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale ;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love ;
With joyful eyes th' attentive master sees
Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.—
Now radiant vesper leads the starry train,
And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main ;
Round the charg'd bowl the sailors form a ring ;
By turns recount the wond'rous tale, or sing ;

As love or battle, hardships of the main,
 Or genial wine, awake their homely strain :
 Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
 The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
 While infant breezes from the shore arise.
 The waning moon, behind a wat'ry shroud,
 Pale glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud.
 A mighty ring around her silver throne,
 With parting meteors crost, portentous shone.
 This in the troubled sky full oft prevails ;
 Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.
 While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
 Tumultuous swim the visions of the night.
 Now blooming Anna, with her happy swain,
 Approach the sacred Hymeneal fane :
 Anon tremendous lightnings flash between ;
 And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen !
 Now with Palemon up a rocky steep,
 Whose summit trembles e'er the roaring deep,
 With painful step he climb'd ; while far above
 Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love.
 Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
 While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell.
 Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
 He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.
 Upstarting from his couch, on deck he sprung ;
 Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung.
All hands unmoor ! proclaims a boisterous cry :
All hands unmoor, the cavern rocks reply !
 Rous'd from repose, aloft the sailors swarm,
 And with their levers soon the windlass arm.
 The order given, up springing with a bound,
 They lodge the bars, and wheel their engine round :
 At every turn the clanging pauls resound.
 Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave,
 The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
 Along their slippery masts the yards ascend,
 And high in air the canvas wings extend :
 Redoubling cords the lofty canvas guide,
 And through inextricable mazes glide.

The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
 To light the vessel o'er the silver stream ;
 Along the glassy plain serene she glides,
 While azure radiance trembles on her sides.
 From east to north the transient breezes play ;
 And in the Egyptian quarter soon decay.
 A calm ensues ; they dread th' adjacent shore ;
 The boats with rowers arm'd are sent before :
 With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
 Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow.
 The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend ;
 And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend.
 Success attends their skill : the danger's o'er :
 The port is doubled and beheld no more.

Now morn, her lamp pale glimmering on the sight,
 Scatter'd before her van reluctant night.
 She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
 But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
 Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,
 Tremendous rock, emerges on the sight.
 North-east the guardian isle of Standia lies,
 And westward Freschin's woody capes arise.

With winning postures, now the wanton sails
 Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales.
 The swelling stu'n-sails now their wings extend,
 Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend :
 While all to court the wandering breeze are plac'd ;
 With yards now thwarting, now obliquely brac'd.

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
 And blot the sun, yet struggling in the cloud :
 Through the wide atmosphere, condens'd with haze,
 His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.
 The pilots now their rules of art apply,
 The mystic needle's devious aim to try.
 The compass plac'd to catch the rising ray,
 The quadrant's shadows, studious they survey !
 Along the arch the gradual index slides,
 While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides.
 Now, seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
 He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
 Their sage experience thus explores the height
 And polar distance of the source of light :

Then through the chiliads triple maze they trace
 Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place.
 The wayward steel, to truth thus reconcil'd,
 No more the attentive pilot's eye beguil'd.
 The natives, while the ship departs the land,
 Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
 Majestically slow before the breeze,
 In silent pomp she marches on the seas.
 Her milk-white bottom cast a softer gleam,
 While trembling though the green translucent stream.
 The wales, that close above in contrast shone
 Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
 Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
 Gaz'd o'er the vassal wave that roll'd below :
 Where'er she mov'd, the vassal-waves were seen
 To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.
 Th' imperial trident grac'd her dexter-hand,
 Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand,
 Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,
 And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep.
 Her left propitious bore a mystic shield,
 Around whose margin rolls the wat'ry field.
 There her bold genius, in his floating car,
 O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war—
 And lo! the beasts, that oft with jealous rage
 In bloody combat met, from age to age,
 Tam'd into union, yok'd in friendship's chain,
 Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main.
 From the broad margin to the centre grew
 Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view!—
 Th' immortal shield from Neptune she receiv'd,
 When first her head above the waters heav'd.
 Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest ;
 A figur'd scutcheon glitter'd on her breast ;
 There, from one parent soil, for ever young,
 The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung.
 Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,
 Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
 Such was the sculptur'd prow—from van to rear,
 Th' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier !
 Embalm'd with orient gum above the wave,
 The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.

On the broad stern, a pencil warm and bold,
That never servile rules of art controul'd,
An allegoric tale on high portray'd,
There a young hero, here a royal maid.
Fair England's genius, in the youth exprest,
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confest,
The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd :
No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd.
His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
Serene as summer's evening skies she saw ;
Serene, yet firm : though mild, impressing awe.
Her nervous arm, inur'd to toils severe,
Brandish'd th' unconquer'd Caledonian spear,
The dreadful faulchion of the hills she wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dy'd with hostile gore.
Blue was her rocky shield ; her piercing eye
Flash'd like the meteors of her native sky ;
Her crest, high-plum'd, was rough with many a scar.
And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern star.
The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame,
The hardy offspring of some Runic dame.
Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow,
Renown'd in song, the terror of the foe !
The sword, that oft the barbarous north defy'd,
The scourge of tyrants ! glitter'd by his side.
Clad in refulgent arms, in battle won,
The George emblazon'd on his corselet shone.
Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre,
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire ;
Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell :
Or waft wrapt fancy through the gulfs of hell—
Struck with contagion, kindling fancy hears
The songs of heaven ! the music of the spheres !
Borne on Newtonian wing through air she flies,
Where other suns to other systems rise !
These front the scene conspicuous—over-head
Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread ;
While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,
Beneath their feet, the father of the flood—

Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
 Perch'd by the martial maid the bird of Jove;
 There on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
 With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay.
 Yonder fair Commerce stretch'd her winged sail;
 Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale—
 High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd
 Th' imperial flag that rules the wat'ry world.
 Deep-blushing armors all the tops invest;
 And warlike trophies either quarter drest:
 Then tower'd the masts; the canvas swell'd on high;
 And waving streamers floated in the sky.
 Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
 Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.
 Thus like a swan she cleaves the wat'ry plain,
 The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!

C A N T O II.

Reflection on leaving the land—The gale continues—A water-spout—Beauty of a dying dolphin—The ship's progress along the shore—Wind strengthens—The sails reduced—A shoal of porpoises—Last appearance of Cape Spado—Sea rises—A squall—The sails further diminished—Mainsail split—Ship bears away before the wind—Again hauls upon the wind—Another mainsail fitted to the yard—The gale still increases—Topsails furled—Top-gallant-yards sent down—Sea enlarges—Sunset—Courses reefed—Four seamen lost off the lee main-yard-arm—Anxiety of the pilots from their dangerous situation—Resolute behaviour of the sailors—The ship labours in great distress—The artillery thrown overboard—Dismal appearance of the weather—Very high and dangerous sea—Severe fatigue of the crew—Consultation and resolution of the officers—Speech and advice of Albert to the crew—Necessary disposition to veer before the wind—Disappointment in the proposed effect—New dispositions equally unsuccessful—The mizen-mast cut away.

ADIEU, ye pleasures of the rural scene,
 Where peace and calm contentment dwell serene!

To me in vain, on earth's prolific soil,
 With summer crown'd the Elysian vallies smile!
 To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
 But tantalize with hope my aching heart.
 For these alas! reluctant I forego,
 To visit storms and elements of woe!
 Ye tempests, o'er my head congenial roll,
 To suit the mournful music of my soul!
 In black progression, lo! they hover near;
 Hail social horrors, like my fate severe!
 Old ocean hail, beneath whose azure zone
 The secret deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.
 Approach, ye brave companions of the sea,
 And fearless view this awful scene with me!
 Ye native guardians of your country's laws!
 Ye bold assertors of her sacred cause!
 The muse invites you; judge if she depart
 Unequal from the precepts of your art.
 In practice train'd, and conscious of her pow'r,
 Her steps intrepid meet the trying hour.

O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
 Propell'd by gentle gales, the vessel glides.
 Rodmond exulting felt th' auspicious wind,
 And by a mystic charm its aim confin'd.
 The thoughts of home, that o'er his fancy roll,
 With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul:
 Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
 Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
 Already Britain's parent cliffs arise,
 And in idea greet his longing eyes!
 Each amorous sailor too, with heart elate,
 Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate.
 E'en they th' impressive dart of love can feel,
 Whose stubborn souls are sheath'd in triple steel.
 Nor less o'erjoy'd, perhaps with equal truth,
 Each faithful maid expects th' approaching youth:
 In distant bosoms equal ardours glow,
 And mutual passions mutual joys bestow,—
 Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
 And Jove's high hill was rising on the view;
 When, from the left approaching, they descri
 A liquid column towering shoot on high.

The foaming base an angry whirlwind sweeps,
 Where curling billows rouse the fearful deeps.
 Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
 Scattering dun night and horror through the skies.
 The swift volation, and th' enormous train,
 Let sages vers'd in nature's lore explain !
 The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
 And white with foam the whirling surges fly !
 The guns were prim'd ; the vessel northward veers
 Till her black battery on the column bears.
 The nitre fir'd ; and while the dreadful sound
 Convulsive shook the slumbering air around,
 The wat'ry volume, trembling to the sky,
 Burst down a dreadful deluge from on high !
 Th' affrighted surge, recoiling as it fell,
 Rolling in hills disclos'd th' abyss of hell.
 But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
 The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no more.
 While southward now th' increasing breezes veer,
 Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear.
 In front they view the consecrated grove
 Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
 The thirsty canvas, all around supplied,
 Still drinks unquench'd the full aerial tide.
 And now, approaching near the lofty stern,
 A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern.
 From burnish'd scales they beam refulgent rays,
 Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze.
 Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
 Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
 One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
 And glides unhappy near the triple prong.
 Rodmond unerring o'er his head suspends
 The barbed steel, and every turn attends ;
 Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
 And, plunging, struck the fated victim through,
 Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain ;
 On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.
 But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
 And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
 What radiant changes strike th' astonish'd sight !
 What glowing hues of mingled shade and light ;

Not equal beauties gild the lucid west,
 With parting beams all o'er profusely drest.
 Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
 When orient dews impearl th' enamell'd lawn,
 Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
 That now with gold empyreal seem to glow ;
 Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
 And emulate the soft celestial hue ;
 Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye,
 And now assume the purple's deeper dye,
 But here description clouds each shining ray ;
 What terms of art can nature's powers display ?

Now, while on high the fresh'ning gale she feels,
 The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels.
 The auxiliar sails that court a gentle breeze,
 From their high stations sink by slow degrees.
 The watchful ruler of the helm no more
 With fix'd attention eyes th' adjacent shore ;
 But by the oracle of truth below,
 The wond'rous magnet, guides the wayward prow.
 The wind, that still the impressive canvas swell'd,
 Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd.
 Impatient thus she glides along the coast,
 Till far behind the hill of Jove is lost :
 And while aloof from Retimo she steers,
 Malacha's foreland full in front appears.
 Wide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress-groves
 That once enclos'd the hallow'd fane of Jove.
 Here too, memorial of his name : is found
 A tomb, in marble ruins on the ground.
 This gloomy tyrant, whose triumphant yoke
 The trembling states around to slav'ry broke,
 Through Greece for murder, rape, and incest known,
 The muses rais'd to high Olympus' throne.
 For oft, alas ! their venal strains adorn
 The prince whom blushing virtue holds in scorn.
 Still Rome and Greece record his endless fame,
 And hence yon mountain yet retains his name.

But see ! in confluence borne before the blast,
 Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'er cast :
 The black'ning ocean curls ; the winds arise ;
 And the dark scud in swift succession flies.

While the swoln canvas bends the masts on high,
 Low in the waves the leeward cannon lie.
 The sailors now, to give the ship relief,
 Reduce the topsails by a single reef.
 Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels,
 Rattle the creaking blocks, and ringing wheels.
 Down the tall masts the topsails sink amain;
 And, soon reduc'd, assume their post again.
 More distant grew receding Candia's shore;
 And southward of the west Cape Spado bore.

Four hours the sun his high meridian throne
 Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone;
 Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
 Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.
 A squall deep-low'ring blots the southern sky,
 Before whose boisterous breath the waters fly.
 Its weight the topsails can no more sustain,
 Reef topsails, Reef, the boatswain calls again!
 The haliards and top-bowlines soon are gone,
 To clue-lines and reef-tackles next they run:
 The shivering sails descend; and now they square
 The yards, while ready sailors mount in air.
 The weather-earings and the lee they past;
 The reefs enroll'd, and ev'ry point made fast.
 Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,
 And vigilant th' approaching squall attend.
 It comes resistless, and with foaming sweep
 Upturns the whitening surface of the deep.
 In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,
 The wayward sisters scour the blasted heath.
 With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,
 And storm and cataract tumultuous blend.
 Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies—
 Brail up the mizen quick! the master cries,
 Man the clue-garnets! let the main-sheet fly!—
 The boisterous squall still presses from on high,
 And swift, and fatal as the lightning's course,
 Through the torn main-sail bursts with thundering force.
 While the rent canvas flutter'd in the wind,
 Still on her flank the stooping bark inclin'd.
 Bear up the helm a-weather! Rodmond cries!
 Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies.

The prow with secret instinct veers apace ;
 And now the fore-sail right athwart the brace :
 With equal sheets restrain'd the bellying sail
 Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.
 While o'er the foam the ship impetuous flies,
 Th' attentive timoneer the helm applies.

As in pursuit along th' aërial way,
 With ardent eye, the falcon marks his prey,
 Each motion watches of the doubtful chace,
 Obliquely wheeling through the liquid space ;
 So, govern'd by the steersman's glowing hands,
 The regent helm her motion still commands.

But now the transient squall to leeward past,
 Again she rallies to the sullen blast.

The helm to starboard turns, with wings inclin'd
 The sidelong canvas clasps the faithless wind.

The mizen draws ; she springs aloof once more,
 While the fore stay-sail balances before,
 The fore-sail brac'd obliquely to the wind,

They near the prow th' extended tack confin'd :
 Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
 And haul the bowline to the bowsprit eud.

To topsails next they haste ; the buntlines gone,
 The cluelines through their wheel'd machinery run :

On either side below the sheets are mann'd ;
 Again the fluttering sails their skirts expand.

Once more the topsails, though with humbler plumes,
 Mounting aloft, their ancient post resume.

Again the bowlines and the yards are brac'd ;
 And all th' entangled cords in order plac'd.

The sail, by whirlwinds thus so lately rent,
 In tatter'd ruins fluttering is unbent,

With brails refix'd another soon prepar'd,
 Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard,

To each yard-arm the head-rope they extend,
 And soon their earings and the roebins bend.

That task perform'd, they the first braces slack,
 Then to its station drag th' unwilling tack ;

And while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
 Taught aft the sheet, they tally and belay.

Now to the north from Afric's burning shore
 A troop of porpoises their course explore :

In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
 Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide ;
 Their tracks a while the hoary waves retain,
 That burn in sparkling trails along the main.
 The fleetest courser of the finny race,
 When threat'ning clouds th' ethereal vault deface,
 Their route to leeward still sagacious form,
 To shun the fury of th' approaching storm.

Fair Candia now no more, beneath her lee,
 Protects the vessel from th' insulting sea :
 Round her broad arms, impatient of controul,
 Rous'd from their secret deeps the billows roll.
 Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
 And all the scene an hostile aspect wore.
 The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid
 From Candia's bay th' unwilling ship betray'd,
 No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
 But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.
 Toss'd on the tide she feels the tempest blow,
 And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe.
 As the proud horse, with costly trappings gay,
 Exulting prances to the bloody fray ;
 Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
 But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight ;
 Even so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
 The bounding vessel dances on the tide.
 Fierce and more fierce the southern demon blew,
 And more incens'd the roaring waters grew.
 The ship no longer can her topsails spread,
 And every hope of fairer skies is fled.
 Bowlines and haliards are relax'd again ;
 Cluelines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain ;
 Clued-up each topsail and by braces squar'd :
 The seamen climb aloft on either yard.
 They furl'd the sail, and pointed to the wind
 The yard, by rolling-tackles then confin'd,
 While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies,
 Like a hoarse mastiff through the storm he cries :
 Prompt to direct the unskilful still appears ;
 Th' expert he praises, and the fearful cheers.
 Now come to strike top-gallant yards attend ;

Some travellers up the weather backstays send ;
 At each mast-head the top-ropes others bend.
 The youngest sailors from the yards above
 Their parrels, lifts, and braces soon remove ;
 Then topt an end, and to the travellers tied,
 Charg'd with their sails, they down the backstays slide.
 The yards secure along the booms reclin'd ;
 While some the flying cords aloft confin'd.
 Their sails reduc'd, and all the rigging clear,
 Awhile the crew relax from toils severe.
 Awhile their spirits, with fatigue opprest,
 In vain expect th' alternate hour of rest :
 But with redoubling force the tempests blow,
 And watery hills in fell succession flow,
 A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies ;
 New troubles grow ! new difficulties rise.
 No season this from duty to descend !
 All hands on deck, th' eventaul hour attend.

His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
 Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray.
 His sick'ning fires, half-lost in ambient haze,
 Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze :
 Till deep immerg'd the languid orb declines,
 And now to cheerless night the sky resigns !
 Sad evening's hour, how different from the past !
 No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast.
 No ray of friendly light is seen around ;
 The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.

The ship no longer can her courses bear :
 To reef the courses is the master's care :
 The sailors summon'd aft, a daring band !
 Attend th' enfolding brails at his command,
 But here the doubtful officers dispute,
 Till skill and judgment prejudice confute.
 Rodmond, whose genius never soar'd beyond
 The narrow rules of art his youth had conn'd,
 Still to the hostile fury of the wind
 Releas'd the sheer, and kept the tack confin'd.
 To long tried practice obstinately warm,
 He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
 But the sage master this advice declines ;
 With whom Arion in opinion joins.

The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye
 On sure experience may with truth rely,
 Who from the reigning cause foretels th' effect,
 This barbarous practice ever will reject.
 For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid sail
 Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale ;
 And he who strives the tempest to disarm,
 Will never first embrail the lee yard-arm.
 The master said,—obedient to command,
 To raise the tack, the ready sailors stand.
 Gradual it loosens, while th' involving clue,
 Swell'd by the wind, aloft unruffling flew.
 The sheet and weather-brace they now stand by ;
 The lee clue-garnet and the bunt-lines ply.
 Thus all prepar'd, *let go the sheet*, he cries ;
 Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies ;
 Shivering at first, till by the blast impell'd,
 High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvas swell'd :
 By spilling-lines embrac'd, with brails confin'd,
 It lies at length unshaken by the wind.
 The foresail then secur'd, with equal care
 Again to reef the mainsail they repair.
 While some high-mounted overhaul the tie,
 Below the down-haul-tackle others ply.
 Jears, lifts, and brails, a seaman each attends,
 Along the mast the willing yard descends.
 When lower'd sufficient they securely brace ;
 And fix the rolling-tackle in its place ;
 The reef-lines and their earings now prepar'd,
 Mounting on pliant shrouds, they man the yard.
 Far on th' extremes two able hands appear,
 Arion there, the hardy boatswain here ;
That in the van to front the tempest hung ;
This round the lee yard-arm, ill-omen'd ! clung.
 Each earing to its station first they bend ;
 The reef band then along the yard extend ;
 The circling earings, round th' extremes entwin'd
 By outer and by inner turns they bind.
 From hand to hand, the reef-lines, next receiv'd,
 Through eye-let holes and roebins-legs were reev'd.
 The reef in double folds involv'd they lay ;
 Strain the firm cord, and either end belay.

Hadst thou, Arion, held the leeward-post,
 While on the yard by mountain billows tost,
 Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragic tale
 Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil.
 But ruling Heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
 Severer ills to suffer and relate !

For, while their orders those aloft attend,
 To furl the mainsail, or on deck descend,
 A sea up-surg'ing with tremendous roll,
 To instant ruin seems to doom the whole.
 O friends, secure your hold ! Arion cries :
 It comes all dreadful, stooping from the skies !
 Uplifted on its horrid edge, she feels
 The shock, and on her side half-bury'd reels :
 The sail half-bury'd in the whelming wave,
 A fearful warning to the seamen gave :
 While from its margin, terrible to tell !
 Three sailors with their gallant boatswain fell.
 Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
 In vain their struggling arms the yard enfold :
 In vain to grapple flying cords they try ;
 The cords, alas, a solid gripe deny !
 Prone on the midnight surge, with panting breath
 They cry for aid, and long contend with death.
 High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep ;
 And down they sink in everlasting sleep—
 Bereft of power to help, their comrades see
 The wretched victims die beneath the lee ;
 With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan ;
 Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own !

In dark suspence on deck the pilots stand,
 Nor can determine on the next command.
 Though still they knew the vessel's armed side
 Impenetrable to the clasping tide ;
 Though still the waters by no secret wound
 A passage to her deep recesses found ;
 Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,
 A storm, a dangerous sea, and leeward shore !
 Should they, though reef'd, again their sails extend,
 Again in fluttering fragments they may rend ;
 Or should they stand, beneath the dreadful strain
 The down-prest ship may never rise again ;

Too late to weather now Morea's land,
 Yet verging fast to Athens' rocky strand.
 Thus they lament the consequence severe,
 Where perils unallay'd by hope appear.
 Long in their minds revolving each event,
 At last, to furl the courses they consent.
 That done, to reef the mizen next agree,
 And try beneath it, sidelong in the sea.

Now down the mast the sloping yard declin'd,
 Till by the jears and topping-lift confin'd.
 The head, with doubling canvas fenc'd around,
 In balance, near the lofty peek, they bound.
 The reef enwrapt, th' inserted knittles ty'd,
 To hoist the shorten'd sail again they hied.
 The order given, the yard aloft they sway'd ;
 The brails relax'd, th' extended sheet belay'd.
 The helm its post forsook, and, lash'd a-lee,
 Inclin'd the wayward prow to front the sea.

When sacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coast,
 With notes divine implor'd his consort lost ;
 Though round him perils grew in fell array,
 And fates and furies stood to bar his way ;
 Not more advent'rous was th' attempt to move
 The powers of hell with strains of heavenly love,
 Than mine to bid th' unwilling muse explore
 The wilderness of rude mechanic lore.
 Such toil th' unwearied Dædalus endur'd,
 When in the Cretan labyrinth immur'd ;
 Till art her salutary help bestow'd,
 To guide him through that intricate abode.
 Thus, long entangled in a thorny way,
 That never heard the sweet Pierian lay,
 The muse, that tun'd to barbarous sounds her string,
 Now spreads, like Dædalus, a bolder wing ;
 The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
 Replete with sad variety of woe.
 As yet amid this elemental war,
 That scatters desolation from afar,
 Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
 To sink the seamen with unmanly fear.
 Though their firm hearts no pageant honour boast,
 They scorn the wretch that trembles in his post ;

Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
 Indignant from the social hour they spurn.
 Though now full oft they felt the raging tide,
 In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side,
 No future ills unknown their souls appal ;
 They know no danger, or they scorn it all !
 But ev'n the generous spirits of the brave,
 Subdu'd by toil, a friendly respite crave ;
 A short repose alone their thoughts implore,
 Their harass'd powers by slumber to restore.

Far other cares the master's mind employ ;
 Approaching perils all his hopes destroy.
 In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
 And bounds the distance by the rules of art ;
 In vain athwart the mimic seas expands
 The compasses to circumjacent lands.
 Ungrateful task ! for no asylum trac'd,
 A passage open'd from the wat'ry waste.
 Fate seem'd to guard, with adamantin mound,
 The path to every friendly port around.
 While Albert thus, with secret doubts dismay'd,
 The geometric distances survey'd,
 On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
 Secure your lives—grasp every man a shroud !—
 Rous'd from his trance he mounts with eyes aghast,
 When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,
 A giant surge down-rushes from on high,
 And fore and aft dissever'd ruins lie.
 As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
 Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main ;
 Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
 And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores ;
 Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan,
 The trembling deeps recoil from zone to zone :
 Thus the torn vessel felt th' enormous stroke ;
 The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke ;
 Forth started from their planks the bursting rings,
 Th' extended cordage all asunder springs.
 The pilot's fair machinery strews the deck,
 And cards and needles swim in floating wreck.
 The balanc'd mizen, rending to the head,
 In streaming ruins from the margin fled.

The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
And rent with labour, yawn'd the pitchy seams.
They sound the well, and terrible to hear !
Five feet immers'd along the line appear.
At either pump they ply the clanking brake,
And turn by turn th' ungrateful office take.
Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon, here,
At this sad task, all diligent appear.
As some fair castle, shook by rude alarms,
Opposes long th' approach of hostile arms ;
Grim war around her plants his black array,
And death and sorrow mark his horrid way ;
Till in some destin'd hour, against her wall,
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall ;
The ramparts crack, the solid bulwarks rend,
And hostile troops the shatter'd breach ascend ;
Her valiant inmates still the foe retard,
Resolv'd till death their sacred charge to guard :
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help incessant by rotation lend ;
But all in vain—for now the sounding cord,
Updrawn, an undiminish'd depth explor'd.
Nor this severe distress is found alone ;
The ribs oppress by ponderous cannon groan.
Deep rolling from the wat'ry volume's height,
The tortur'd sides seem bursting with their weight.
So reels Pelorus, with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows ;
Hoarse through his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame—
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And fate vindictive all their skill defies,
One only remedy the season gave ;
To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave :
From their high platforms thus th' artillery thrown,
Eas'd of their load, the timbers less shall groan ;
But arduous is the task their lot requires ;
A task that hovering fate alone inspires !
For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,
That ever and anon are drench'd with seas,
Some fatal billow, with recoiling sweep,
May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.

No season this for counsel or delay !
Too soon th' eventful moments haste away !
Here persverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart.
These only now their misery can relieve ;
These only now a dawn of safety give !
While o'er the quivering deck, from van to rear,
Broad surges roll in terrible career,
Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue.
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond descending claim'd the weather-side.
Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave ;
Fronting the rude assaults of every wave.
Like some strong watch-tower nodding o'er the deep,
Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Untam'd he stood ; the stern aerial war
Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar.
Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist,
The cordage of the leeward guns unbrac'd,
And pointed crows beneath the metal plac'd.
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw.
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's associates wheel th' artillery round ;
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The ponderous arms across the steep defile ;
Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.
The ship thus eas'd, some little respite finds,
In this rude conflict of the seas and winds.
Such ease Alcides felt, when clogg'd with gore,
Th' envenom'd mantle from his side he tore ;
When, stung with burning pain, he strove, too late,
To stop the swift career of cruel fate.
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procur'd,
Sad harbinger of sevenfold pangs endur'd !
Such, and so short, the pause of woe she found !
Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings gleaming on the sight,
Flash through the gloom a pale disastrous light.

Above all ether, fraught with scenes of woe,
 With grim destruction threatens all below.
 Beneath the storm-lash'd surges furious rise,
 And wave uproll'd on wave assails the skies ;
 With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
 The ship half swallow'd in the black profound !
 With ceaseless hazard and fatigue opprest,
 Dismay and anguish every heart possess ;
 For, while with boundless inundation o'er
 The sea-beat ship th' involving waters roar,
 Displac'd beneath by her capacious womb,
 They rage their ancient station to resume ;
 By secret ambushes, their force to prove,
 Through many a winding channel first they rove ;
 Till, gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
 Through her dark veins they roll a rapid flood.
 While unrelenting thus the leaks they found,
 The pumps with ever-clanking strokes resound.
 Around each leaping valve, by toil subdu'd,
 The tough bull-hide must ever be renew'd.
 Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill ;
 And down their weary limbs thick dews distil.
 No ray of light their dying hope redeems !
 Pregnant with some new woe each moment teems !

Again the chief th' instructive draught extends,
 And o'er the figur'd plane attentive bends ;
 To him the motion of each orb was known,
 That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne :
 But here, alas, his science nought avails !
 Art droops unequal, and experience fails.
 The different traverses, since twilight made,
 He on the hydrographic circle laid ;
 Then the broad angle of lee-way explor'd,
 As swept across the graduated chord.
 Her place discover'd by the rules of art,
 Unusual terrors shook the master's heart ;
 When Falconera's rugged isle he found
 Within her drift, with shelves and breakers bound ;
 For if on these destructive shallows tost,
 The helpless bark with all her crew are lost :
 As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
 The steep St. George, and rocky Gardalor.

With him the pilots of their hopeless state
In mournful consultation now debate.
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal
When some proud city verges to her fall ;
While ruin glares around, and pale affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night—
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
Nor storied pillars rais'd aloft the head :
But here the queen of shade around them threw
Her dragon-wing, disastrous to the view !
Dire was the scene, with wirlwind, hail, and shower ;
Black melancholy rul'd the fearful hour !
Beneath tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,
Where fate on every billow seem'd to ride—
Enclos'd with ills, by peril unsubdu'd,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood :
Skill'd to command ; deliberate to advise ;
Expert in action ; and in council wise ;
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul the chief referr'd :

Ye faithful mates, who all my trouble share,
Approv'd companions of your master's care !
To you, alas ! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well !
This morn with favouring gales the port we left,
Though now of every flattering hope bereft :
No skill nor long experience could forecast
Th' unseen approach of this destructive blast.
These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know,
The hour, th' occasion all your skill demand ;
A leaky ship embay'd by dangerous lands,
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds ;
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds.
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find ;
To shun the fury of the seas and wind.
For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more :
Yet this or other ills she must endure ;
A dire disease, and desperate is the cure !
Thus two expedients offer'd to your choice,
Alone require your counsel and your voice.

These only in our power are left to try ;
 To perish here, or from the storm to fly.
 The doubtful balance in my judgment cast,
 For various reasons I prefer the last.
 'Tis true, the vessel and her costly freight,
 To me consign'd, my orders only wait ;
 Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
 To equal votes our counsels I resign ;
 Forbid it, Heaven, that, in this dreadful hour,
 I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power !
 But should we now resolve to bear away,
 Our hopeless state can suffer no delay.
 Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,
 Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale.
 For then, if broaching sideward to the sea,
 Our dropsy'd ship may founder by the lee ;
 No more obedient to the pilot's power,
 Th' o'erwhelming wave may soon her frame devour.

He said ; the listening mates with fix'd regard,
 And silent reverence, his opinion heard.

Important was the question in debate,
 And o'er their counsels hung impending fate.
 Rodmond, in many a scene of peril tried,
 Had oft the master's happier skill descried.
 Yet now, the hour, the scene, th' occasion known,
 Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own.
 Of long experience in the naval art,
 Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart ;
 Alike to him each climate and each blast ;
 The first in danger, in retreat the last :
 Sagacious balancing th' oppos'd events,
 From Albert his opinion thus dissents.

Too true the perils of the present hour,
 Where toils exceeding toils our strength o'erpower !
 Yet whither can we turn, what road pursue,
 With death before still opening on the view ?
 Our bark, 'tis true, no shelter here can find,
 Sore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind.
 Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,
 Chas'd by this tempest and outrageous sea ?
 For while its violence the tempest keeps,
 Bereft of every sail we roam the deeps :

At random driven, to present death we haste ;
And one short hour perhaps may be our last.
In vain the gulf of Corinth on our lee,
Now opens to her ports a passage free ;
Since, if before the blast the vessel flies,
Full in her track unnumber'd dangers rise.
Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares ;
There distant Greece her rugged shelves prepares.
Should once her bottom strike that rocky shore,
The splitting bark that instant were no more ;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew
Beyond relief were doom'd to perish too.
Thus if to scud too rashly we consent,
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.
Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope.
Though sorely buffeted by every sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee.
The crew, though harass'd long with toils severe,
Still at their pumps perceive no hazards near.
Shall we, incautious, then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell ?
Prudence forbids ! This southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing moon.
Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash th' unruly tide.
These leaks shall then decrease ; the sails once more
Direct our course to some relieving shore.

Thus while he spoke, around from man to man
At either pump a hollow murmur ran.
For while the vessel, through unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, th' invading waters drinks,
Sounding her depth, they ey'd the wetted scale,
And lo ! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail.
Yet in their post, by terrors unsubdu'd,
They with redoubling force their task pursu'd.

And now the senior pilot seem'd to wait
Arion's voice to close the dark debate.
Though many a bitter storm, with peril fraught,
In Neptune's school the wandering stripling taught,
Not twice nine summers yet matur'd his thought.

So oft he bled by fortune's cruel dart,
 It fell at last innoxious on his heart.
 His mind still shunning care with secret hate,
 In patient indolence resign'd to fate.
 But now the horrors that around him roll,
 Thus rous'd to action his rekindling soul.

With fix'd attention pondering in my mind
 The dark distresses on each side combin'd ;
 While here we linger in the pass of fate,
 I see no moment left for sad debate.
 For, some decision if we wish to form,
 Ere yet our vessel sink beneath the storm,
 Her shatter'd state and yon desponding crew
 At once suggest what measures to pursue.
 The labouring hull already seems half fill'd
 With waters through an hundred leaks distill'd ;
 As in a dropsy, wallowing with her freight,
 Half-drown'd she lies, a dead inactive weight !
 Thus drench'd by every wave, her riven deck
 Stript and defenceless, floats a naked wreck ;
 Her wounded flanks no longer can sustain
 These fell invasions of the bursting main.
 At ev'ry pitch, th' o'erwhelming billows bend
 Beneath their load, the quiv'ring bowsprit-end.
 A fearful warning ! since the masts on high
 On that support with trembling hope rely.
 At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
 In dark dismay anticipating death.
 Still all our powers th' increasing leak defy :
 We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh.
 One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
 To light and save us from the wat'ry tomb,
 That bids us shun the death impending here ;
 Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.
 'Tis urg'd indeed, the fury of the gale
 Precludes the help of every guiding sail ;
 And driven before it on the wat'ry waste,
 To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste,
 But haply Falconera we may shun ;
 And far to Grecian coasts is yet the run :
 Less harass'd then, our scudding ship may bear
 Th' assaulting surge repell'd upon her rear ;

Ev'n then the wearied storms as soon shall die,
Or less torment the groaning pines on high.
Should we at last be driven by dire decree
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
The hull dismasted there a while may ride,
With lengthen'd cables, on the raging tide.
Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing power,
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour.
But here ingulf'd and foundering while we stay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.

He said;—Palemon saw, with grief of heart,
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art;
In silent terror and distress involv'd,
He heard their last alternative resolv'd.
High beat his bosom: with such fear subdu'd,
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering swain explor'd
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd;
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the songs of hell.
Arion saw, with secret anguish mov'd,
The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd:
And, all awake to friendship's genial heat,
His bosom felt consenting tumults beat.
Alas! no season this for tender love;
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove!
With comfort's soothing voice, from hope deceiv'd,
Palemon's drooping spirit he reviv'd.
For consolation, oft with healing art,
Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart.
Now had the pilots all th' events revolv'd,
And on their final refuge thus resolv'd;
When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds;
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs:

Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
Whose gallant spirits now are known too late;
Ye! who unmov'd behold this angry storm
With terrors all the rolling deep deform;
Who, patient in adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greatest ills are near!

The truth, though grievous, I must now reveal,
 That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal.
 Ingulf'd, all helps of art we vainly try,
 To weather leeward shores, alas! too nigh.
 Our crazy bark no longer can abide
 The seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side ;
 And, while the leaks a fatal warning give,
 That in this raging sea she cannot live,
 One only refuge from despair we find ;
 At once to wear and send before the wind.
 Perhaps ev'n then to ruin we may steer ;
 For broken shores beneath our lee appear ;
 But that's remote, and instant death is here ;
 Yet there by Heaven's assistance we may gain
 Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main ;
 Or, shelter'd by some rock, at anchor ride,
 Till with abating rage the blast subside.

But if, determin'd by the will of Heaven,
 Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
 These counsels follow'd, from the wat'ry grave
 Our floating sailors in the surf may save.

And first let all our axes be secur'd,
 To cut the masts and rigging from a-board.
 Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,
 To float between the vessel and the shore.
 The longest cordage too must be convey'd
 On deck, and to the weather-rails belay'd
 So they who haply reach alive the land,
 Th' extended lines may fasten on the strand.
 Whene'er, loud thundering on the leeward shore,
 While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar,
 Thus for the terrible event prepar'd,
 Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard,
 So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
 And from the broken rocks our seamen save.
 Then westward turn the stem, that every mast
 May shoreward fall, when from the vessel cast.
 When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
 Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground :
 And when you hear aloft th' alarming shock
 That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,

The boldest of our sailors must descend,
 The dangerous business of the deck to tend :
 Then each, secur'd by some convenient cord,
 Should cut the shrouds and rigging from the board.
 Let the broad axes next assail each mast !
 And booms, and oars, and rafts to leeward cast.
 Thus, while the cordage stretch'd ashore may guide
 Our brave companions through the swelling tide,
 This floating lumber shall sustain them o'er
 The rocky shelves, in safety to the shore.
 But as your firmest succour, till the last,
 O cling securely on each faithful mast ;
 Though great the danger, and the task severe,
 Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear !
 If once that slavish yoke your spirits quell,
 Adieu to hope ! to life itself farewell !

I know, among you some full oft have view'd,
 With murd'ring weapons arm'd, a lawless brood,
 On England's vile inhuman shore who stand,
 The foul reproach and scandal of our land !
 To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the strand.
 These, while their savage office they pursue,
 Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd crew,
 Who, 'scap'd from every horror of the main,
 Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain.
 But dread not this ! a crime to Greece unknown,
 Such blood-hounds all her circling shores disown :
 Her sons, by barbarous tyranny oppress,
 Can share affliction with the wretch distress :
 Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,
 Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief.

With conscious horror struck, the naval band
 Detested for a while their native land.
 They curs'd the sleeping vengeance of the laws,
 That thus forgot her guardian sailor's cause.
 Mean while the master's voice again they heard,
 Whom, as with filial duty, all rever'd.

No more remains—but now a trusty band
 Must ever at the pump industrious stand ;
 And while with us the rest attend to wear,
 Two skilful seamen to the helm repair !

O source of life ! our refuge and our stay !
 Whose voice the warring elements obey,
 On thy supreme assistance we rely ;
 Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die !
 Perhaps this storm is sent, with healing breath,
 From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and death !
 'Tis ours on the unerring laws to trust :
 With thee, great Lord ! " whatever is, is just."

He said ; and with consenting reverence fraught,
 The sailors join'd his prayer in silent thought.
 His intellectual eye, serenely bright !
 Saw distant objects with prophetic light.
 Thus in a land, that lasting wars oppress,
 That groans beneath misfortunes and distress ;
 Whose wealth to conquering armies falls a prey ;
 Her bulwarks sinking, as her troops decay ;
 Some bold sagacious statesman, from the helm,
 Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm :
 He darts around his penetrating eyes,
 Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise !
 With deep attention marks th' invading foe ;
 Eludes their wiles, and frustrates ev'ry blow ;
 Tries his last art the tott'ring state to save,
 Or in its ruins find a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
 Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills ;
 On either side they rise ; tremendous scene !
 A long dark melancholy vale between.
 The balanc'd ship, now forward, now behind,
 Still felt th' impression of the waves and wind,
 And to the right and left by turns inclin'd.
 But Albert from behind the balance drew,
 And on the prow its double efforts threw.
 The order now was given to bear away ;
 The order given, the timoneers obey.
 High o'er the bowsprit stretch'd the tortur'd sail,
 As on the rack, distends beneath the gale.
 But scarce the yielding prow its impulse knew,
 When in a thousand flitting shreds it flew !
 Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
 And, bridling grief, redoubles all his cares.

Away there; lower the mizen-yard on deck!
 He calls, and brace the foremast yards aback!
 His great example every bosom fires;
 New life rekindles, and new hope inspires;
 While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
 One desperate remedy at last he tries;
 Haste, with your weapons cut the shrouds and stay;
 And hew at once the mizen-mast away!

He said; th' attentive sailors on each side,
 At his command the trembling cords divide.
 Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands;
 Th' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands;
 Brandish'd on high, it fell with dreadful sound;
 The tall mast groaning, felt the deadly wound.
 Deep gash'd with sores, the tott'ring structure rings,
 And crashing, thund'ring, o'er the quarter swings.

Thus when some limb, convuls'd with pangs of death,
 Imbibes the grangene's pestilential breath;
 Th' experienc'd artist from the blood betrays
 The latent venom, or its course delays:
 But if th' infection triumphs o'er his art,
 Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
 Resolv'd at last, he quits th' unequal strife,
 Severs the member, and preserves the life.

CANTO III.

The design and influence of poetry—Applied to the subject—Wreck of the mizen-mast cleared away—Ship veers before the wind—Her violent agitation—Different stations of the officers—Appearance of the island of Falconera—Excursion to the adjacent nations of Greece, renowned in antiquity—Athens—Socrates—Plato—Aristides—Solon—Corinth—Sparta—Leonidas—Invasion of Xerxes—Lycurgus—Epaminondas—Modern appearance—Arcadia—Its former happiness and fertility—Present distress, the effect of slavery—Ithaca—Ulysses and Penelope—Argos and Mycenæ—Agamemnon—Macronisi—Lemnos—Vulcan and Venus—Delos—Apollo and Diana—Troy—Sestos, Leander and Hero—Delphos Temple of Apollo—Parnassus—The Muses—The subject resumed—Spark-

ling of the sea—Prodigious tempest, accompanied with rain, hail, and meteors—Darkness, lightening, and thunder, approach of day—Discovery of land—The ship in great danger passes the island of St. George—Turns her broadside to the shore—Her bowsprit, fore-mast, and main-top-mast, carried away—She strikes a rock—Splits asunder—Fate of the crew.

The scene stretches from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colonna, in Attica—The time is about seven hours, being from one till eight in the morning.

WHEN in a barbarous age, with blood defil'd,
 The human savage roam'd the gloomy wild ;
 When sullen ignorance her flag display'd,
 And rapine and revenge her voice obey'd ;
 Sent from the shores of light the muses came,
 The dark and solitary race to tame.
 'Twas theirs the lawless passions to controul,
 And melt in tender sympathy the soul ;
 The heart from vice and error to reclaim,
 And breathe in human breasts celestial flame.
 The kindling spirit caught th' empyreal ray,
 And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay.
 Rous'd from the chaos of primeval night,
 At once fair truth and reason sprung to light.
 When great Mæonides, in rapid song,
 The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
 Each ravish'd bosom feels the high alarms,
 And all the burning pulses beat to arms.
 From earth upborne, on Pegasean wings,
 Far through the boundless realms of thought he springs ;
 While distant poets, trembling as they view
 His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue.
 But when his strings, with mournful magic tell
 What dire distress Laertes' son befel,
 The strains, meand'ring through the maze of woe,
 Bid sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow.
 Thus, in old time, the muse's heavenly breath
 With vital force dissolv'd the chains of death :

Each bard in epic lays began to sing,
 Taught by the master of the vocal string.
 'Tis mine, alas! through dangerous scenes to stray,
 Far from the light of his unerring ray!
 While, all unus'd the wayward path to tread,
 Darkling I wander with prophetic dread.
 To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
 Awakes the numbers, fraught with living fire!
 Full oft indeed, that mournful harp of yore
 Wept the sad wanderer lost upon the shore;
 But o'er that scene th' impatient numbers ran,
 Subservient only to a nobler plan.
 'Tis mine, the unravell'd prospect to display,
 And chain th' events in regular array.
 Though hard the task, to sing in varied strains,
 While all unchang'd the tragic theme remains:
 Thrice happy; might the secret powers of art
 Unlock the latent windings of the heart!
 Might the sad numbers draw compassion's tear
 For kindred miseries, oft beheld too near:
 For kindred wretches, oft in ruin cast,
 On Albion's strand, beneath the wint'ry blast:
 For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
 Her bravest sons, her faithful sailors know!
 So pity, gushing o'er each British breast,
 Might sympathise with Britain's sons distress:
 For this, my theme through mazes I pursue,
 Which nor Mæonides nor Maro knew.

Awhile the mast, in ruins dragg'd behind,
 Balanc'd the impression of the helm and wind:
 The wounded serpent, agoniz'd with pain,
 Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain.
 But now the wreck dissever'd from the rear,
 The long reluctant prow began to veer;
 And while around before the wind it falls,
 Square all the yards! the attentive master calls—
 You, timoneers, her motion still attend;
 For on your steerage all our lives depend.
 So, steady! meet her, watch the blast behind,
 And steer her right before the seas and wind!
 Starboard again! the watchful pilot cries;
 Starboard, th' obedient timoneer replies.

Then to the left the ruling helm returns ;
The wheel revolves ; the ringing axle burns !
The ship no longer, foundering by the lee,
Bears on her side th' invasions of the sea :
All lonely o'er the desert waste she flies,
Scourg'd on by surges, storm and bursting skies.
As when the masters of the lance assail,
In Hyperborean seas, the slumbering whale ;
Soon as the javelins pierce his scaly hide,
With anguish stung, he cleaves the downward tide ;
In vain he flies ! no friendly respite found ;
His life-blood gushes through th' inflaming wound.

The wounded bark, thus smarting with her pain,
Scuds from pursuing waves along the main ;
While, dash'd apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow.
Her joints forget their firm elastic tone ;
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan.
Upheav'd behind her, in tremendous height,
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright !
Now shivering, o'er the topmost wave she rides,
While deep beneath th' enormous gulf divides.
Now launching headlong down the horrid vale,
She hears no more the roaring of the gale ;
Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the skies.
As that rebellious angel who from heaven
To regions of eternal pain was driven ;
When dreadless he forsook the Stygian shore,
The distant realms of Eden to explore ;
Here, on sulphureous clouds sublime upheav'd,
With daring wing th' infernal air he cleav'd ;
There, in some hideous gulf descending prone,
Far in the rayless void of night was thrown :
Even so she scales the briny mountain's height,
Then down the black abyss precipitates her flight.
The masts, around whose tops the whirlwinds sing
With long vibration round her axle swing.
To guide the wayward course amid the gloom,
The watchful pilots different posts assume.
Albert and Rodmond, station'd on the rear,
With warning voice direct each timoneer.

High on the prow the guard Arion keeps,
 To shun the cruisers wand'ring o'er the deeps :
 Where'er he moves Palemon still attends,
 As if on him his only hope depends :
 While Rodmond, fearful of some neighbouring shore,
 Cries, ever and anon, *Look out afore!*
 Four hours thus scudding on the tide she flew,
 When Falconera's rocky height they view.
 High o'er its summit, through the gloom of night,
 The glimmering watch-tower cast a mournful light.
 In dire amazement rivetted they stand,
 And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand :
 But soon beyond this shore the vessel flies,
 Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies.
 So from the fangs of her insatiate foe,
 O'er the broad champaign scuds the trembling roe.
 That danger past, reflects a feeble joy ;
 But soon returning fears their hope destroy.
 Thus, in th' Atlantic, oft the sailor eyes,
 While melting in the reign of softer skies,
 Some alp of ice, from polar regions blown,
 Hail the glad influence of a warmer zone :
 Its frozen cliffs attemper'd gales supply :
 In cooling stream the aëreal billows fly ;
 Awhile deliver'd from the scorching heat,
 In gentler tides the feverish pulses beat.

So, when their trembling vessel past this isle,
 Such visionary joys the crew beguile :
 Th' illusive meteors of a lifeless fire !
 Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire !

Say, memory ! thou, from whose unerring tongue
 Instructive flows the animated song !
 What regions now the flying ship surround ?
 Regions of old, through all the world renown'd ;
 That, once the poet's theme, the muses' boast,
 Now lie in ruins ; in oblivion lost !
 Did they, whose sad distress these lays deplore,
 Unskill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore,
 Unconscious pass each famous circling shore ?

They did ; for, blasted in the barren shade,
 Here, all too soon, the buds of science fade :

Sad ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
 Withers the bloom of every springing flower.
 Here fancy droops, while sullen cloud and storm
 The generous climate of the soul deform.
 Then if, among the wandering naval train,
 One stripling, exil'd from th' Aonian plain,
 Had e'er, entranc'd in fancy's soothing dream,
 Approach'd to taste the sweet Castalian stream,
 Since those salubrious streams, with power divine,
 To purer sense th' attemper'd soul refine,
 His heart, with liberal commerce here unblest,
 Alien to joy ! sincerer grief possess.
 Yet on the youthful mind th' impression cast
 Of ancient glory, shall for ever last.
 There, all unquench'd by cruel fortune's ire,
 It glows with inextinguishable fire.
 Immortal Athens first, in ruin spread,
 Contiguous lies at Port Lियो's head.
 Great source of science ! whose immortal name
 Stands foremost in the glorious roll of fame.
 Here godlike Socrates and Plato shone,
 And, firm to truth, eternal honour won.
 The first in virtue's cause his life resign'd,
 By heav'n pronounc'd the wisest of mankind :
 The last foretold the spark of vital fire,
 The soul's fine essence, never could expire.
 Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage,
 That fled Pisistratus' vindictive rage.
 Just Aristides here maintain'd the cause,
 Whose sacred precepts shine through Solon's laws.
 Of all her towering structures, now alone
 Some scatter'd columns stand, with weeds o'ergrown.
 The wandering stranger, near the port, describes
 A milkwhite lion of stupendous size ;
 Unknown the sculptor ; marble is the frame ;
 And hence th' adjacent haven drew its name.
 Next, in the gulf of Engia, Corinth lies,
 Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies ;
 Whom, though by tyrant-victors oft subdu'd,
 Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder view'd
 Her name, for Pallas' heavenly art renown'd,
 Spread like the foliage which her pillars crown'd.

But now, in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.

Then further westward on Morea's land,
Fair Misitra! thy modern turrets stand.
Ah! who, unmov'd with secret woe, can tell
That here great Lacedemon's glory fell?
Here once she flourish'd, at whose trumpet's sound,
War burst his chains, and nations shook around.
Here brave Leonidas from shore to shore,
Through all Achaia bade her thunders roar:
He, when imperial Xerxes, from afar,
Advanc'd with Persia's sumless troops to war,
Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
And Greece dismay'd beheld the chief draw near;
He, at Thermopylæ's immortal plain,
His force repell'd with Sparta's glorious train.
Tall Œto saw the tyrant's conquer'd bands,
In gasping millions, bleed on hostile lands.
Thus vanquish'd Asia trembling heard thy name,
And Thebes and Athens sicken'd at thy fame!
Thy state, supported by Lycurgus' laws,
Drew, like thine arms, superlative applause.
Even great Epaminondas strove in vain
To curb that spirit with a Theban chain.
But ah! how low her free-born spirit now!
Her abject sons to haughty tyrants bow;
A false, degenerate, superstitious race
Infest thy region, and thy name disgrace!

Not distant far, Arcadia's blest domains
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains.
Thrice happy soil! where still serenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breath'd perpetual May;
Where buxom Ceres taught th' obsequious field,
Rich without art, spontaneous gifts to yield.
Then with some rural nymph supremely blest,
While transport glow'd in each enamour'd breast,
Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,
And sung of sylvan sports in artless strain.
Now, sad reverse! oppression's iron hand
Enslaves her natives, and despoils the land.
In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train
With midnight-ravage scour th' uncultur'd plain.

Westward of these, beyond the Isthmus, lies
 The long-lost isle of Ithacus the wise ;
 Where fair Penelope her absent lord
 Full twice ten years with faithful love deplor'd.
 Though many a princely heart her beauty won,
 She, guarded only by her stripling son,
 Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repell'd,
 And undefil'd the nuptial contract held.
 With various arts to win her love they toil'd,
 But all their wiles by virtuous fraud she foil'd.
 True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
 The beauteous princess triumph'd at the last.

Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
 Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan ;
 Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts,
 Far o'er th' Ægean main to Dardan coasts.
 Unhappy prince ! who, on a hostile shore,
 Toil, peril, anguish, ten long winters bore.
 And when to native realms restor'd at last,
 To reap the harvest of thy labours past :
 A perjur'd friend, alas ! and faithless wife,
 There sacrific'd to impious lust thy life ;
 Fast by Arcadia stretch these desert plains,
 And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.

Next the fair isle of Helena is seen,
 Where adverse winds detain'd the Spartan queen,
 For whom in arms combin'd the Grecian host,
 With vengeance fir'd, invaded Phrygia's coast ;
 For whom so long they labour'd to destroy
 The sacred turrets of imperial Troy.
 Here, driven by Juno's rage, the hapless dame,
 Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilium came.
 The port an image bears of Parian stone,
 Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown,

Due east from this appears th' immortal shore
 That sacred Phœbus and Diana bore :
 Delos, through all th' Ægean seas renown'd !
 Whose coast the rocky Cyclades surround,
 By Phœbus honour'd, and by Greece rever'd ;
 Her hallow'd groves even distant Persia fear'd.
 But now, a silent unfrequented land !
 No human footstep marks the trackless sand.

Thence to the north, by Asia's western bound,
 Fair Lemnos stands, with rising marble crown'd ;
 Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
 Ill-fated Vulcan from th' ethereal world.
 There his eternal anvils first he rear'd ;
 Then, forg'd by Cyclopean art, appear'd
 Thunders, that shook the skies with dire alarms,
 And, form'd by skill divine, Vulcanian arms.
 There, with this crippled wretch, the foul disgrace
 And living scandal of th' empyreal race,
 The beauteous queen of love in wedlock dwelt,
 In fires profane can heavenly bosoms melt ?

Eastward of this appears the Dardan shore,
 That once th' imperial towers of Ilium bore.
 Illustrious Troy ! renown'd in every clime,
 Through the long annals of unfolding time ;
 How oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend,
 Thou saw'st thy tutelar gods in vain descend !
 Though chiefs unnumber'd in her cause were slain,
 Though nations perish'd on her bloody plain,
 That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame
 Was doom'd at length to sink in Grecian flame ;
 And now, by time's deep ploughshare harrow'd o'er,
 The seat of sacred Troy is found no more.
 No trace of all her glories now remains ;
 But corn and vines enrich her cultur'd plains.
 Silver Scamander laves the verdant shore ;
 Scamander oft o'erflow'd with hostile gore !

Not far remov'd from Ilion's famous land,
 In counter view appears the Thracian strand ;
 Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,
 Display'd her crescent each revolving night ;
 Whose gleam directed lov'd Leander o'er
 The rolling Hellespont to Asia's shore ;
 Till, in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast
 She saw her lover's lifeless body tost ;
 Then felt her bosom agony severe ;
 Her eyes sad-gazing pour'd th' incessant tear ;
 O'erwhelm'd with anguish, frantic with despair,
 She beat her beauteous breast and tore her hair—
 On dear Leander's name in vain she cried ;
 Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide ;

The parting tide receiv'd the lovely weight,
And proudly flow'd, exulting in its freight.

Far west of Thrace, beyond th' Ægean main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain.
The sacred oracle of Phœbus there
High o'er the mount arose, divinely fair!
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile:
August the fabric! elegant its style!
On brazen hinges turn'd the silver doors,
And chequer'd marble pav'd the polish'd floors.
The roofs, where storied tablatures appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould were rear'd:
Of shining porphyry the shafts were fram'd,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd.
Apollo's suppliant priests, a blameless train!
Fram'd their oblations on the holy fane:
To front the sun's declining ray 'twas plac'd;
With golden harps and living laurels grac'd.
The sciences and arts around the shrine
Conspicuous shone, engrav'd by hands divine!
Here Æsculapius' snake display'd his crest,
And burning glories sparkled on his breast:
While from his eye's insufferable light
Disease and death recoil'd in headlong flight.
Of this great temple, through all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.

Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erspread,
Parnassus lifts to heaven its honour'd head;
Where, from the deluge sav'd, by Heaven's command,
Deucalion leading Pyrrha hand in hand,
Repeopled all the desolated land.
Around the scene unfading laurels grow,
And aromatic flowers for ever blow.
The winged choirs, on every tree above,
Carol sweet numbers through the vocal grove;
While o'er th' eternal spring that smiles beneath,
Young zephyrs borne on rosy pinions breathe.
Fair daughters of the sun! the sacred Nine,
Here wake to ecstasy their songs divine;
Or crown'd with myrtle, in some sweet alcove
Attune the tender strings to bleeding love.

All sadly sweet the balmy currents roll,
 Soothing to softest peace the tortur'd soul,
 While hill and vale with choral voice around
 The music of immortal harps resound:
 Fair pleasure leads in dance the happy hours,
 Still scattering where she moves Elysian flowers!
 Even now the strains, with sweet contagion fraught,
 Shed a delicious languor o'er the thought.
 Adieu ye vales, that smiling peace bestow,
 Where Eden's blossoms ever vernal blow!
 Adieu ye streams, that o'er enchanted ground
 In lucid maze th' Aonian hill surround!
 Ye fairy scenes, where fancy loves to dwell,
 And young delight, for ever, O farewell!
 The soul with tender luxury you fill,
 And o'er the sense Lethcan dews distil!
 Awake, O memory, from th' inglorious dream!
 With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme!
 Collect thy powers! arouse thy vital fire!
 Ye spirits of the storm, my verse inspire!
 Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,
 In torrents pour along the swelling strain!

Now borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
 Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps:
 The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
 Still with the wheeling stern their force repel.
 For this assault, should either quarter feel,
 Again to flank the tempest she might reel.
 The steersmen every bidden turn apply:
 To right and left the spokes alternate fly.
 Thus when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,
 The bravest leaders guard the broken rear;
 Indignant they retire, and long oppose
 Superior armies that around them close;
 Still shield the flanks; the routed squadrons join;
 And guide the flight in one embodied line:
 So they direct the flying bark before
 Th' impelling floods that lash her to the shore.
 As some benighted traveller, through the shade,
 Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd;
 While prowling savages behind him roar,
 And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before—

High o'er the poop th' audacious seas aspire,
 Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.
 As some fell conqueror, frantic with success,
 Sheds o'er the nations, ruin and distress ;
 So, while the wat'ry wilderness he roams,
 Incens'd to sevenfold rage the tempest foams ;
 And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,
 Shrill through the cordage howls, with notes of woe.
 Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,
 Growl from afar a deaf and hollow groan !
 The ship's high battlements, to either side
 For ever rocking, drink the briny tide :
 Her joints unhing'd, in palsied languors play,
 As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray.
 The skies, asunder torn, a deluge pour,
 The impetuous hail descends in whirling shower ;
 High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
 Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.
 Th' ethereal dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
 Now lurks behind impenetrable shade ;
 Now, flashing round intolerable light,
 Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
 Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread,
 When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er his head.
 It seem'd the wrathful angel of the wind
 Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd ;
 And here, to one ill-fated ship oppos'd,
 At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd.
 And lo ! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
 Th' enflaming sulphur flashing from his wings !
 Hark ! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks ;
 Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes !
 Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
 And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge :
 There all aghast the shivering wretches stood,
 While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood.
 Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,
 And dread concussion rends th' ethereal frame ;
 Sick earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
 And nature shuddering feels the horrid roar.
 Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
 Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light ;

Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
 As lightning glances on th' electric wire.
 But ah! the force of numbers strives in vain,
 The glowing scene unequal to sustain.

But lo! at last from tenfold darkness borne,
 Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
 Hail, sacred vision! who, on orient wing,
 The cheering dawn of light propitious bring!
 All nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray,
 That gave her beauties to returning day:
 All but our ship, that, groaning on the tide,
 No kind relief, no gleam of hope descri'd.
 For now in front her trembling inmates see
 The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.
 So the lost lover views that fatal morn,
 On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
 The nymph ador'd resigns her blooming charms,
 To bless with love some happier rival's arms.
 So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day,
 That tore Æneas from her arms away;
 That saw him parting, never to return,
 Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
 O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light,
 Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight!
 Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
 And gild the scenes where health and pleasure, reign:
 But let not here, in scorn, thy wantom beam
 Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
 Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise:
 High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
 That hung projecting o'er a mossy green.
 Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
 And all their skill relentless fates oppose.
 For, while more eastward they direct the prow,
 Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow,
 While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
 Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to.
 Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
 Her riven side could bear th' invading sea;
 And if the following surge she scuds before,
 Headlong she runs upon the dreadful shore;

A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
 Where death in secret ambush lurks around.
 Far less dismay'd Anchises' wandering son
 Was seen the straits of Sicily to shun :
 When Palinurus from the helm descri'd
 The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side ;
 While in the west, with hideous yawn disclos'd,
 His onward path Charybdis gulf oppos'd ;
 The double danger as by turns he view'd,
 His wheeling bark her arduous track pursu'd.
 Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
 Between th' extremes the daring vessel flies.
 With boundless involution, bursting o'er
 The marble cliffs, loud-dashing surges roar.
 Hoarse through each winding creek the tempest raves,
 And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves.
 Destruction round th' insatiate coast prepares
 To crush the trembling ship, unnumber'd snares.
 But haply now she 'scapes the fatal strand,
 Though scarce ten fathoms distant from the land.
 Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow,
 She cleaves the burning waters with her prow ;
 And forward leaping with tumultuous haste,
 As on the tempest's wing, the isle she past.
 With longing eyes, and agony of mind,
 The sailors view this refuge left behind ;
 Happy to bribe, with India's richest ore,
 A safe accession to that barren shore !

When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,
 Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
 The groaning captive wastes his life away,
 For ever exil'd from the realms of day ;
 Not equal pangs his bosom agonize,
 When far above the sacred light he eyes,
 While all forlorn the victim pines in vain
 For scenes he never shall possess again.

But now Athenian mountains they descrie,
 And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high.
 Beside the cape's projecting verge is plac'd
 A range of columns, long by time defac'd ;
 First planted by devotion to sustain,
 In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.

Foams the wild beach below with madd'ning rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
The sickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight:
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compassion, gaz'd upon the blind;
And, while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides th' unhappy victim to the shroud.
Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend! he cries;
Thy only succour on the mast relies!
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdu'd the wild unbridled course:
Quick to th' abandon'd wheel Arion came,
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim.
Amaz'd he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
Upborne, to right and left distracted roam.
So gaz'd young Phaeton, with pale dismay,
When mounted on the flaming car of day,
With rash and impious hand the stripling try'd
'Th' immortal coursers of the sun to guide.
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:
Fate spurs her on.—Thus issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star;
And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.

With mournful look the seamen ey'd the strand,
Where death's inexorable jaws expand:
Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.
The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment seem'd to bring.
The fatal sisters, on the surge before,
Yok'd their infernal horses to the prore.
The steersmen now receiv'd their last command
'To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.

Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
 High on the platform of the top ascend ;
 Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
 Immerges headlong in the wave below,
 Down-press, by wat'ry weight the bowsprit bends,
 And from above the stem deep crashing rends.
 Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie ;
 The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high :
 And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
 Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee ;
 While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
 Drags the main-topmast from its post away.
 Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
 Through hostile floods their vessel to regain.
 The waves they buffet, till bereft of strength,
 O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length.
 The hostile waters close around their head,
 They sink for ever, number'd with the dead !

Those who remain their fearful doom await,
 Nor longer mourn their lost companions fate.
 The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
 Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.
 Albert and Rodmond and Palemon here,
 With young Arion, on the mast appear ;
 Even they, amid th' unspeakable distress,
 In every look distracting thoughts confess ;
 In every vein the refluent blood congeals,
 And every bosom fatal terror feels.
 Enclos'd with all the demons of the main,
 They view'd th' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain.
 Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
 Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,
 Such torments agonize the damned breast,
 While fancy views the mansions of the blest.
 For Heaven's sweet help their suppliant cries implore ;
 But Heaven, relentless, deigns to help no more !

And now, lash'd on by destiny severe,
 With horror fraught the dreadful scene drew near !
 The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
 Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath !
 In vain, alas ! the sacred shades of yore
 Would arm the mind with philosophic lore ;

In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this scene of phrenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess!
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove ;
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain !
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain !

In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
For now th' audacious seas insult the yard ;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shatter'd top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans ! air trembles ! and the deeps resound !
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels.
So reels, convuls'd with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's blows.
Again she plunges ! hark ! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock !
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair ; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak :
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart ;
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress !
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I with unrivall'd strains deplore
'Th' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.

As o'er the surge the stooping main-mast hung,
 Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung :
 Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
 And there by oozy tangles grappled fast :
 Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billows' rage,
 Unequal combat with their fate to wage ;
 Till all benumb'd and feeble, they forego
 Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
 Some, from the main-yard arm impetuous thrown
 On marble ridges, die without a groan.
 Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
 And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.
 Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
 Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide ;
 Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
 The whirling breakers heave on shore alive ;
 The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
 And prest the stony beach, a lifeless crew !

Next, O unhappy chief ; th' eternal doom
 Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb !
 What scenes of misery torment thy view !
 What painful struggles of thy dying crew !
 Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
 O'erspread with corpses ! red with human blood !
 So pierc'd with anguish hoary Priam gaz'd,
 When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd ;
 While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
 Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering steel.
 Thus with his helpless partners till the last,
 Sad refuge ! Albert hugs the floating mast ;
 His soul could yet sustain the mortal blow,
 But droops, alas ! beneath superior woe.
 For now soft nature's sympathetic chain
 Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain ;
 His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
 For him, alas ! who never shall return ;
 To black adversity's approach expos'd,
 With want and hardships unforeseen enclos'd :
 His lovely daughter left without a friend,
 Her innocence to succour and defend ;
 By youth and indigence set forth a prey
 To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—

While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
 Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd ;
 And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
 His out-stretch'd arms the master's legs enfold.
 Sad Albert feels the dissolution near,
 And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear ;
 For death bids every clinching joint adhere.
 All-faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
 And, " O protect my wife and child ! " he cries :
 The gushing streams roll back th' unfinish'd sound !
 He gasps ! he dies ! and tumbles to the ground !

Five only left of all the perish'd throng,
 Yet ride the pine which shoreward drives along ;
 With these Arion still his hold secures,
 And all the assaults of hostile waves endures.
 O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
 He looks if poor Palemon yet survives.
 Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
 Didst thou, incautious ! from the wreck depart ?
 Alas ! these rocks all human skill defy,
 Who strikes them once beyond relief must die :
 And now, sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
 On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.
 Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing round
 In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found.
 The demons of destruction hover nigh,
 And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly.
 And now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
 Two next Arion furious tears away :
 Hurl'd on the crags, behold, they gasp ! they bleed !
 And, groaning, cling upon th' elusive weed !
 Another billow bursts in boundless roar !
 Arion sinks ! and memory views no more !

Ha ! total night and horror here preside !
 My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide !
 It is the funeral knell ; and, gliding near,
 Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear !

But lo ! emerging from the watery grave,
 Again they float incumbent on the wave !
 Again the dismal prospect opens round,
 The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the drown'd !

And see ! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
 Those two who scramble on th' adjacent rocks,
 Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
 They sink o'erwhelm'd, and never rise again !

Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,
 That now above the ridges reach'd the shore :
 Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze,
 With horror pale, and torpid with amaze :
 The floods recoil ! the ground appears below !
 And life's faint embers now rekindling glow :
 Awhile they wait th' exhausted wave's retreat,
 Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet.
 O Heaven ! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand,
 Still on the brink of hell they shuddering stand,
 Receive the languid incense they bestow,
 That damp with death appears not yet to glow.
 To thee each soul the warm oblation pays,
 With trembling ardour of unequal praise ;
 In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
 And hope the sicken'd spark of life revives ;
 Her magic powers their exil'd health restore,
 Till horror and despair are felt no more.

A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,
 And oft these perils of the deep descry,
 Rous'd by the blustering tempest of the night,
 Anxious had climb'd Colonna's neighbouring height ;
 When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,
 Full to their view the scene of ruin stood ;
 The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around,
 And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground !
 Though lost to science and the nobler arts,
 Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts :
 Strait down the vale with hast'ning steps they hied,
 Th' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide.

Meanwhile those three escap'd beneath explore
 The first advent'rous youth who reach'd the shore :
 Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
 Prone, helpless, on the tangly beach he lay—
 It is Palemon :—oh ! what tumults roll
 With hope and terror in Arion's soul !
 If yet unhurt he lives again to view
 His friend and this sole remnant of our crew !

With us to travel through this foreign zone,
 And share the future good or ill unknown.
 Arion thus; but ah! sad doom of fate!
 That bleeding memory sorrows to relate,
 While yet afloat on some resisting rock,
 His ribs were dash'd and fractur'd with the shock :
 Heart-piercing sight! those cheeks so late array'd
 In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade!
 Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
 And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head!
 Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
 Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
 Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
 Thy image, lovely Anna! hung pourtray'd;
 Th' unconscious figure smiling all serene,
 Suspended in a golden chain was seen.
 Hadst thou, soft maiden! in this hour of woe,
 Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
 What force of art, what language could express
 Thine agony? thine exquisite distress?
 But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain
 For him thine eyes shall never see again!
 With dumb amazement pale, Arion gaz'd,
 And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd;
 Palemon then, with cruel pangs opprest,
 In faltering accents thus his friend address'd :
 " O rescu'd from destruction late so nigh,
 " Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie;
 " Are we then exil'd to this last retreat
 " Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?
 " Ah! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,
 " Enchanting hopes, for ever now destroy'd!
 " For wounded far beyond all healing power,
 " Palemon dies, and this his final hour :
 " By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
 " At once cut off from fortune, life, and love!
 " Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
 " That lie deep-buried yet in tentfold night.
 " Ah! wretched father of a wretched son,
 " Whom thy paternal prudence has undone!
 " How will remembrance of this blinded care
 " Bend down thy head with anguish and despair!

“ Such dire effects from avarice arise,
 “ That, deaf to nature’s voice, and vainly wise,
 “ With force severe endeavours to controul
 “ The noblest passions that inspire the soul.
 “ But O, thou sacred Power, whose law connects
 “ Th’ eternal chain of causes and effects,
 “ Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
 “ Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age !
 “ And you, Arion ! who with these the last
 “ Of all our crew survive the shipwreck past—
 “ Ah, cease to mourn ! those friendly tears restrain !
 “ Nor give my dying moments keener pain !
 “ Since Heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore,
 “ When parted hence, to England’s distant shore ;
 “ Shouldst thou, th’ unwilling messenger of fate,
 “ To him the tragic story first relate,
 “ Oh, friendship’s generous ardour then suppress !
 “ Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress ;
 “ Nor let each horrid incident sustain
 “ The lengthen’d tale to aggravate his pain.
 “ Ah ! then remember well my last request
 “ For her who reigns for ever in my breast ;
 “ Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
 “ The helpless maid to succour and defend.
 “ Say, I this suit implor’d with parting breath,
 “ So Heaven befriend him at his hour of death !
 “ But oh ! to lovely Anna shouldst thou tell
 “ What dire untimely end thy friend befel,
 “ Draw o’er the dismal scene soft pity’s veil,
 “ And lightly touch the lamentable tale :
 “ Say that my love, inviolably true,
 “ No change, no diminution ever knew.
 “ Lo ! her bright image, pendent on my neck,
 “ Is all Palemon rescu’d from the wreck ;
 “ Take it, and say, when panting in the wave,
 “ I struggled, life and this alone to save !
 “ My soul that fluttering hastens to be free,
 “ Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,
 “ But strives in vain !—the chilling ice of death
 “ Congeals my blood, and chokes the stream of breath :
 “ Resign’d she quits her comfortless abode,
 “ To course that long, unknown, eternal road :

" O Sacred Source of ever-living light !
 " Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight !
 " Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,
 " Where peril, pain, and death, are felt no more !
 " When thou some tale of hapless love shalt hear,
 " That steals from pity's eye the melting tear,
 " Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion join'd,
 " To absence, sorrow, and despair, consign'd,
 " Oh then ! to swell the tides of social woe,
 " That heal th' afflicted bosom they o'erflow,
 " While memory dictates, this sad shipwreck tell,
 " And what distress thy wretched friend befel !
 " Then, while in streams of soft compassion drown'd,
 " The swains lament, and maidens weep around ;
 " While lisp'ing children touch'd with infant fear,
 " With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconscious tear ;
 " Oh ! then this moral bid their souls retain,
 " All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain."

The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
 That now inactive to the palate clung ;
 His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies !
 And shades eternal sink upon his eyes !

As thus defac'd in death Palemon lay,
 Arion gaz'd upon the lifeless clay :
 Transfix'd he stood, with awful terror fill'd,
 While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd.

Oh, ill-starr'd vot'ry of unspotted truth !
 Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth,
 Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
 He will obey, though painful, thy demand ;
 His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
 And all the horrors of this dismal day !
 Disastrous day ! what ruin hast thou bred !
 What anguish to the living and the dead !
 How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,
 And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn ;
 Through life's sad journey hopeless to complain !
 Can sacred justice these events ordain ?
 But, O my soul ! avoid that wond'rous maze,
 Where reason, lost in endless error, strays !
 As through this thorny vale of life we run,
 Great Cause of all effects, " Thy will be done !"

Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd,
 To aid the helpless few who yet surviv'd :
 While passing they behold the waves o'erspread
 With shatter'd rafts and corsers of the dead,
 Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
 In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd.
 The generous natives, mov'd with social pain,
 The feeble strangers in their arms sustain ;
 With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
 And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

THE scene of death is clos'd, the mournful strains
 Dissolve in dying languor on the ear,
 Yet pity weeps, yet sympathy complains,
 And dumb suspense awaits o'erwhelm'd with fear.

But the sad muses with prophetic eye
 At once the future and the past explore ;
 Their harps oblivion's influence can defy,
 And waft the spirit to th' eternal shore.

Then, O Palemon! if thy shade can hear
 The voice of friend-ship still lament thy doom ;
 Yet to the sad oblations bend thine ear,
 That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb.

In vain, alas ! the gentle maid shall weep,
 While secret anguish nips her vital bloom ;
 O'er her soft frame shall stern diseases creep,
 And give the lovely victim to the tomb.

Relentless phrenzy shall the father sting,
 Untaught in virtue's school distress to bear ;
 Severe remorse his tortur'd soul shall wring,
 'Tis his to groan and perish in despair.

Ye lost companions of distress, adieu !
 Your toils, and pains, and dangers, are no more !
 The tempest now shall howl unheard by you,
 While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.

On you the blast, surcharg'd with rain and snow,
 In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat:
 Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
 And scorch the panting earth with baneful heat.

No more the joyful maid, the sprightly strain,
 Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home;
 Nor hopeless love impart undying pain,
 When far from scenes of social joy you roam.

No more on yon wide wat'ry waste you stray,
 While hunger and disease your life consume!
 While parching thirst, that burns without allay,
 Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom.

No more you feel contagion's mortal breath,
 That taints the realms with misery severe;
 No more behold pale famine, scattering death,
 With cruel ravage desolate the year.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling strain,
 Unheard shall form the long embattled line:
 Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
 Shall tremble when the hostile squadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue, and hazards, still molest
 The wandering vassals of the faithless deep,
 O! happier now escap'd to endless rest,
 Than we, who still survive to wake and weep.

What though no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
 Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell;
 Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
 Who sadly listen to the passing bell:

The tutor'd sigh, the vain parade of woe,
 No real anguish to the soul impart;
 And oft, alas! the tear that friends bestow,
 Belies the latent feelings of the heart.

What though no sculptur'd pile your name displays,
 Like those who perish in their country's cause;
 What though no epic muse in living lays
 Records your dreadful daring with applause:

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown
 With blazon'd trophies deck the spotted name;
And oft, too oft, the muses crown
 The slaves of vice with never-dying fame.

Yet shall remembrance from oblivion's veil
 Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere;
And soft compassion, at your tragic tale,
 In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

WATTS.

DR. ISAAC WATTS, a character at once eminently good and great, was the son of a dissenting schoolmaster of Southampton, where he was born, in 1674. His talents and aptitude for learning being early conspicuous, some gentlemen of his native town expressed an inclination to send him to the university, after he had received a suitable classical education; but Watts was resolved to adhere to the religious tenets of his forefathers; and accordingly, he studied some time under Mr. Rowe, who kept a dissenting academy, where he had for his fellow pupils, Horte, afterwards archbishop of Tuam, and Hughes, the poet.

After spending two years more at his father's house, in the study of divinity, he became tutor to the son of Sir John Hartopp; and being chosen assistant to Dr. Chauncey, preached his first sermon, on the anniversary of his twenty-fifth birth day. By the death of Dr. Chauncey, being left sole pastor, he was reduced by a dangerous illness to such a weak state, that his congregation allowed him an assistant; and being attacked in 1712 by another very severe indisposition, he probably would have sunk under its effects, had not Sir Thomas Abney invited him to his house, in whose family he spent the remainder of his days, equally beloved and respected.

During his whole life, when his infirmities allowed, he continued the teacher of a congregation, and filled up every interval of leisure in pursuing his various works; "Of which," says Johnson, "it is difficult to read a page, without learning, or at least wishing to be better. The attention is caught by indirect instruction; and he that sat down only to reason, is on a sudden compelled to pray." His *Logic and Improvement of the Mind* are highly esteemed. As a poet, he is respectable, if not great. His divine poems and spiritual songs, like all

other compositions of the kind, having a constant recurrence of the same imagery, must not be tried on the scale of general criticism. He wrote for infancy as well as age, the child as well as the man, and succeeded to a high degree in being useful.

Dr. Watts died of a gradual decay, in 1748, in the seventy-fifth year of age. His constitution was always delicate, and his stature low; and it is wonderful how much the energy of his mind prevailed over the feebleness of his frame. He was liberal in his principles, and sincere in his devotion: in a word, he was a christian philosopher.

He was one of the first authors that taught the Dissenters to court attention by the graces of language.

Whatever they had among them before, whether of learning or acuteness, was commonly obscured and blunted by coarseness and inelegance of style. He shewed them that zeal and purity might be expressed and enforced by polished diction. Such was his flow of thoughts, and such his promptitude of language, that in the latter part of his life he did not precompose his cursory sermons, but having adjusted the heads, and sketched some particulars, trusted for success to his extemporary powers.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

HAST thou not seen, impatient boy ?
 Hast thou not read the solemn truth,
 That gray experience writes for giddy youth
 On every mortal joy !
 Pleasure must be dash'd with pain :
 And yet, with heedless haste,
 The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
 Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.
 The rills of pleasure never run sincere :
 Earth has no unpolluted spring,
 From the curs'd soil some dangerous taint they bear ;
 So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

In vain we seek a heaven below the sky ;
 The world has false but flattering charms :
 Its distant joys show big in our esteem,
 But lessen still as they draw near the eye ;
 In our embrace the visions die :
 And when we grasp the airy forms,
 We lose the pleasing dream.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,
 Is but a landskip rudely drawn,
 With glaring colours, and false light ;
 Distance commends it to the sight,
 For fools to gaze upon ;
 But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
 Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
 Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

Look up, my soul, pant tow'rd th' eternal hills ;
 Those heavens are fairer than they seem ;
 There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills,
 There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
 Nor grief disturbs the stream.
 That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
 No curs'd soil, no tainted spring,
 Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

TRUE LEARNING.

Partly imitated from a French Sonnet of Mr. Poirêt.

HAPPY the feet that shining truth has led
 With her own hand to tread the path she please,
 To see her native lustre round her spread,
 Without a veil, without a shade,
 All beauty, and all light, as in herself she is.

Our senses cheat us with the pressing crowds
 Of painted shapes they thrust upon the mind :
 The truth they show lies wrapp'd in sevenfold shrouds,
 Our senses cast a thousand clouds
 On unenlighten'd souls, and leave them doubly blind.

I hate the dust that fierce disputers raise,
 And lose the mind in a wild maze of thought :
 What empty triflings and what empty ways,
 To fence and guard by rule and rote !
 Our God will never charge us, that we knew them not,

Touch, heavenly word, O touch these curious souls ;
 Since I have heard but one soft hint from thee,
 From all the vain opinions of the schools,
 That pageantry of knowing fools,
 I feel my powers releas'd, and stand divinely free.

'Twas this Almighty word that all things made,
 He grasps whole nature in his single hand ;
 All the eternal truths in him are laid,
 The ground of all things, and their head,
 The circle where they move, and centre where they
 stand.

Without his aid I have no sure defence,
 From troops of errors that besiege me round ;
 But he that rests his reason and his sense
 Fast here, and never wanders hence,
 Unmoveable he dwells upon unshaken ground.

Infinite truth, the life of my desires,
 Come from the sky, and join thyself to me ;
 I'm tir'd with hearing, and this reading tires ;
 But never tir'd of telling thee,
 'Tis thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see.

Speak to my soul, alone, no other hand
 Shall mark my path out with delusive art :
 All nature silent in his presence stand ;
 Creatures, be dumb at his command,
 And leaves his single voice to whisper to my heart.

Retire, my soul, within thyself retire,
 Away from sense and every outward show :
 Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire,
 My knowledge now on wheels of fire
 May mount and spread above, surveying all below.

The lord grows lavish of his heavenly light,
 And pours whole floods on such a mind as this :
 Fled from the eyes, she gains a piercing sight,
 She dives into the infinite,
 And sees unutterable things in that unknown abyss.

TRUE WISDOM.

PRONOUNCE him blest, my muse, whom wisdom guides
 In her own path to her own heavenly seat ;
 Through all the storms his soul securely glides,
 Nor can the tempests nor the tides,
 That rise and roar around, supplant his steady feet.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
 And seek, in vain, a passage to his breast,
 Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,
 He smiles and sees them vainly try
 To lure his soul aside from her eternal rest.

Our head-strong lusts, like a young fiery horse,
 Start, and flee raging in a violent course ;

He tames and breaks them, manages and rides them,
 Checks their career, and turns and guides them,
 And bids his reason bridle their licentious force.

Lord of himself, he rules his wildest thoughts
 And boldly acts what calmly he design'd,
 While he looks down and pities human faults ;
 Nor can he think, nor can he find
 A plague like reigning passions, and a subject mind.

But oh ! 'tis mighty toil to reach this height,
 To vanquish self is a laborious art ;
 What manly courage to sustain the fight
 To bear the noble pain, and part
 With those dear charming tempters rooted in the heart !

'Tis hard to stand when all the passions move,
 Hard to awake the eye that passion blinds ;
 To rend and tear out this unhappy love,
 That clings so close about our minds,
 And where th' enchanted soul so sweet a poison finds.

Hard ; but it may be done. Come, heavenly fire,
 Come to my breast, and with one powerful ray
 Melt off my lusts, my fetters : I can bear
 A while to be a tenant here,
 But not be chain'd and prison'd in a cage of clay.

Heaven is my home, and I must use my wings ;
 Sublime above the globe my flight aspires :
 I have a soul was made to pity kings,
 And all their little glittering things ;
 I have a soul was made for infinite desires.

Loos'd from the earth, my heart is upward flown ;
 Farewel, my friends, and all that once was mine ;
 Now, should you fix my feet on Cæsar's throne.
 Crown me, and call the world my own, [fine.
 The gold that binds my brows could ne'er my soul con-

I am the Lord's, and Jesus is my love ;
 He, that dear God, shall fill my vast desire.
 My flesh below ; yet I can dwell above,
 And nearer to my Saviour move ;
 There all my soul shall centre, all my powers conspire.

Thus I with angels live ; thus half divine
 I sit on high, nor mind inferior joys :
 Fill'd with his love, I feel that God is mine,
 His glory is my great design,
 That everlasting project all my thoughts employs.

 FREEDOM.

1697.

'TEMPT me no more. My soul can ne'er comport
 With the gay slaveries of a court ;
 I've an aversion to those charms,
 And hug dear liberty in both mine arms.
 Go, vassal souls, go, cringe and wait,
 And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,
 Then run in troops before him to compose his state ;
 Move as he moves ; and when he loiters, stand ;
 You're but the shadows of a man.
 Bend when he speaks : and kiss the ground :
 Go, catch th' impertinence of sound :
 Adore the follies of the great ;
 Wait till he smiles : but lo, the idol frown'd,
 And drove them to their fate.

Thus base born minds : but as for me,
 I can and will be free :
 Like a strong mountain, or some stately tree,
 My soul grows firm upright,
 And as I stand, and as I go,
 It keeps my body so ;
 No, I can never part with my creation right.
 Let slaves and asses stoop and bow,
 I cannot make this iron knee
 Bend to a meaner power than that which form'd it free

Thus my bold harp profusely play'd
 Pindarical ; then on a branchy shade
 I hung my harp aloft, myself beneath it laid.
 Nature, that listen'd to my strain,
 Resum'd the theme, and acted it again.

Sudden rose a whirling wind,
 Swelling like Honorio proud,
 Around the straws and feathers crowd,
 Types of a slavish mind ;
 Upwards the stormy forces rise,
 The dust flies up and climbs the skies,
 And as the tempest fell, th' obedient vapours sunk :
 Again it roars with bellowing sound,
 The meaner plants that grew around,
 The willow, and the asp, trembled and kiss'd the ground:
 Hard by, there stood the iron trunk
 Of an old oak, and all the storm defy'd ;
 In vain the winds their forces try'd,
 In vain they roar'd ; the iron oak
 Bow'd only to the heavenly thunder's stroke.

TRUE RICHES.

I AM not concern'd to know
 What to-morrow fate will do ;
 'Tis enough that I can say,
 I've possess'd myself to-day :
 Then if haply midnight-death
 Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
 Yet to-morrow I shall be
 Heir to the best part of me.

Glittering stones, and golden things,
 Wealth and honours that have wings,
 Ever fluttering to be gone,
 I could never call my own :
 Riches that the world bestows,
 She can take, and I can lose ;
 But the treasures that are mine
 Lie afar beyond her line.
 When I view my spacious soul,
 And survey myself a whole,
 And enjoy myself alone,
 I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
 That the world hath never seen,

Rich as Eden's happy ground,
 And with choicer plenty crown'd.
 Here on all the shining boughs,
 Knowledge fair and useful grows ;
 On the same young flowery tree
 All the seasons you may see ;
 Notions in the bloom of light,
 Just disclosing to the sight ;
 Here are thoughts of larger growth,
 Ripening into solid truth ;
 Fruits refin'd, of noble taste ;
 Seraphs feed on such repast.
 Here, in a green and shady grove,
 Streams of pleasure mix with love :
 There beneath the smiling skies
 Hills of contemplation rise ;
 Now upon some shining top
 Angels light, and call me up ;
 I rejoice to raise my feet,
 Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more
 Earth hath no resemblance for ;
 Nothing like them round the pole,
 Nothing can describe the soul :
 'Tis a region half unknown,
 That has treasures of its own,
 More remote from public view
 Than the bowels of Peru ;
 Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
 Than the golden Indies are ;
 Ships that trace the watery stage
 Cannot coast it in an age ;
 Harts, or horses, strong and fleet,
 Had they wings to help their feet,
 Could not run it half way o'er
 In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly wandering mind,
 Loth to be too much confin'd,
 Roves and takes her daily tours,
 Coasting round her narrow shores,
 Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
 Picking shells and pebbles thence :

Or she sits at fancy's door,
 Calling shapes and shadows to her,
 Foreign visits still receiving,
 And t' herself a stranger living.
 Never, never would she buy
 Indian dust, or Tyrian dye,
 Never trade abroad for more,
 If she saw her native store ;
 If her inward worth were known,
 She might ever live alone.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

Aug. 1701.

SAY, mighty love, and teach my song,
 To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
 And who the happy pairs ;
 Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
 Find blessings twisted with their bands,
 To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
 That thoughtless fly into thy chains,
 As custom leads the way :
 If there be bliss without design,
 Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
 And be as blest as they.

Nor sordid souls of earthly mould,
 Who drawn by kindred charms of gold,
 To dull embraces move ;
 So two rich mountains of Peru
 May rush to wealthy marriage too,
 And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
 With wanton flames ; those raging fires
 The purer bliss destroy :

On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed,
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands :
Logs of green wood that quench the coals,
Are marry'd just like stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless :
As well may heavenly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen :
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind ;
For love abhors the sight :
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindred souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves :
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

Sept. 3, 1701.

WHY should our joys transform to pain ?
 Why gentle Hymen's silken chain
 A plague of iron prove ?
 Bendysh, 'tis strange the charm that binds
 Millions of hands, should leave their minds
 At such a loose from love.

In vain I sought the wondrous cause,
 Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
 And urg'd the schools in vain ;
 Then deep in thought, within my breast
 My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
 A bright instructive scene.

O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide,
 On fancy's airy horse I ride,
 Sweet rapture of my mind !
 Till on the banks of Ganges flood,
 In a tall ancient grove I stood,
 For sacred use design'd.

Hard by, a venerable priest,
 Risen with his god, the sun, from rest,
 Awoke his morning song ;
 Thrice he conjur'd the murmuring stream ;
 The birth of souls was all his theme,
 And half-divine his tongue.

“ He sang th' eternal rolling flame,
 “ The vital mass, that still the same
 “ Does all our minds compose :
 “ But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames :
 “ Thence differing souls of differing names,
 “ And jarring tempers rose.

“ The mighty power that form'd the mind,
 “ One mould for every two design'd,
 “ And bless'd the new-born pair ;

- " This be a match for this (he said);
 " Then down he sent the souls he made,
 " To seek them bodies here .

 " But parting from their warm abode,
 " They lost their fellows on the road,
 " And never join'd their hands :
 " Ah cruel chance, and crossing fates !
 " Our eastern souls have dropt their mates
 " On Europe's barbarous lands.

 " Happy the youth that finds the bride
 " Who's birth is to his own ally'd,
 " The sweetest joy of life :
 " But oh the crowds of wretched souls,
 " Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
 " And chain'd t' eternal strife !"

Thus sang the wondrous Indian bard ;
 My soul with vast attention heard,
 While Ganges ceas'd to flow :
 " Sure then, I cry'd, might I but see
 " That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
 " I may be happy too.

- " Some courteous angel, tell me where,
 " What distant lands this unknown fair,
 " Or distant seas detain ?
 " Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
 " I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,
 " And wear the joyful chain."

THE HAPPY MAN.

SERENE as light, is Myron's soul,
 And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole :
 In manly beauty shines his face ;
 Every muse, and every grace,
 Makes his heart and tongue their seat,
 His heart profusely good, his tongue divinely sweet.

Myron, the wonder of our eyes,
 Behold his manhood scarce begun !
 Behold the race of virtue run !
 Behold the goal of glory won !
 Nor fame denies the merit, nor withholds the prize ;
 Her silver trumpets his renown proclaim :
 The lands where learning never flew,
 Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
 Surly Japan and rich Peru,
 In barbarous songs, pronounce the British hero's name.
 " Airy bliss, the hero cry'd,
 " May feed the tympany of pride ;
 " But healthy souls were never found
 " To live on emptiness and sound."

Lo, at his honourable feet
 Fame's bright attendant, Wealth, appears ;
 She comes to pay obedience meet,
 Providing joys for future years ;
 Blessings with lavish hand she pours,
 Gather'd from the Indian coast ;
 Not Danae's lap could equal treasures boast,
 When Jove came down in golden showers.

He look'd and turn'd his eyes away,
 With high disdain I heard him say,
 " Bliss is not made of glittering clay."

Now pomp and grandeur court his head
 With scutcheons, arms, and ensigns spread ;
 Gay magnificence and state,
 Guards, and chariots, at his gate,
 And slaves and endless order round his table wait ;
 They learn the dictates of his eyes,
 And now they fall, and now they rise,
 Watch every motion of their lord,
 Hang on his lips with most impatient zeal,
 With swift ambition seize th' unfinish'd word,
 And the command fulfil.
 Tir'd with the train that grandeur brings,
 He dropt a tear, and pity'd kings,
 Then, flying from the noisy throng,
 Seeks the diversion of a song.

Music descending on a silent cloud,
 Tun'd all her strings with endless art ;
 By slow degrees from soft to loud,
 Changing she rose : the harp and flute
 Harmonious join, the hero to salute,
 And make a captive of his heart.
 Fruits, and rich wine, and scenes of lawless love,
 Each with utmost luxury strove
 To treat their favourite best !
 But sounding strings, and fruits, and wine,
 And lawless love, in vain combine
 To make his virtue sleep, or lull his soul to rest.
 He saw the tedious round, and, with a sigh,
 Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
 “ In crowds of pleasure still I find
 “ A painful solitude of mind.
 “ A vacancy within which sense can ne'er supply.
 “ Hence, and be gone, ye flattering snares,
 “ Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
 “ Ye unperforming promisers !
 “ Be all my baser passions dead,
 “ And base desires by nature made
 “ For animals and boys :
 “ Man has a relish more refin'd,
 “ Souls are for social bliss design'd,
 “ Give me a blessing fit to match my mind,
 “ A kindred-soul to double and to share my joys.”
 Myrrah appear'd : “ serene her soul,
 “ And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole :
 “ In softer beauties shone her face ;
 “ Every muse, and every grace,
 “ Made her heart and tongue their seat,
 “ Her heart profusely good, her tongue divinely sweet :
 “ Myrrha the wonder of his eyes ;”
 His heart recoil'd with sweet surprise,
 With joys unknown before :
 His soul dissolv'd in pleasing pain,
 Flow'd to his eyes, and look'd again,
 And could endure no more.
 “ Enough ! th' impatient hero cries,
 “ And seiz'd her to his breast,
 “ I seek no more below the skies,
 “ I give my slaves the rest.”

FALSE GREATNESS.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest
 That only boasts a large estate,
 Should all the treasures of the West
 Meet, and conspire to make him great.
 I know thy better thoughts, I know
 Thy reason can't descend so low.
 Let a broad stream with golden sands
 Through all his meadows roll,
 He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
 That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
 And proudly poizing where he weighs,
 In his own scale he fondly lays
 Huge heaps of shining ore.
 He spreads the balance wide to hold
 His manors and his farms,
 And cheats the beam with loads of gold
 He hugs between his arms.
 So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
 When Cræsus mounts his throne,
 And both stand up, and smile to see
 How long their shadow's grown.
 Alas ! how vain their fancies be
 To think that shape their own !

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
 Cræsus himself can never know,
 His true dimensions and his weight
 Are far inferior to their show.
 Were I so tall to reach the pole,
 Or grasp the ocean with my span,
 I must be measur'd by my soul :
 The mind's the standard of the man.

BLAIR.

THE life of a country clergyman, constantly engaged in the duties of his profession, the practice of the domestic virtues, and the occupations of literature, however respectable such a character may be, can afford but slender materials for biography; and in fact of the personal history of Blair, few particulars are known: and those few are such as afford little scope for amplification and embellishment; for though an accomplished scholar, and an elegant poet, whose genius and virtue were celebrated by some of the most eminent of his poetical contemporaries, he has suffered the unmerited neglect of having his name omitted in every modern collection of literary biography, except that of Anderson, the universal friend to merit.

Robert Blair was the eldest son of the Rev. David Blair, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and chaplain to the King: he descended from the ancient and respectable house of Blair, of Blair, in Ayrshire. Abilities of a superior kind seem to have marked this family in general, as most of the individuals of it, have at different times taken the rank that was due to them in the departments of divinity, of law, and of physic. His grandfather, the Rev. Robert Blair was eminent in the clerical profession, and was remarked for those talents and virtues that have since adorned his descendants.

The subject of the present memoir was born about the beginning of the last century: he received a liberal education in the university of Edinburgh, and afterwards was sent abroad by his father for improvement, and spent some time on the continent. After undergoing the usual trials appointed by the church, he was ordained minister of Athelstoneford, in the county of East Lothian, January 15th 1731, where he passed the remainder of his life. As his fortune was easy, he lived in a liberal style, and was greatly respected by all the neighbouring gentlemen. He married Isabella Law, daughter of Mr. Law, of Elvingston, a lady of uncommon beauty and amiable manners, by whom he had five sons and one

daughter. He died of a fever, on the 4th of February, 1746, in the 47th year of his age: and was succeeded in his living at Athelstoneford, by another poet, Mr. John Home, the celebrated author of "Douglas." The friends of Blair, were the friends of science, and virtue; his love of poetry and polite literature, procured him the friendship of Watts, a man no less remarkable for his genius and learning, than the mildness and fervency of his piety: and his passion for natural history, obtained him the correspondence of the famous naturalist, Henry Baker, esq., fellow of the Royal Society, an intelligent, upright, and benevolent character, who was particularly solicitous for the prosecution of useful discoveries.

The principal poetical work of Blair is intitled "*The Grave*," and had he written nothing else but this single poem, it is alone sufficient to give him a classical distinction among the poets of our country; but the poem to the memory of Mr. Law, is no inconsiderable addition to his fame, though evidently a juvenile performance, the tribute of affection and esteem to the merits of a departed friend.

"*The Grave*" is a production of real genius, and possesses a merit superior to many pieces of the very first celebrity. It is composed of a succession of unconnected descriptions, and of reflections that seem independant of one another, interwoven with striking allusions, and digressive sallies of imagination. It is a series of pathetic representations without unity of design, variegated with imagery and allusion, which exhibit a wide display of original poetry. The poet's eye is awake on the objects of creation, and on the scenes of human misery; and he is alive to every feeling of compassion and benevolence.

Had the interesting correspondence of Watts been given to the world by his friend and biographer Dr. Jennings, it would probably have furnished many particulars relating to Blair, which might have gratified curiosity; though they could hardly have added to the honour which his talents and virtues have received from the esteem of a man, who has left behind him such purity of character, and such monuments of laborious piety.

THE GRAVE.

The house appointed for all living.—JOS.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various, as the roads they take
In journeying through life;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal king! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death. The grave, dread
thing!

Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was roll'd toget'her, or had try'd his beams
Athwart the gloom profound. The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant; that loves to dwell
Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs, and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon, as fame reports,
Embody'd, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane; the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And bury'd 'midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird

Rook'd in the spire, screams loud : the gloomy aisles
 Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons,
 And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
 The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their slumbers,
 In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
 Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen,
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
 Again the screech-owl shrieks, ungracious sound !
 I'll hear no more ; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
 Coeval near with that, all ragged show,
 Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
 Their branchless trunks ; others so thin a-top,
 That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
 Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here :
 Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs :
 Dead men have come again, and walk'd about ;
 And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd,
 Such tales their cheer at wake or gossiping,
 When it draws near to witching time of night.

Off, in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
 By glimpse of moon-shine chequering through the trees,
 The school-boy with his satchel in his hand,
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
 With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,
 That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
 Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
 The sound of something purring at his heels ;
 Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
 Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows ;
 Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
 O'er some new open'd grave ; and strange to tell !
 Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow too I've sometimes spy'd,
 Sad sight ! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead :
 Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
 Whilst bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,

Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
 Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
 She drops ; whilst busy meddling memory,
 In barbarous succession musters up
 The past endearments of their softer hours,
 Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
 She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
 Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious grave ! how dost thou rend in sunder
 Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one ?
 A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
 Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul ;
 Sweetner of life, and solder of society
 I owe thee much. Thou has deserv'd from me,
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
 Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
 And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,
 Anxious to please. Oh ! when my friend and I
 In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
 Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
 Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
 In grateful errors through the under-wood,
 Sweet murmuring ; methought the shrill-tongu'd thrush
 Mended his song of love ; the sooty black-bird
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note :
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
 Assum'd a dye more deep ; whilst ev'ry flower
 Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
 Of dress. Oh ! then, the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too, too much in haste ! still the full heart
 Had not imparted half ; 'twas happiness
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance !

Dull grave—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
 Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
 And ev'ry smirking feature from the face ;
 Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
 Where are the jesters now ? the men of health
 Complexionally pleasant ? Where the droll,

Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
 To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
 And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing melancholy
 To gather up her face into a smile
 Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
 And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
 The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
 The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth;
 Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
 From kings of all the then discover'd globe;
 And cry'd, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
 And had not room enough to do its work?
 Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,
 And cramm'd into a space we blush to name!
 Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
 How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
 Son of the morning! whither art thou gone!
 Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
 And the majestic menace of thine eyes
 Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now
 Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
 Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
 That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife.
 Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
 And coward insults of the base-born crowd;
 That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
 But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
 Of being unmolested and alone.
 Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
 And honours by the herald duly paid
 In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;
 Oh cruel irony! these come too late;
 And only mock, whom they were meant to honour.
 Surely there's not a dungeon-slave that's bury'd
 In the high-way, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
 But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
 Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
 Above the baser born, to rot in state.

But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,
 Stately and slow; and properly attended
 By the whole fable tribe, that painful watch

The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
 By letting out their persons by the hour,
 To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad.
 How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,
 And glittering in the sun; triumphant entries
 Of conquerors, and coronation-pomps,
 In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
 Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the casements
 And houses tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
 Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste,
 Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
 That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
 Smells horrible? Ye undertakers, tell us,
 'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
 Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
 You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done:
 What would offend the eye in a good picture,
 The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st
 Below the envy of the private man.
 Honour, that meddlesome officious ill,
 Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor there stops short;
 Strange persecution! when the grave itself
 Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd to think to over-reach the grave,
 And from the wreck of names to rescue ours.
 The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
 Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
 The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
 These bold insurers of deathless fame,
 Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
 The tapering pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
 And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
 Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
 The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
 Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heaven,
 Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
 The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
 At once gives way. Oh! lamentable sight:
 The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
 A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins.
 Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,

With all-subduing time: her cank'ring hand
 With calm delib'rate malice wasteth them :
 Worn on the edge of days the brass consumes,
 The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
 Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
 Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
 Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
 Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood ;
 Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
 Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
 And in a cruel wantonness of power
 Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
 'To want the rest ; now, like a storm that's spent,
 Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.
 Vain thought ! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn
 That haunts and doggs them like an injur'd ghost
 Implacable. Here too the petty tyrant,
 Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
 And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short,
 Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
 And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey ;
 Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
 And piteous plaintive voice of misery ;
 As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
 Of the same common nature with his lord ;
 Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
 Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman ;
 Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
 Precedency's a jest ; vassal and lord,
 Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others' adulation,
 Would cunningly persuade us we were something
 Above the common level of our kind,
 The grave gainsays the smooth complexion'd flatt'ry,
 And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty—thou pretty play-thing, dear deceit,
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
 And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,
 The grave discredits thee : thy charms expung'd,
 Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
 What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers

Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
 Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
 Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
 The high fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
 Riots unscar'd.—For this, was all thy caution?
 For this, thy painful labours at thy glass?
 T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder,
 Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
 Look how the fair one weeps!—the conscious tears
 Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
 Honest effusion! the swoll'n heart in vain
 Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength too—thou surly, and less gentle boast
 Of those that loud laugh at the village ring;
 A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
 With greater ease, than e'er thou didst the stripling
 That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
 What groan was that I heard?—deep groan indeed!
 With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it:
 From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
 By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
 Like a hard-hunted beast. How his heart
 Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
 To give the lungs full play. What now avail
 The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread shoulders?

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
 Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold
 Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
 Just like a creature drowning; hideous sight!
 Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
 While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
 Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
 And drinks his marrow up—Heard you that groan?
 It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
 Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
 Lies still—What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster,
 To vaunt of nerves like thine? What means the bull,
 Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
 And flee before a feeble thing like man;

That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And travelling through the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far seen orbs
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very soon thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd
And cannot tell his ails to passers by.
Great men of language,—whence this mighty change,
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! Thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing——Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,
Raz'd from the book of fame; or, more provoking,
Perchance some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing-art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate—Proud *Æsculapius'* son!
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor bill nor vale, as far as ship could go,

Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
 Escap'd thy rifling hand ;—from stubborn shrubs
 Thou wrung'st their sky-retiring virtues out,
 And vex'd them in the fire : nor fly nor insect,
 Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
 But why this apparatus? why this cost?
 Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
 Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
 With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
 Alas! thou speakest not—The bold impostor
 Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,
 Who meanly stole, discreditable shift,
 From back, and belly too, their proper cheer,
 Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
 To his own carcase: now lies cheaply lodg'd,
 By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
 Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
 But ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?
 Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed,
 Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
 Oh cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake,
 The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds:
 First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O death!
 To him that is at ease in his possessions;
 Who counting on long years of pleasure here,
 Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come?
 In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
 Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
 Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
 But shrieks in vain!—How wishfully she looks
 On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!
 A little longer, yet a little longer,
 Oh! might she stay, to wash away her stains,
 And fit her for her passage—Mournful sight!
 Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan
 She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,
 Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
 Pursues her close through every lane of life,
 Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
 Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,

At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.
 Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul,
 What a strange moment must it be, when near
 Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
 That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repass'd
 To tell what's doing on the other side.
 Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
 And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
 For part they must: body and soul must part;
 Fond couple; link'd more close than wedded pair.
 This wings its way to its almighty source,
 The witness of its actions, now its judge;
 That droops into the dark and noisome grave,
 Like a disabled pitcher, of no use.

If death were nothing, and nought after death;
 If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,
 Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
 Whence first they sprung, then might the debauchee
 Untrembling mouth the heavens:—then might the
 drunkard

Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd,
 Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
 At the poor bugbear Death:—Then might the wretch
 That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
 At once give each inquietude the slip,
 By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
 And by what way, whether by hemp or steel;
 Death's thousand doors stand open—Who could force
 The ill pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
 Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well,
 That helps himself as timely as he can,
 When able. But if there's an hereafter;
 And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
 And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man;
 Then must it be an awful thing to die:
 More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
 Self-murder!—name it not: our island's shame,
 That makes her the reproach of neighbouring states.
 Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate
 Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
 Forbid it heaven. Let not, upon disgust,
 The shameless hand be fully crimson'd o'er

With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
 Just reeking from self slaughter, in a rage
 To rush into the presence of our Judge;
 As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
 And matter'd not his wrath!—Unheard-of tortures
 Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;
 The common damn'd shun their society,
 And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
 Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
 How long, how short, we know not:—this we know,
 Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
 Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission:
 Like centries that must keep their destin'd stand,
 And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
 Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
 And keep it to the last. To run away
 Is but a coward's trick: to run away
 From this world's ills, that at the very worst
 Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves,
 By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
 And plunging headlong in the dark;—'tis mad;
 No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead; will none of you, in pity
 To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
 Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out;
 What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
 I've heard, that souls departed, have sometimes
 Forewarn'd men of their death:—'Twas kindly done
 To knock, and give the alarm. But what means
 This stinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindness
 That does its work by halves. Why might you not
 Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
 Of your society forbid your speaking
 Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more:
 Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
 Enlightens but yourselves. Well, 'tis no matter;
 A very little time will clear up all,
 And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick: Here falls the village-swain,
 And there his pamper'd lord. The cup goes round:
 And who so artful as to put it by!
 'Tis long since death had the majority;

Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.
 See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
 The Sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
 Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
 A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
 Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
 By far his juniors. Scarce a skull's cast up,
 But well he knew its owner, and can tell
 Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
 The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
 And yet ne'er yonker on the green laughs louder,
 Or clubs a smuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
 None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
 More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not,
 That soon some trusty brother of the trade
 Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
 Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
 Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
 In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
 Could scarce have leisure for. Fools that we are,
 Never to think of death and of ourselves
 At the same time: as if to learn to die
 Were no concern of ours. Oh! more than sottish,
 For creatures of a day in gamesome mood,
 To frolic on eternity's dread brink
 Unapprehensive; when, for ought we know,
 The very first swol'n surge shall sweep us in.
 Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
 With a resistless unremitting stream;
 Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight-thief,
 That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
 And carries off his prize. What is this world?
 What? but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
 Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
 Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
 The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
 And we that live must lend our carcases
 To cover our own offspring: in their turns
 They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet,
 The shiv'ring Icelander, and sunburn'd Moor;
 Men of all climes, that never met before;

And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty-skill :—Death scorns to treat :
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders ; and when the stern tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm,—and quick as thought escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close : unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,
E'er while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant :—Here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters :
The barren wife, and long-deny'ring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude, severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here !
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale ;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose ev'ry-day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth. The shrill-tongu'd shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave ;

The just, the good, the worthless, and profane,
 The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred ;
 The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,
 The supple statesman, and the patriot stern ;
 The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
 With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man !—how happy once in thy first state !
 When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
 He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleas'd,
 Smil'd on his last fair work. Then all was well.
 Sound was the body, and the soul serene ;
 Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
 That play their several parts. Nor head, nor heart,
 Offer'd to ache : nor was there cause they should ;
 For all was pure within : no fell remorse,
 Nor anxious castings-up of what might be,
 Alarm'd his peaceful bosom. Summer seas
 Show not more smooth, which kiss'd by southern winds
 Just ready to expire—scarce importun'd,
 The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,
 Offer'd the various produce of the year,
 And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.
 Blessed ! thrice blessed days !—But ah ! how short !
 Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men ;
 But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.
 Oh ! slipp'ry state of things. What sudden turns !
 What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
 Of man's sad history !——To-day most happy,
 And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
 How scant the space between these vast extremes !
 Thus far'd it with our sire :—Not long h' enjoy'd
 His paradise. Scarce had the happy tenant
 Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
 Or sum them up, when strait he must be gone,
 Ne'er to return again. And must he go ?
 Can nought compound for the first dire offence
 Of erring man ? Like one that is condemn'd,
 Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
 And parley with his fate.—But 'tis in vain.
 Not all the lavish odours of the place,
 Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
 Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel,

With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
 And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
 One last and farewell round. At once he lost
 His glory, and his God. If mortal now,
 And sorely maim'd, no wonder.—Man has sinn'd.
 Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
 Evil he would needs try: nor try'd in vain.
 Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
 Where the worst thing could happen, is success.
 Alas! too well he sped:—the good he scorn'd
 Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
 Not to return;—or if it did, its visits,
 Like those of angels, short and far between:
 Whilst the black dæmon, with his hell scap'd train,
 Admitted once into its better room,
 Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
 Lording it o'er the man: who now too late
 Saw the rash error, which he could not mend:
 An error fatal not to him alone,
 But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
 Inglorious bondage!—Human nature groans
 Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
 And its vast body bleeds through ev'ry vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!
 Greatest and first of ills. The fruitful parent
 Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee
 Sorrow had never been. All noxious thing,
 Of vilest nature! Other sorts of evils
 Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
 The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails
 That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
 Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
 Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
 And there it stops. The big-swoln inundation,
 Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
 Buries whole tracks of country, threat'ning more;
 But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
 More dreadful far than those! Sin has laid waste,
 Not here and there a country, but a world;
 Dispatching at a wide-extended blow
 Entire mankind; and for their sakes defacing
 A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;

Blasting the foodful grain and loaded branches,
 And marking all along its way with ruin.
 Accursed thing! Oh! where shall fancy find
 A proper name to call thee by, expressive
 Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!
 Of temper so transcendently malign,
 That toads and serpents, of most deadly kind,
 Compar'd to thee, are harmless. Sickneses
 Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
 And bluest plagues, are thine. See how the fiend
 Profusely scatters the contagion round!
 Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
 Wades deep in blood new-spilt; yet for to-morrow
 Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
 And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But hold, I've gone too far; too much discover'd
 My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
 Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,
 One burst of filial duty and condolence,
 O'er all those ample deserts death hath spread,
 This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
 Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not sated yet!
 Unheard-of epicure! without a fellow!
 The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
 Some intervals of abstinence are sought
 To edge the appetite: Thou seekest none.
 Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
 And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
 This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
 But ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:
 Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
 On whom lank hunger lays her skinny hand,
 And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.
 As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
 Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.

But know, that thou must render up the dead,
 And with high int'rest too They are not thine,
 But only in thy keeping for a season,
 Till the great promised day of restitution;
 When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
 Of strong-lung'd cherub, shall alarm thy captives,
 And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,

Day-light, and liberty.
Then must thy doors fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire
And inquisition of the forge. We know
Th' illustrious deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy power
Thou could'st not hold:—self-vigorous he rose,
And shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:
Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n. Methinks I see him
Climb the ærial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds: but the faint eye,
Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold;
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends shut out: As a great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train. It was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between. A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:
But nor untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no bye-road
To bliss. Then, why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air, and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be, where sweets unwith'ring bloom;
But strait our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's ev'n,
Fast by the riv'let's brink, a youngster play:
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd:
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,

His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome death!
That after many a painful bleeding step
Conducts us to our home, and laids us safe
On the long-wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death, disarm'd,
Loses its fellness quite. All thanks to him
Who scourg'd the venom out. Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gentle to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the evening-tide of life,
A life well-spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest. Then, oh then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. Oh! how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done! and now he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain:—The time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolat:—and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzl'd, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,

Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days: and what he can, he will:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake:
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush with all th' impatience of a man
That's new come home, and, having long been absent,
With haste runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting:
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.

Thus, at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cov'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

END OF VOL. III.



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